The Saturday Evening
POST
October 8, 1960 – 15¢

THE CASE FOR THE
REPUBLICANS
By Sen. Hugh Scott

NEXT WEEK: THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS

BARUCH: THE ROOSEVELT YEARS

919 DOMI @S P JAN 63
MRS L D WORSHAM
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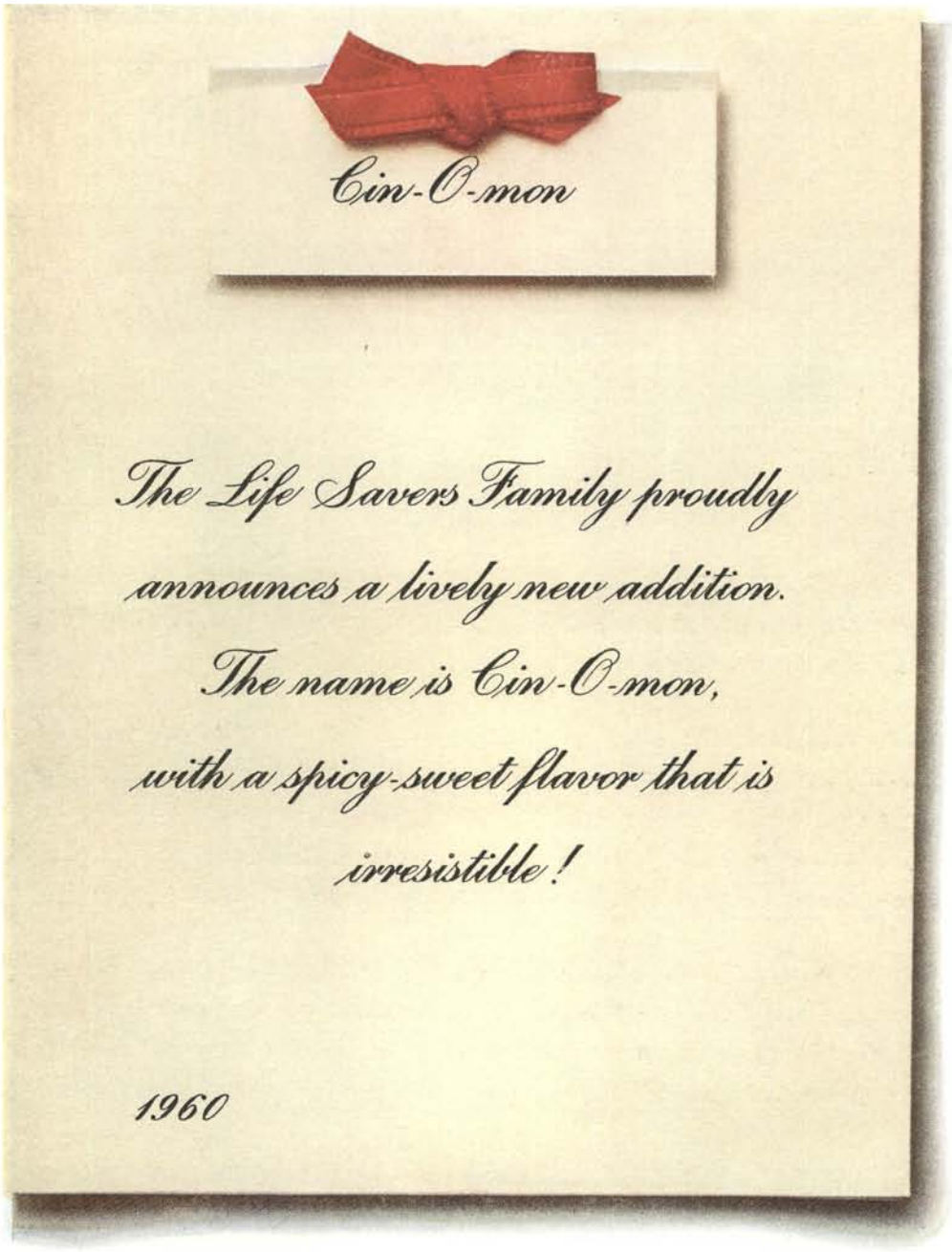

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still only 5¢

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WHY MEASURE YOUR PLEASURE IN PENNIES?

Rather remarkable, isn't it, that in so many of our American products the difference between true quality and "just average" can literally be measured in pennies?

Take Miller High Life, for example, in comparison with lower-priced beers. Miller High Life, as everyone knows, is a beer of unquestioned quality. It is brewed in the world's finest brewery of the very choicest ingredients. Moreover, it is always uniformly good because it is brewed *only* in Milwaukee, the recognized capital of fine beer.

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Miller HIGH LIFE

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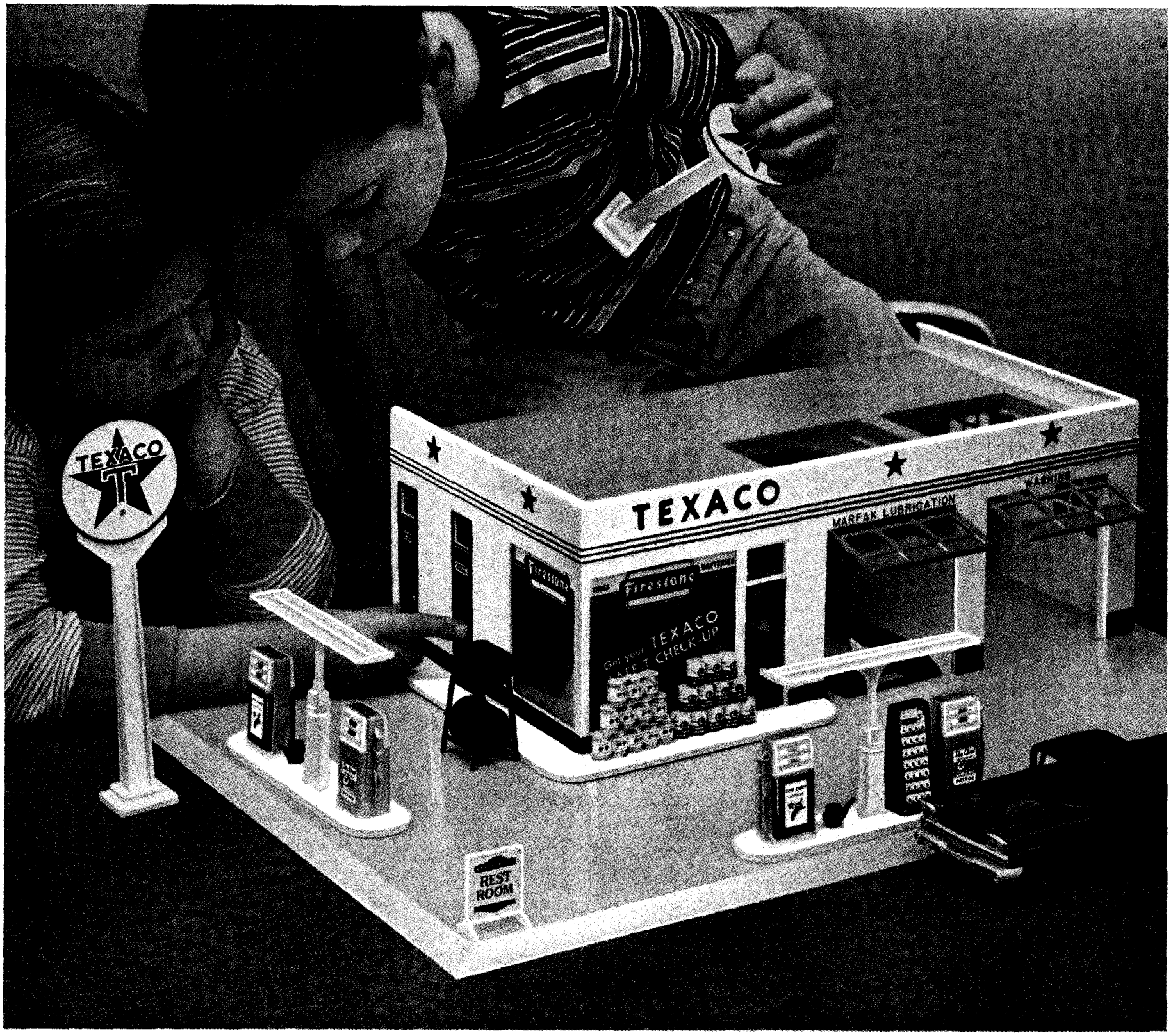

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Special Price $3.50

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A delight for any youngster! Order now. Lay it away for Christmas. This toy Texaco Service Station is custom-made by "Buddy-L" – makers of the famous toy Texaco Tank Truck. It will be delivered to your door for the special price of $3.50. Here's all you do. Just drive in to your nearby Texaco Dealer. *Ask for a free coupon.* Mail coupon with check or money order. It's that easy to get this exclusive Texaco Dealer offer – good only in the U.S.A. *Is your car ready for colder-weather driving? When you come in for a coupon, get a Texaco Fall Safe-T check-up!*

Order now...lay away for Christmas. See your Texaco Dealer.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

The board of directors was bored with directing. "I move we adjourn the meeting and have a look at the Series," said the chairman, upon being informed that it was 2–2, top of the fifth. That's the way the ball bounces early each October, when pleasure comes before business, housewives neglect their housewifery, professors play hooky, and sportscasters enthrall their audiences with such vital statistics as "This is the first time in World Series history, ladies and gentlemen, that a right-handed left fielder has hit a ground ball through the legs of a left-handed right fielder." (We might add, ladies and gentlemen, that cover artist Lonie Bee is a San Franciscan. His dispirited models are Giant fans who had hoped to be rooting, rooting, rooting for their home team this week.)

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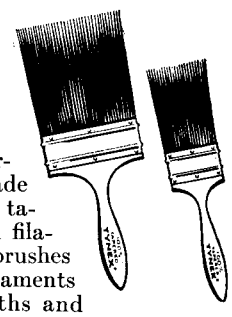

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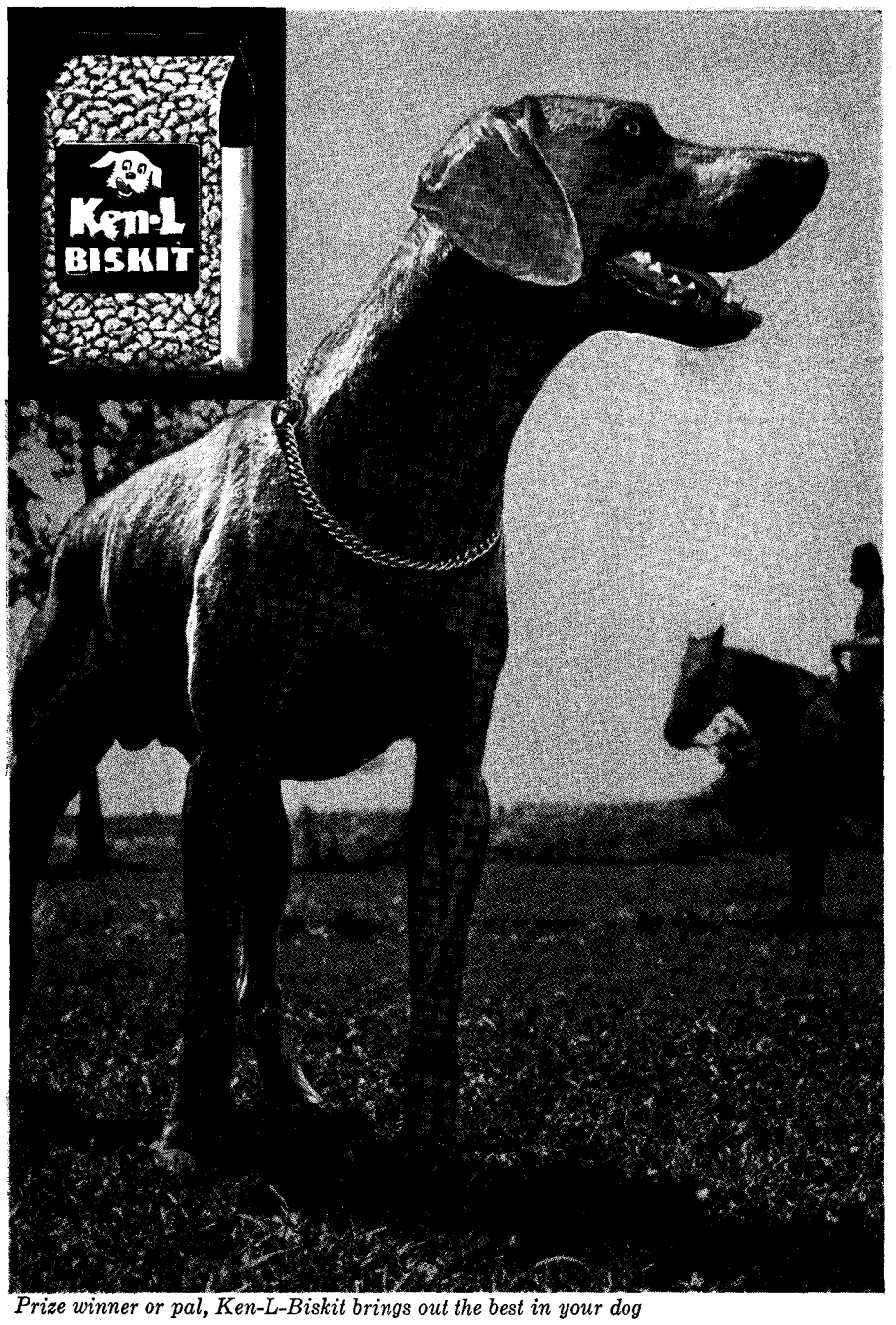
Every dog is more dog when he's fed the

Diet of Champions



Prize winner or pal, Ken-L-Biskit brings out the best in your dog

Concentrated Ken-L-Biskit provides twice the power of lean beefsteak!*

Today's Ken-L-Biskit is king-sized nourishment in concentrated form. Every bit of every bite works to create the peak condition, the wonderful spirit of a champion.

*Ken-L-Biskit is a *concentrated* kibble. Ounce for ounce, it provides twice the calories (energy-power) of the most flavorful lean beefsteak you can serve your family. And bowl for bowl, it gives high quality protein, vitamins and minerals in carefully balanced amounts.

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No wonder Ken-L-Biskit—Diet of Champions—is first in sales to professional breeders! Doesn't your dog deserve some soon? Available in 30-oz., 4-lb. and 20-lb. packages.

KEN-L-BISKIT

Official food at more American Kennel Club Shows than all other dog foods combined

Letters

Missouri Is Still Waiting to Be Shown

Dear Sirs:

I read to relax and enjoy myself. The recent article, MISSOURI: FOUR STATES IN ONE [by Roul Tunley, Sept. 3] did not relax me nor did I enjoy it. It was full of half-truths and exaggerations, all slanted to degrade our fair state.

REX M. WHITTON JR.
Bridgeton, Mo.

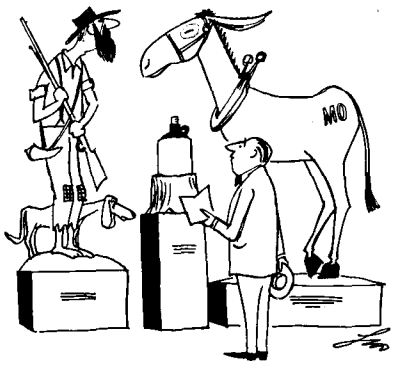
Dear Sirs:

You grossly insult Missourians by saying that they are hard put to answer when asked how the weather is. You may be sure that they now have a ready answer when asked how *The Saturday Evening Post* is.

JERRY FRIEDHEIM
Joplin, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Your Mr. Tunley must have been referring to the Missouri Ozarks of fifty years ago. Tell him they take Johnny Walker and Jack Daniels to fox hunts now—there is no moonshine. Not a mule



in a thousand now. They all have tractors. . . . Three or four chickens in every pot.

I. L. OWENS
Monett, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

As a lifelong Missourian . . . I think Mr. Roul Tunley's opus about Missouri was quite well done, except for its general superficiality. . . . I see no reason for the storm of disapproval which it seems to have touched off in the Ozarks, where I now live. . . . We are highly diversified, paradoxical and contradictory. We like it that way. . . .

Tunley did pretty well. Send him out again.

HERB RICE
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Missouri natives are just a little leary of such fourflushers as your correspondent. That's the why of Missouri being called the "You've Got to Show Me" state.

PEARL B. FRENCH
St. James, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The article by Roul Tunley . . . is an interesting one in some respects, but rather supercilious and snobbish in another, seeming to be written for the *Post-Dispatch*, the *Kansas City Star* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

As an aside to you, neither the *Star* nor the *Post-Dispatch* ever won an election unless outside influences caused it, such as religion or prohibition. It is customary to remark in both Kansas City and St. Louis that Roy Roberts and the *Post-Dispatch* "won an old-fashioned political victory"—when they lose!

Back to the article, it is too bad your man did not listen to authority in regard to Missouri.

I am as sorry as I can be that he made it appear that Missouri is not the "Show Me" state that it has always been, for it most certainly is and it will continue to be that.

Of course, when a man writes an article having as his primary purpose to sell it to The Curtis Publishing Company, the *Post-Dispatch* or the *Kansas City Star*, we can expect just such an example as this one appearing in this issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Independence, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Where else could you find a man who could say "Senator Kennedy is not ready for the country and the country is not ready for him," as our ex-President from Missouri, Harry Truman, did and then shake hands and promise to campaign for him?

MRS. LESLIE BAGLEY
Kirksville, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Roul Tunley. He got paid for saying what's wrong with Missouri, the "confusion state." All I ever get is a kick on the seat of the pants for the things I say about it. . . . Born and raised in Missouri, I see its good points and its failures.

GERALDINE HAMPSTEN
Webb City, Mo.

Misplaced Mountain

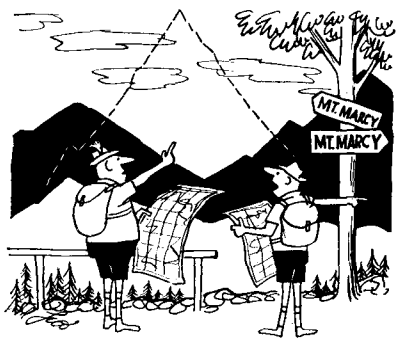
Dear Sirs:

Don't anybody leave the Adirondacks! Somebody misplaced Mt. Marcy. [NEW YORK WILDERNESS, by Ralph Knight, Aug. 27].

ALGIRDAS P. MULIOLIS
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Many people would prefer that New York's highest mountain still be known by the original Indian name of Tahawus (he who splits the sky) instead of the more prosaic Mt. Marcy. No one, however, has as yet suggested exchanging its locale with that of neighboring Mt.



Colden, as your caption writer has done under the excellent photograph of the Adirondack high points.

WILLIAM FRENETTE
Tupper Lake, N.Y.

How They Dress Our Heroines

Dear Sirs:

I thank you for your magazine in its entirety, but this week just one line of sheer poetry from the pen of Samuel Sarver [THE SHORES OF THE HEART,

(Continued on Page 6)

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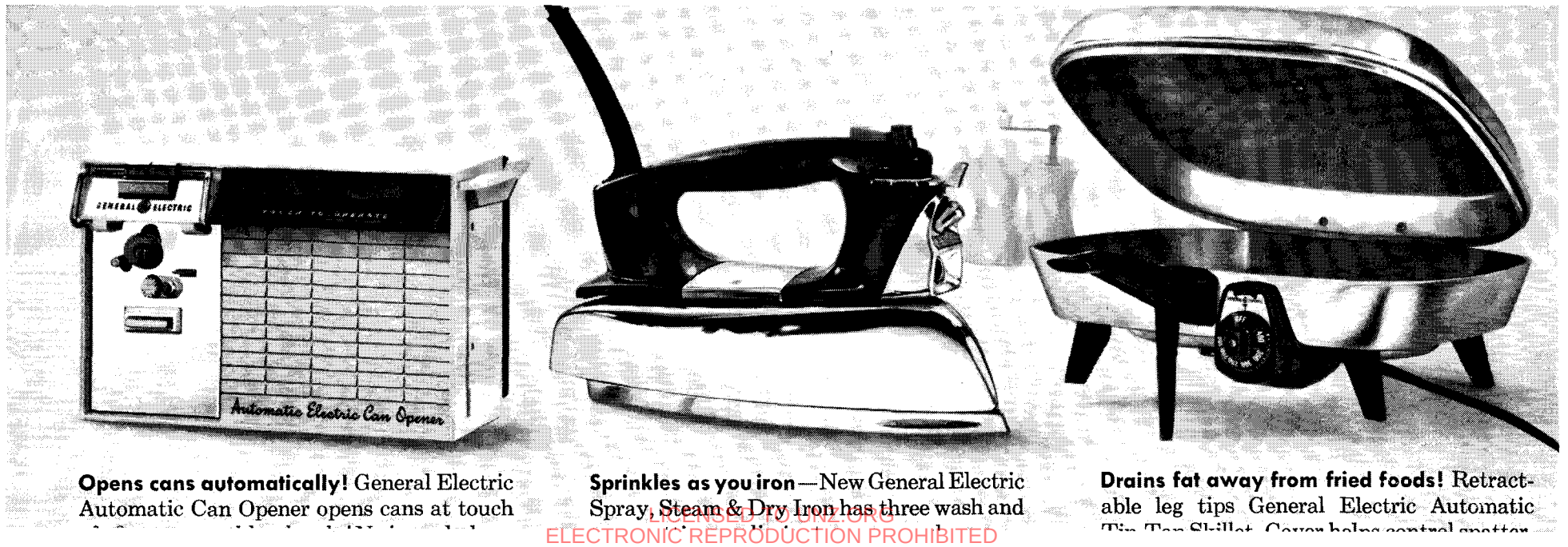
Optional knife sharpener accessory plugs into mixer.

Beats, whips, mixes drinks...sharpens knives, too! The new General Electric Portable Mixer has never been in better shape! Sleek and slim, it weighs only 2¾ lbs. . . . it's better with batters . . . gentle with sauces . . . marvelous with meringues . . . and does up drinks in better than a shake! (Free drink mixer included.) . . . Comes in four decorator colors, white, yellow, pink and turquoise.

And now, without the beaters, change it into a knife sharpener! Exclusive accessory fits on the end of the mixer. You can sharpen knives easily and safely in seconds! General Electric Co., Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Opens cans automatically! General Electric Automatic Can Opener opens cans at touch

Sprinkles as you iron—New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has three wash and

Drains fat away from fried foods! Retractable leg tips General Electric Automatic Tip-Toe Skillet. Cover helps control spatter

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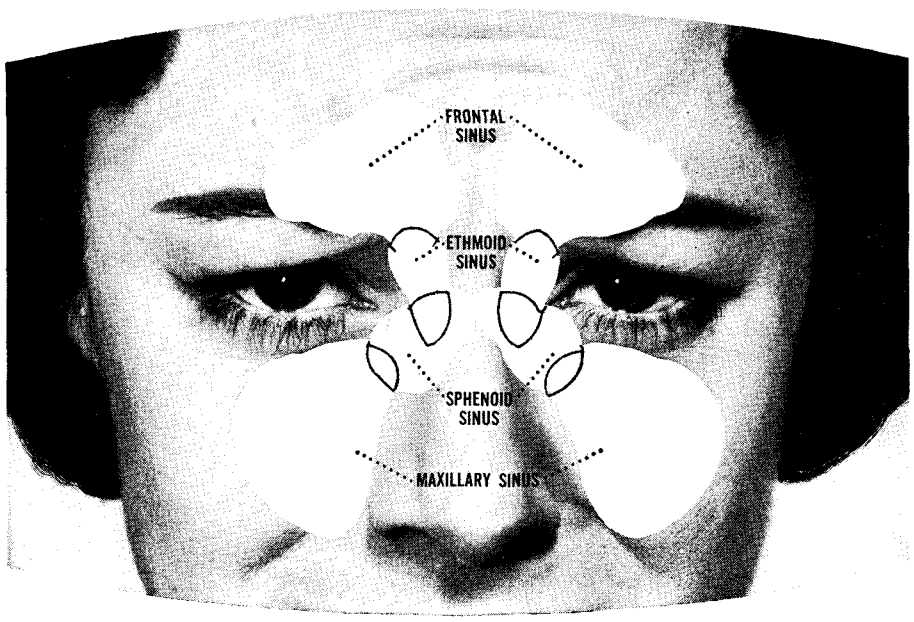
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE



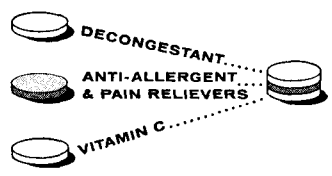
HELPS DRAIN ALL SINUS CAVITIES
EVEN DEEP IN HEAD (*critical areas of colds infection*)

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, pollen allergies and from sinus congestion with its tenderness, pressure and pain. DRISTAN, amazing medical achievement, contains: (1) The scientific *decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. In minutes – it reaches all congested areas – even deep in the head . . . quickly shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive *anti-allergent* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. DRISTAN reduces fever better than aspirin and promptly relieves body aches due to colds. (3) *Vitamin C* to help build up body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: DRISTAN is being widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus . . . responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.

TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing

This Exclusive DRISTAN Tablet Formula Cannot Be Duplicated!



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet. Accept no substitutes.

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Aug. 27] brought me such pleasure I felt I must add a special note of thanks. The line: " . . . he took her face in his hands as one takes a flower its first morning."

MRS. H. E. LITTLE
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

A quote from THE SHORES OF THE HEART: " . . . the red sweater with its turtle neck that emphasized her definite, delicate face."

The green sweater [shown in the illustration] does more for Heloise than the red one could ever do!

MRS. PAUL RANSOM
Liberal, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Something must be done about artist Ken Riley. The story DEADLY VISITOR [by Irene Y. Gates, Aug. 13] says, " . . . in her little blue pumps and a crisp blue cotton dress that matched her eyes,

and with a brighter flush than usual in her pink cheeks. . . ." and darned if that isn't exactly the way Riley pictured her!

Now that sort of thing just isn't done. An illustrator, seemingly, says to himself, *Nobody's going to tell me how to draw.* He changes the heroine's complexion and dresses her according to his own weird taste. This would seem to be a rigid rule among illustrators, upon which they take a solemn vow.

Ken Riley may delight your readers, but I shudder to think what may happen to him as a traitor to his clan.

DOROTHEA THAYER
Ozone Park, N.Y.

Dept. of Misidentity

Dear Sirs:

In the Aug. 20 issue you stated that the high-school students in your FACE OF AMERICA titled CAPITOL PORTRAIT were from Our Lady of Angels High School. You goofed! The girls are from Regina High School in Norwood, Ohio, conducted by the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

MARY J. MEHMERT
Norwood, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Undoubtedly by now you've received many anguished cries from the friends of [the Chicago department store] Carson Pirie Scott. Your caption [with THEY SAY SHE CAN SELL ANYTHING, by Norma Lee Browning, Sept. 3] incorrectly identified its executives. . . .

Carson's holds a lot of very fond memories for me. Almost exactly ten years ago, I was their first Negro employee and I assisted in the implementation of an integration program which today is a model for industry everywhere.

One of the first department heads to act encouragingly toward the program was Edith Grimm ("I don't care if the girls you send up are black, white or green, as long as they can do the job."). All of which proves that true geniuses are also very nice people.

C. SUMNER STONE JR.
New York, N.Y.

● *For the record, our caption should have listed Carson's executives as follows: (From left) Bruce MacLeish, chairman of the executive board; Edith Grimm, associate general merchandise manager; John T. Pirie Jr., chairman of the board; Norbert Armour, senior vice president; and C. Virgil Martin, president.* —ED.

The Line Was Busy

Dear Sirs:

The article MY DAD'S BEST CROP WAS MUSIC by Lewis Nordyke [Aug. 13] will touch the heartstrings of many folks as it did mine. It is so warmly and sincerely written I can still hear Dad Nordyke's fiddle! Coming to the closing, there were tears in my eyes. What a beautiful way to make an exit from this world.

MRS. FRANK MORGAN
Keller, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed the article very much, especially the part about the fiddle "broadcasts" by telephone. I used to do the same thing when I was a girl in southeast Kansas, although I played the piano. . . . Most every Friday and Saturday night between six and seven o'clock the strains of *Lily of the Valley, The Maiden's Prayer, Falling Waters* and others went floating over the telephone.

MARY ELLEN IVIE
Swisshome, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

We had such a telephone concert on winter or spring Sunday afternoons when the roads were blocked with snow or hub-deep with mud. . . . We followed the same method, all getting together on the party line and really enjoying ourselves.

RETTA GILLESPIE
Gaines, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

How many times I've heard my husband and his father on their fiddles and his sister on the piano play many of the mentioned numbers for the party liners on the farms. The lines were hung sometimes on fence posts, sometimes on trees, but how close they brought them together!

DOLLIE H. BLAKE
West Frankfort, Ill.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Clayton Evans. • 20, 21–Lynn Buckham. • 22–Wide World; Brown Brothers; United Press International. • 23–Wide World; United Press International; three from Wide World. • 24–Mike Ludlow. • 25–Wide World. • 26, 27–James H. Yeager. • 28, 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30–John Burns. • 31–Denver Gillen. • 32, 33–James Bama. • 34, 35–Frank Ross. • 36, 37–Coby Whitmore. • 38–George Karger from Pix; Pictorial Parade; Culver; Karsh; Hans Knopf. • 39–Columbia Records; MGM; Karsh. • 43–Map by Center Studio; Wide World; Marc Riboud from Magnum; Hans Leninberger from Black Star. • 116–Two from Wide World; Sarah Shepard Rice; Marion Gabler.

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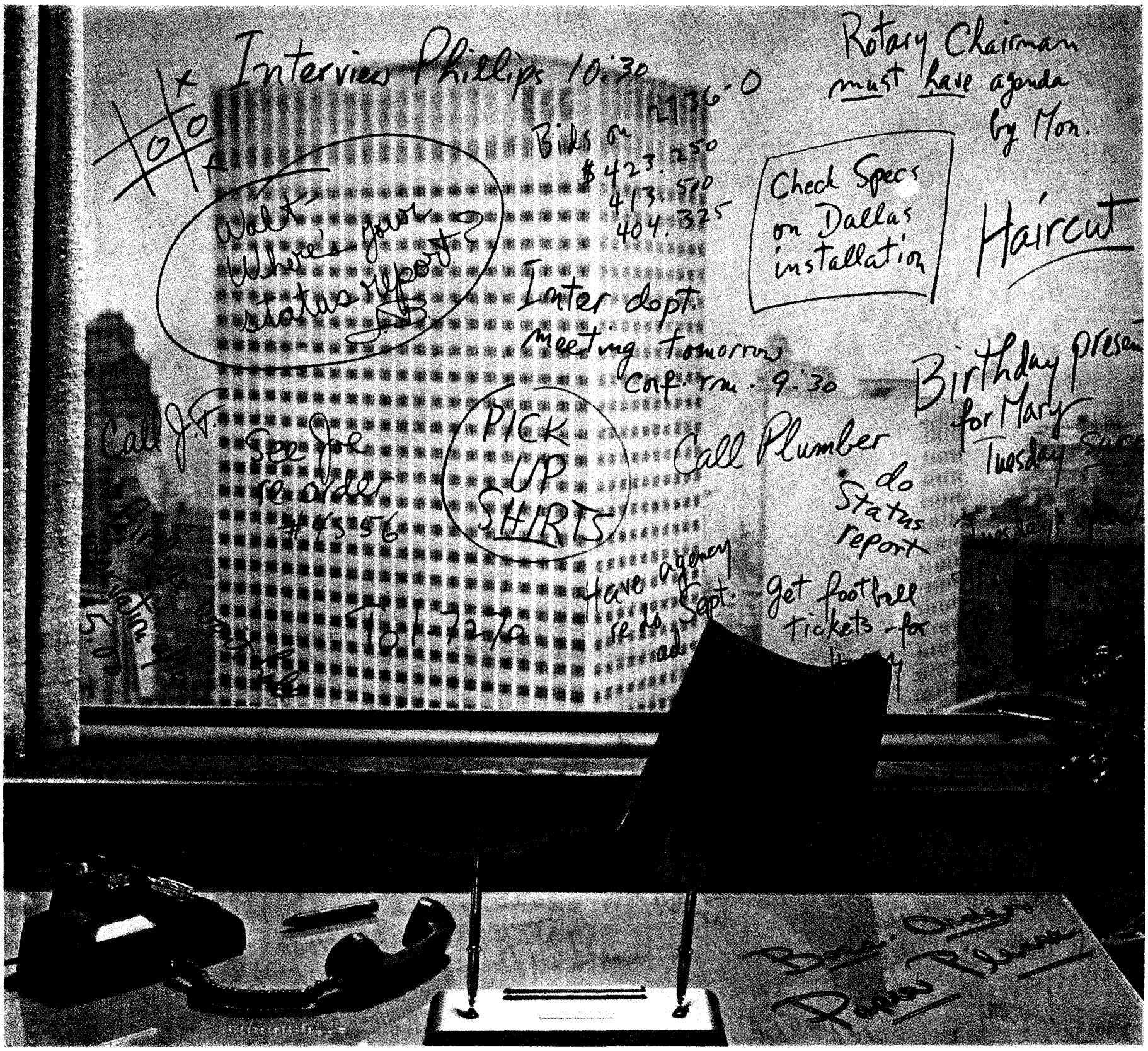

The day you run out of paper and printing

Could you stay in business without paper and printing? Could you talk with all the people your printed messages and mailing pieces now reach?

Could you speak about your product as glowingly as a color picture speaks for it in your sales literature or advertisements?

Could you remember all the information now on tap in your company's files? Or even in your own?

American business runs on tracks of printed paper. Your printer helps keep the throttle open. He's an expert; he knows how to produce the printing that gets the best results for you. That's why he often recommends Hammermill Papers.

Ask your printer about Hammermill Bond for letterheads that make a good impression; Hammermill Sentry Safety for your checks; Hammermill Mimeo-Bond and Hammermill Duplicator for multiple copies; Hammermill Ledger for financial records; Hammermill Offset and Hammermill Opaque for advertising pieces; Hammermill Index for record cards and folders; Hammermill Cover for folders, booklets, menus. Hammermill Paper Company, 1451 East Lake Road, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL PAPERS

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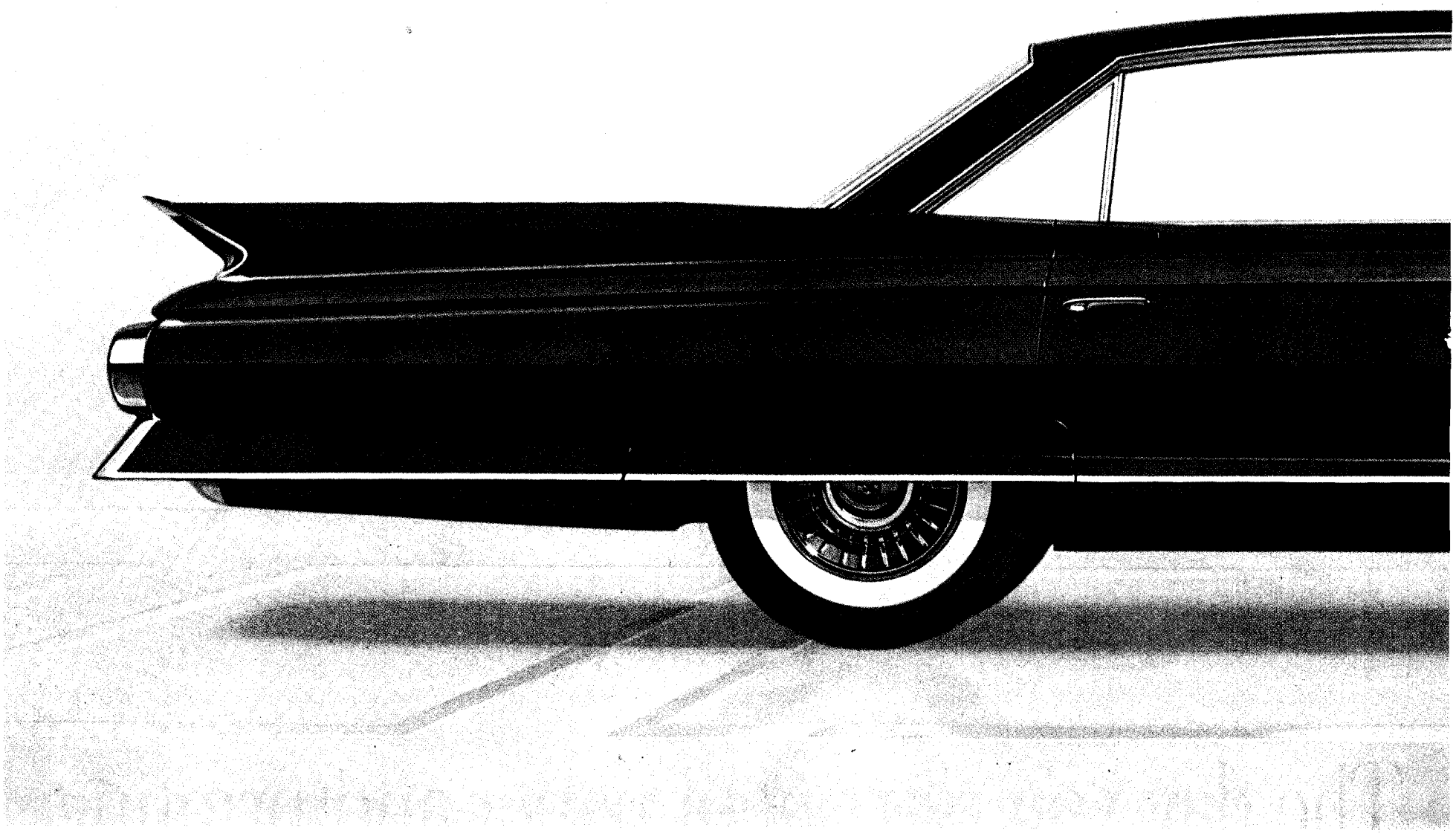
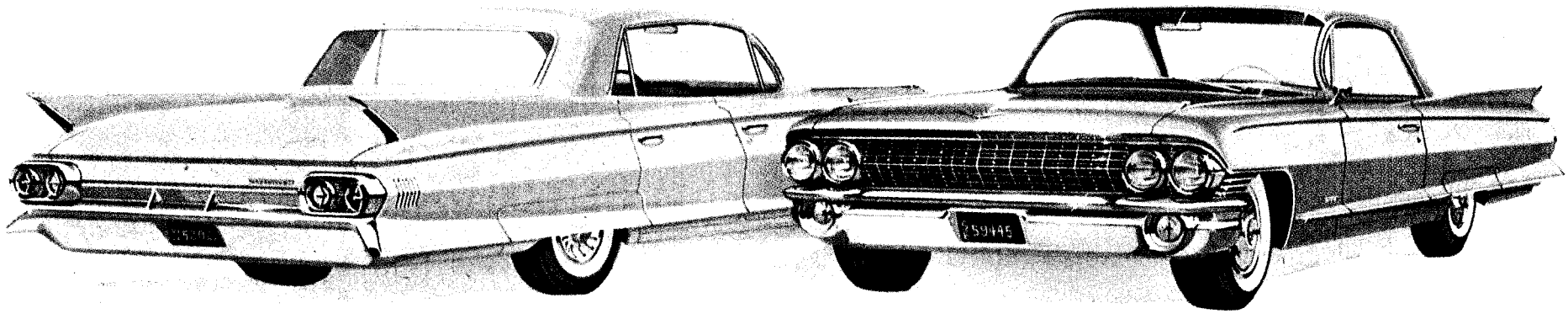
A NEW INSPIRATION





THE FLEETWOOD SIXTY SPECIAL

THE SIXTY-TWO COUPE

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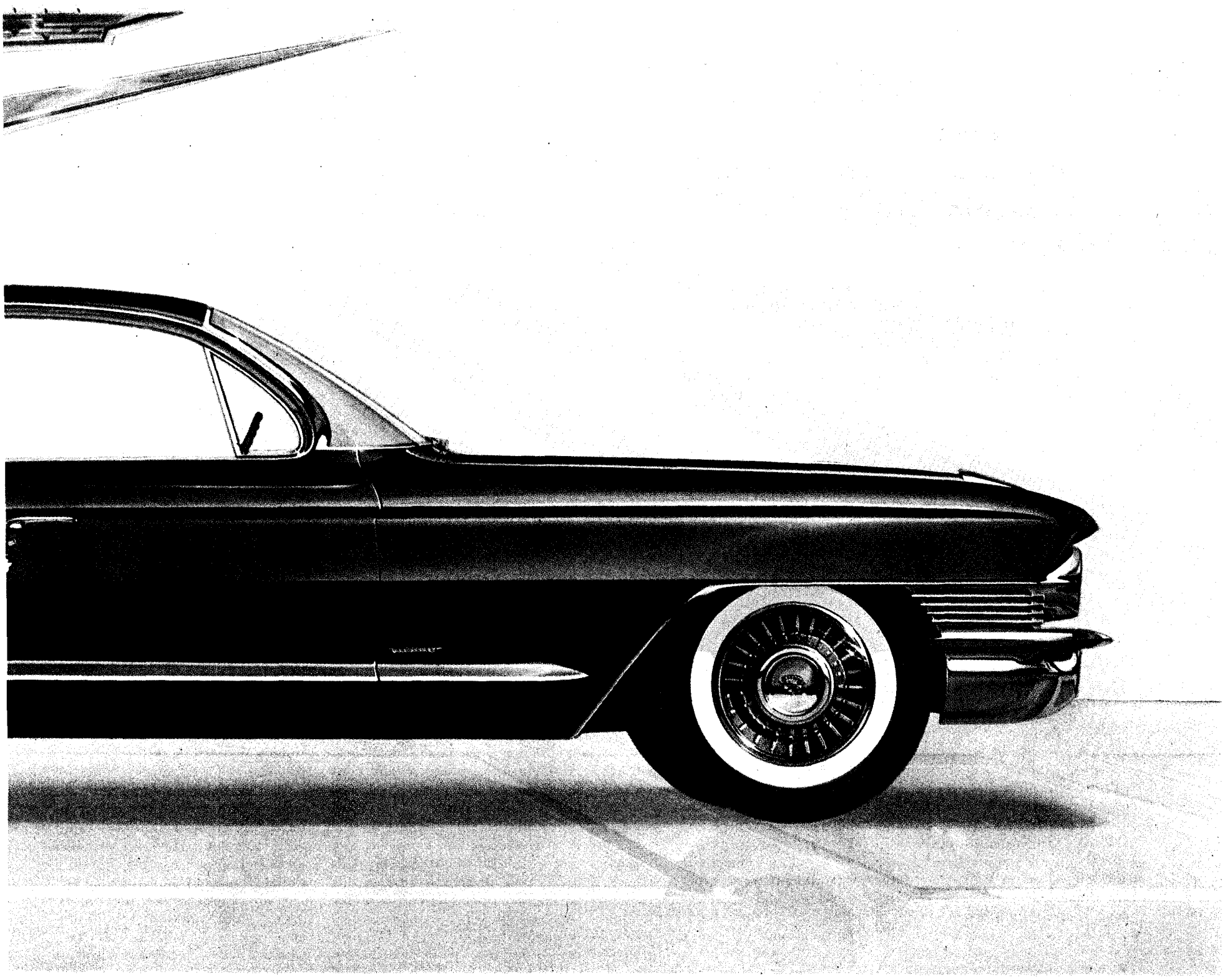
FOR THE MOTORING WORLD



THE SIXTY-TWO SEDAN

Cadillac FOR NINETEEN SIXTY-ONE

You are looking at the completely new Cadillac for 1961—a motor car that will inspire the automotive world for years to come.

While unmistakably Cadillac in stature and in majesty, it represents a totally new concept in fine car design.

Its graceful silhouette reveals less over-all length and increased head room. Its delicately formed roof lines provide an almost uninterrupted panorama of vision, while a crisp, new sculptural design of front, rear and sides confers distinction entirely new to motoring.

Beneath this visual elegance resides a host of dramatic engineering advancements—an even finer, quieter and smoother-performing engine . . . an entirely new front suspension system . . . a lubrication-free chassis . . . wonderfully improved steering and braking . . . and greatly increased maneuverability and handling ease.

This new world of motoring pleasure has been interpreted in eleven individual body styles—each with an exceptionally wide selection of beautifully crafted and appointed interiors.

Your dealer will be proud and privileged to introduce you to this 1961 Cadillac at any time. We sincerely believe that you will find it an inspiration in motor car quality and goodness.

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Editorials

First Question for Dictators: "Are You in Khrushchev's Pocket?"

The current American policy on Caribbean affairs appears to be based on opposition to dictators, whatever may be the attitude of this or that dictator toward Communist penetration of that critical area. Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon, in urging support for the Administration's decision to curb imports of sugar from the Dominican Republic, satrapy of Dictator Trujillo, told the House Committee on Agriculture that "to reduce the sugar quota of a country with a leftist dictator, only to grant a substantial portion of that quota to a dictator whose activities have been condemned by all the American states, would handicap our conduct of foreign relations throughout the hemisphere."

Leaving aside whatever may lie behind the condemnation of the Trujillo regime by the OAS, one could recast Mr. Dillon's observation as follows:

"To reduce the sugar quota of a country controlled by a dictator who boasts of his subservience to the Communist dictatorships of the Soviet Union and China and attempts to arouse all Latin America against us, and then to take similar action against another dictator who, whatever his domestic sins, has sided with the United States in the United Nations and in opposition to Communist infiltration, must confuse friend and foe alike as to what the United States is up to. To break off relations with a country with which we have no quarrel and which has permitted us to maintain a missile-tracking apparatus on its territory must be more bewildering still."

The defect in the logic of a policy which makes the political systems of other countries an issue of such moment is that it assumes that it is our mission to impose our system of government, or reasonable facsimile, on others. In *Neither War Nor Peace* (Praeger), a wise book on current affairs, Prof. Hugh Seton-Watson, eminent British historian, makes the observation that "it might be accepted that human ingenuity can devise a great variety of combinations of freedom and authority. Some Asian, African and Latin-American regimes are and will be freer than others. Some are and will be dictatorships." The first priority, writes Seton-Watson, is "that a given country should not become a satellite of the Sino-Soviet bloc, the second that it not be totalitarian, the third that it be not a dictatorship. . . . If the government in question has proved itself a faithful friend of the West and able to maintain stable government, it may be unwise to press it too hard in favor of social or political reforms which look desirable in Washington or London."

In other words, a doctrinaire devotion to the idea that democracy as we understand it must be practiced by everybody could be contrary to the national interest which, as the President said recently, must be protected "when the chips are finally down." As to Cuba, the chips appear to be at least "semifinally down."

The downfall of Batista, which was hastened by our embargo on arms against his regime, was followed by the rise of Castro, whom the State Department now belatedly recognizes as a Communist tool. In the opinion of competent observers we could have encouraged the fall of Batista in such a way as to make it certain that his successor would represent the responsible elements in Cuba. Exposure of Castro's Communist background and associates, which could have been accomplished through Cuban channels, would have made this possible. Instead we were content to become a party to the fall of a dictator and then to leave the issue to chaos and Communism. If we are to take a similar course in the Dominican Republic, it would be wise to explore the ground a little. One more Communist satellite in the Caribbean could just about end United States influence in Latin America.

Ballot Jargon Prevents Millions From Voting on Important Civic Questions

Voters in many constituencies across the land will be asked next month to express themselves on a wide variety of matters. Shall the state constitution be amended to provide for sessions of the legislature every year instead of every two years? Shall the county have a law forbidding stores to be open on Sunday? Shall the community float a bond issue for a new firehouse?

Sounds simple when you say it that way. Sorrowfully, the officials charged with wording such propositions for ballot presentation *don't* say it that way. Their credo seems to be: Why use simple language when you can confuse the voter by stating a question in vague, pompous wording with little meaning to anyone not a graduate of law school?

Consider the plight of voters in Englewood, New Jersey. Two years ago they were asked to decide whether the city's employees should be placed on civil-service status. As put to the voters, the proposal read: "Shall the provision of Subtitle No. 3 of Title No. 11 under the Revised Statutes of New Jersey as amended and supplemented, relating to Civil Service, be adopted in the City of Englewood, County of Bergen, State of New Jersey?" How many voters did the research necessary to answer that one?

The submission of constitutional amendments, public questions, referendums and other issues to the electorate by these bodies is one of the keystones of our democratic system. By this means we approve or disapprove the major decisions of our lawmakers, particularly those calling for sizable expenditures of tax dollars. Yet ballot questions are worded in such complicated and long-winded manner that few voters can know what the questions mean.

The result is that most voters don't try to untangle these puzzles. In Connecticut two years ago only one voter in five who voted for governor took time to go down the line on all three constitutional amendments offered for consideration. The "fall-off" vote in most states usually runs in the 20-to-40 per cent range. A woefully small percentage of voters serves as watchdogs over the legislative actions of local, county and state officials.

Last year, upon emerging from his polling place near Gettysburg, President Eisenhower readily confessed that he had had trouble figuring out one or more of the three constitutional amendments on the Pennsylvania ballot. Consider, too, the well-informed citizen who went to the polls in New York City last November intending to vote for construction of a superhighway through the Adirondacks. The proposed highway had been highly publicized by its popular name of Northway. This man came away from the polls without casting his vote. Nowhere on the ballot, he said, was Northway mentioned. And he was right. He should have pulled the "yes" lever under the proposal: "Shall the proposed amendment to section one of article fourteen of the constitution, in relation to interstate route highway on forest preserve lands, be approved?"

Obviously any simplification of ballot jargon must be legally accurate. As Kenneth N. Gilbert, superintendent of elections for the state of Washington, puts it, "Simple wording in laymen's language could be fatal should court action be instituted." Nevertheless a few states have broken through the mumbo-jumbo with no apparent dire effects.

Last year, for instance, the California ballot asked voter judgment on one question in this understandable language: "This act provides for a bond issue of three hundred million dollars to be used by the Department of Veterans Affairs in assisting California war veterans to acquire farms and homes." Two years earlier a constitutional amendment of considerable importance was worded thus: "Empowers Legislature to change, alter and redefine California's state boundaries in co-operation with adjoining states and subject to approval of Congress."

New Hampshire's wording is even plainer. On the 1956 ballot was this direct eleven-word constitutional-amendment query: "Are you in favor of permitting absentee voting in primary elections?" It's hard to get more streamlined than that.

What California and New Hampshire have done every other state could do if its people insist.

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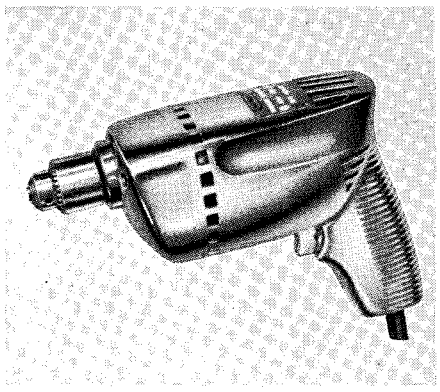
Ideas TO BETTER YOUR HOME ON YOUR OWN

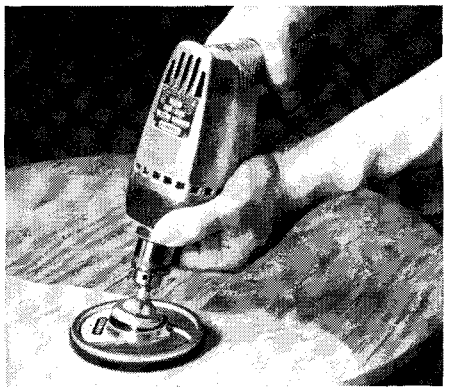
These *Stanley Fall Specials* help you make exciting ideas come true!

Now is the time to plan the improvements you've always wanted to make in your home. *This* Fall, install that playroom or the built-in bookcases your wife has always talked about. Refinish fine furniture . . . design smart-looking kitchen cabinets . . . add a breezeway for next Summer. Just look at the wonderful Fall Specials now being featured at your Stanley dealer's—quality tools made to last a lifetime and put new skills in your hands. See these exciting specials now!

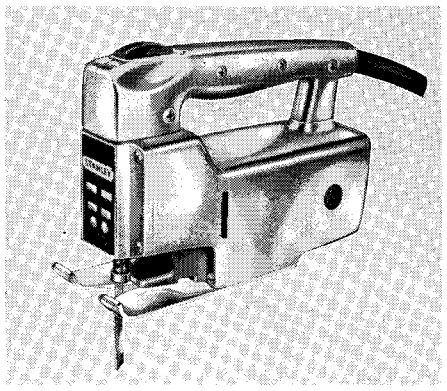
Free! This 50¢ booklet free at your dealer's with the purchase of any one of these Stanley Fall Specials! Features 20 illustrated pages of home improvement "how to" with the accent on ideas for better living. If dealer's supply is temporarily exhausted, write The Stanley Works, 7110 Elm Street, New Britain, Connecticut.



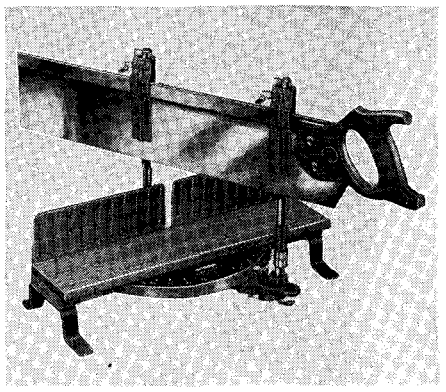
Powerhouse! $5.00 off on this ¼" Drill. Reg. $24.95—**Now only $19.95!** Most powerful ¼" drill for the price on the market. Features rugged construction, non-slip pistol grip, 3-jaw geared chuck.



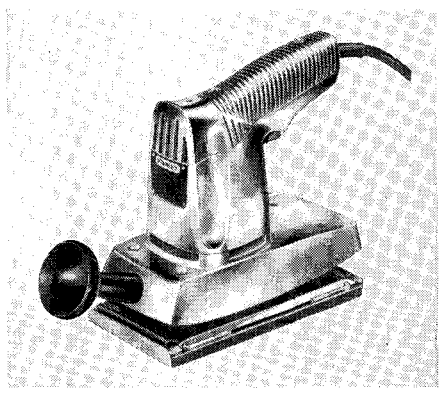
Stanley Swirlaway Sander. New attachment for use with electric drills. Sands fast. No marring or gouging. Reg. $3.29—**Now $2.98** with free woodcraft plans by Steve Dohanos, famous POST cover artist.



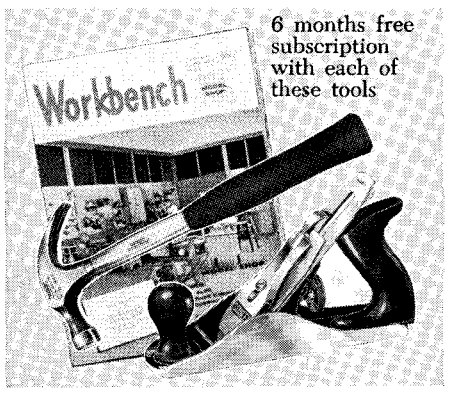
Heavy-duty Sabre Saw—only $46.95—with 7 assorted blades worth $4.90 . . . FREE! Cuts scrolls, curves, wood, metal. Special blades cut flush up to a wall and to ⅝ of an inch along a wall.



Save $4.35 on Stanley Mitre Box with saw! For cutting accurate angles from 45° to 90°. Fine for screens, mouldings, picture frames, and cornices with joints that really fit. Reg. $44.30—**Now $39.95.**



NEW! Stanley Finishing Sander . . . only $34.95! And you get two packages of assorted sanding sheets—FREE. Sands and fine-finishes table tops, cabinets, bookcases, etc. Ideal for small work areas.



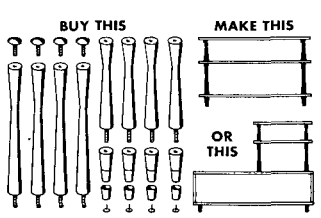
6 months free subscription with each of these tools

Steelmaster Hammer—only $5.25! "Tempered Rim" minimizes chipping. Non-slip grip. Safest hammer you can buy. **Stanley plane—$11.00!** Perfect for dressing and truing up wood surfaces.

Eliminate hanger tangle with Stanley "snap-in" glides that slide easily, quietly—*automatically* space clothes. Or if you must crowd your closets, go ahead. This bar is strong, stays rigid however you load it with extra hangers. Long-lasting bright nickel finish.

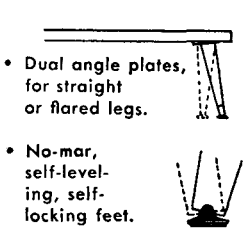
NEW! Stanley Adjustable Closet Bar with 10 smooth-riding nylon hanger glides . . . Reg. $2.88—**Now $2.29!** Installs in seconds with only 4 screws, ready for use. Size 30"—adjustable up to 48".

See dozens of other hardware home improvement items at STANLEY HARDWARE CENTERS in leading stores near you.



NEW! Shelf-Master Kit—24 pieces . . . Fall Special—only $4.98 (Reg. $5.98)! Do-it-yourself kit for handymen. Makes shelves in minutes! Includes 4 each 10"· and 14" spacers and legs; 4 brass ferrules and 4 no-mar glides. In natural finish, ready to stain.

Wood Leg Sets—Fall Special—only $2.49 up! Repair furniture—make deluxe tables, benches, chairs—easily, quickly. Hardwood legs in natural finish, ready to stain. Instructions and hardware included. 6"—$2.49 (reg. $2.98); 12"—$3.49 (reg. $3.98); 28"—$5.98 (reg. $6.98).



- Dual angle plates, for straight or flared legs.
- No-mar, self-leveling, self-locking feet.

Special offers end December 31, 1960 • Prices slightly higher in Canada

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AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.—hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping—made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

CANADIAN PLANTS: HAMILTON, ONTARIO AND ROXTON POND, P. Q.

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ANNOUNCING THE HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY OF THE YEAR!

FALCON '61 has these wonderful

You get the presents on the first birthday of the world's most successful new car . . . the car with over 400,000 happy owners . . . the car no other compact can measure up to!

GAS MILEAGE THAT SETS A STANDARD FOR OTHERS! Owners have proved it, tests have proved it . . . the Falcon gives you up to 30 miles on a gallon. With the Falcon, you put your money in the *bank*—not in the tank!

LUXURIOUS 6-PASSENGER ROOM . . . IN THE FALCON MANNER! In the '61 Falcon, you'll find stretch-out room for 6 big, comfort-loving adults . . . with trunk space galore to pack away all their luggage. And just like the big luxury cars, Falcon '61 presents you with coat hooks, front arm rests, foam-padded front seats and chic interiors upholstered right down to the door panels . . . all at no extra cost. Only Falcon lets you go in such big-car style . . . at such a low compact car price.

FIRST WITH 4,000-MILE OIL CHANGES! Save your money! Falcon goes not 1,000, not 1,500, not 2,000 or 3,000 —but *4,000* long miles between oil changes. What's more, Falcon *never* needs waxing. For even more savings, Falcon has an aluminized muffler that normally lasts *three* times as

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birthday presents for you !

New 1961 Falcon . . . in 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door wagons

long as ordinary types. That's Falcon for you—the *only* true economy car of the compact field.

A CHOICE OF TWO SURGING "SIXES"! With the '61 Falcon, you get *thrust* as well as thrift. Falcon gives you a choice of power plants, starting with the standard Falcon 144 Six—already economy-proved by over 400,000 richer owners. Or choose the brand-new optional 170 Special Falcon Six that also provides the Falcon's famous brand of economy PLUS an *extra* dash of power.

THE EASIEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO OWN! Economy where it pays . . . quality where it counts . . . is the secret of why the Falcon has set the standards of compact car success. See your Ford Dealer and see how little it takes to take home a 1961 Falcon . . . the car no other compact measures up to!

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*,

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FORD Falcon '61

WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW CAR

ONE YEAR NEWER, ONE YEAR BETTER . . . . AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S NOW!

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Only Electricity Provides Flameless Water Heating

Your good sense tells you how safe flameless electric water heating is for your family. And you can be sure there are good, practical reasons for the way you feel. An electric water heater is clean. It needs no flue, so you can install it anywhere and always have all the hot water you need. We invite you to live with these advantages of flameless water heating in your home. You'll feel good about it when you do. So see your electric appliance dealer today.

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

This Medallion on a house identifies it as a home equipped for modern electric living

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Flameless electric water heating is so safe

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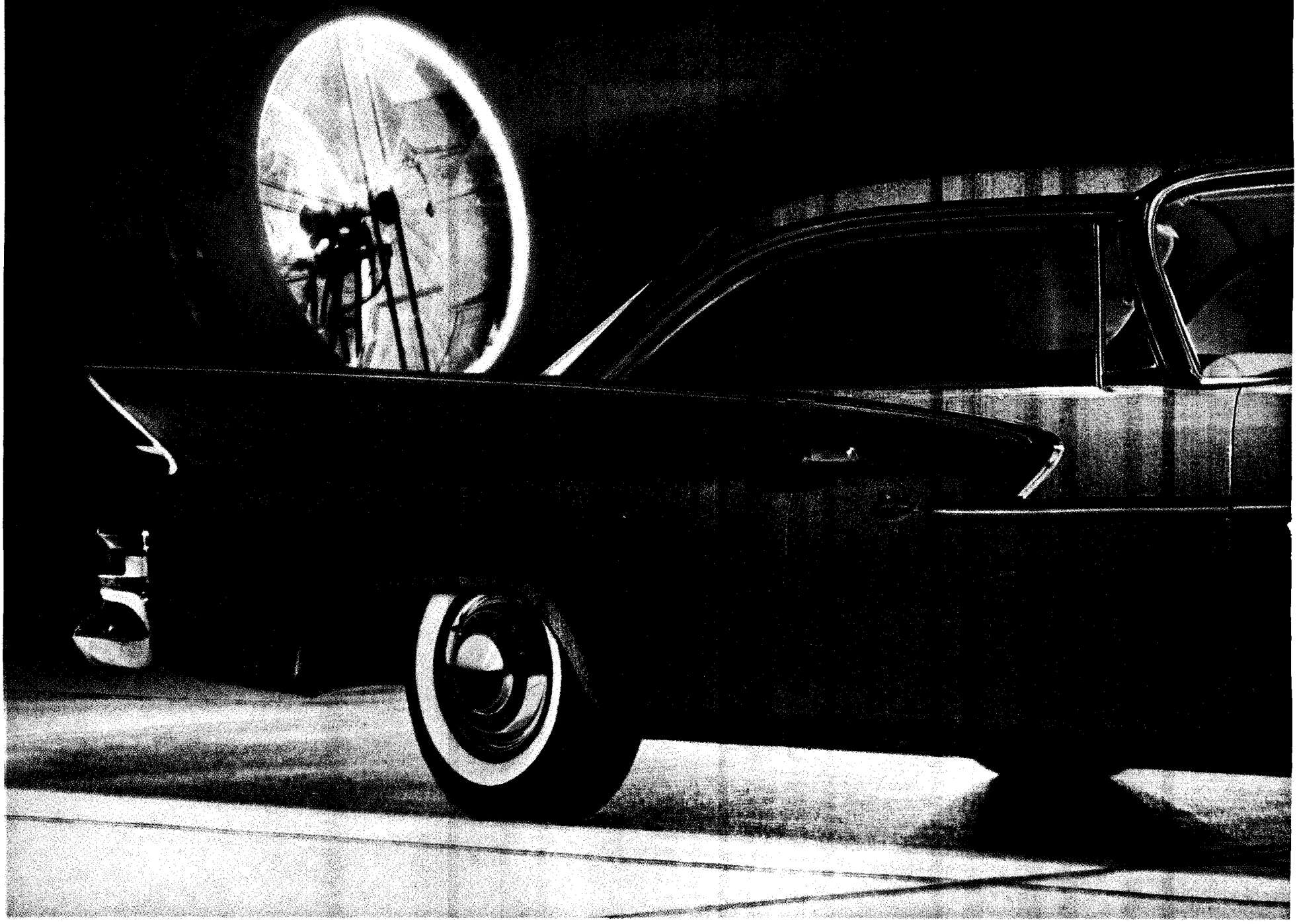
Chrysler 1961



featuring the new Newport

a full-size Chrysler in a new lower price range!

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If you don't know it already, you might as well know it now. Other cars in Chrysler's price class are building smaller, cut-down models. Not Chrysler! No jr. editions bear the Chrysler name. For full-size proof, step up to the Newport, the Chrysler '61 that makes a Chrysler investment more appealing than ever!

See what you get at the Newport's new lower price. You get Unibody . . . rustproofed in 7 different baths and proved 100% stronger than old-type body-frame designs! You get Chrysler room . . . with seats five feet wide and a special driver's seat that supports and comforts from shoulder to knee. You get economy. The Newport's Firebolt V-8 engine is tuned for regular gas.

Like a silent ride? Chrysler Unibody is sprayed with 92 pounds of sound deadener, insulated with 100 sq. feet of padded material. A smooth ride? Drive Chrysler '61! Check out its steady, supple road grip; the sure handling of torsion-bar suspension (a Chrysler exclusive in its price class). Ask your dealer for a test drive. He's waiting with a key and the widest smile in town.

CHRYSLER '61 . . . NEWPORT • WINDSOR • NEW YORKER • 300/G

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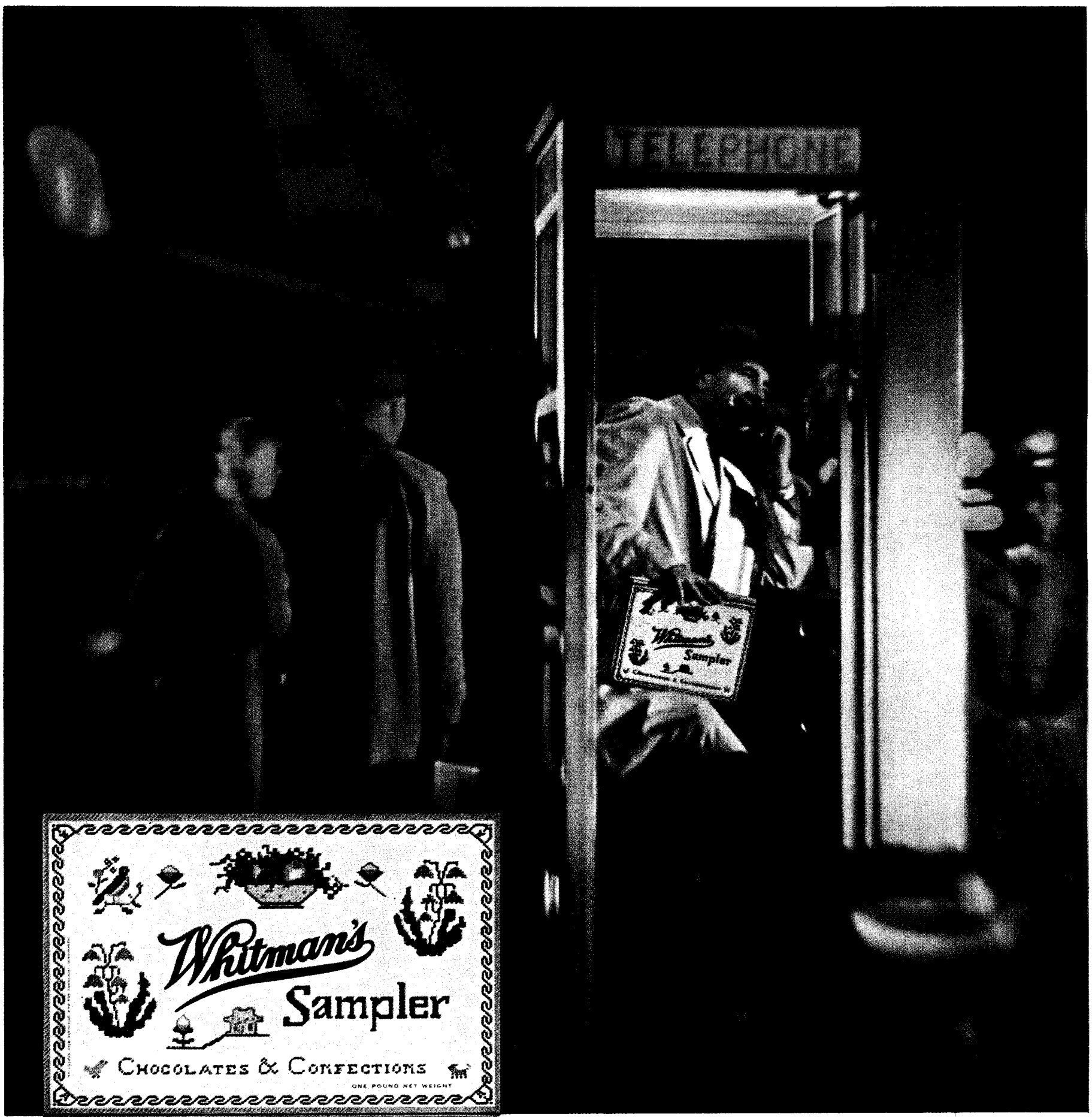

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A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

The man who understands women knows Whitman's chocolates. True, he may not be aware that every choice piece in the Sampler® represents a "favorite" of millions . . . or that the rich aroma comes from a special blending of South America's rarest chocolate. But he does know that when he gives a Whitman's Sampler, he is giving the finest money can buy—a fact both recognized and appreciated by the lady in his life.

One can always find a good excuse for giving a Sampler. Choose yours in 1, 2, 4 and 5 pound assortments at Whitman's dealers—everywhere.

Nothing finer than a Sampler on Sweetest Day, October 15

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The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

a NOVEL IN FOUR PARTS:

SOMETHING LIGHT

By

MARGERY SHARP

author of THE NUTMEG TREE and CLUNY BROWN

Although the delightful story which begins on the next page is a full-length novel, *The Post* is presenting it in four long installments instead of the usual seven or eight parts. We are doing this because of the episodic nature of SOMETHING LIGHT—because we believe *Post* readers will enjoy it more in longer installments than in conventional serial form. We also believe that when you read this charming and lively story, you will be reading, in advance of its appearance in book form, a sure best seller-to-be. —The Editors

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STARTING ON THE NEXT PAGE

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SOMETHING LIGHT

By MARGERY SHARP

I

Louisa Mary Datchett was very fond of men. Not all women are, not even those to whom matrimony is the only tolerable state; for these often like men as husbands, as other women like them as lovers, and others again as small boys. Louisa liked men. If a bus driver halted for her at a pedestrian crossing, her upward glance was disinterestedly affectionate—there he sat, hot and conscientious, minding his own masculine business, no awareness of her save as a possible hazard to his time schedule—and there stood Louisa, liking him; and if on the island of her refuge she observed an old gentleman in a garish tie, striped red and yellow like a ripening pimento, her sympathetic imagination at once ranged over the whole field of English cricket as she mentally wished him on to a happy day at Lord's.

These examples, however, are merely illustrative. Most men were reciprocally aware of Louisa. If she paid for her rangy height by cheeks thin as a whistling boy's, if her fox-colored hair was turning like an autumn leaf—here a streak of cinnamon, there a dash of pepper—she had nonetheless only to stand still in any public place, at a bus stop or outside a telephone booth, and as to Red Ridinghood up came a wolf.

Yet did she respond, and Louisa usually responded, how many a wolf turned nursling! To be listened to (wife not understanding wolf), to be found employment (wolf out of work), to have musical instrument (wolf potential member of dance band) got out of hock! It was extraordinary how swiftly they appreciated her special temperament.

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

Enid listened to them from out in the hall.

Older acquaintances took it for granted; no one, least of all Louisa, ever counted the times she got suits back from the cleaners, washed socks or carried prescriptions to the chemist.

Bachelors in lodgings going down with influenza employed their last spark of consciousness to telephone Louisa. Publishers of books commissioned but overdue telephoned Louisa. She was constantly being either sent for, like a fire engine, or dispatched, like a lifeboat, to the scene of some masculine disaster; and fond of men as she was, by the time she was thirty she felt extremely jaded.

"You know what?" said Louisa to the milkman one morning. "I feel jaded."

"No one would tell it to look at you," said the milkman handsomely.

"I'll tell you something else," said Louisa. "I dare say I'm what suffragettes chained themselves to railings for."

"My auntie was a suffragette," offered the milkman.

"I dare say I'm even Bernard Shaw's Intelligent Woman. I'm the independent, self-supporting *femme sole*, and I hope Ibsen's proud of me."

"He'd be a fool if he wasn't," said the milkman.

"And I spend as much time running about for men as if I were a Victorian nanny."

"Why not take a spot of cream?" suggested the milkman.

"Thanks, I will," said Louisa. "And you might leave a yoghurt for Number Ten."

The milkman glanced at the neighboring door—not more than a yard away, in the converted house where dwelt Louisa—and cocked an eyebrow.

"To go down with yours as per usual?"

"Well, of course," said Louisa.

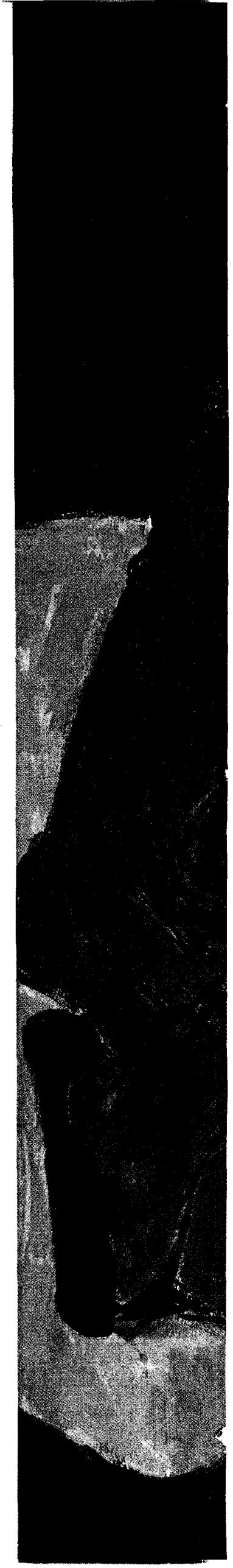
"This is O.K. with me 'n' the dairy," said the milkman, "but you'll regret it at the month's end."

Louisa knew darn well she'd regret it. Yoghurt for Number Ten—an indigent and vegetarian flutist—was becoming a noticeable item on her monthly budget. Even his gratitude was a nuisance, since besides teaching the flute he fabricated costume jewelry out of beechnuts. Louisa had a whole drawerful—it attracted mites.

Standing, cream jar in hand, as the milkman clattered on—*It's not the suffragettes who'd be proud of me*, thought Louisa bitterly, *it's the Salvation Army. I may be the modern woman, but it's time I looked out for myself. In fact, it's time I looked out for a rich husband, just as though I'd been born in a Victorian novel.*

A rhythmic tapping on the party wall called her back inside her room. Number Ten had formed the pleasant custom of thus conveying his morning greetings—usually with the opening phrase of a Beethoven sonata. Louisa, who wasn't musical, knew this only because she'd been told, and customarily banged back no more than *Rule, Britannia*. She did so now—POM, pom-pom-pom!—set down cream jar on sink and returned to her meditations.

For once, rarely, contemplating an abstract conception: the position of the independent woman in modern society. Better their lot by far, Louisa was sure of it, than that of the timid Victorian wife trembling at a husband's frown. Better their lot again than that of the Victorian spinster, with no other economic resource than to become a bullied governess. Louisa had a higher opinion of women than might be expected; for those committed to any vocation, a genuine, wistful regard. (Continued on Page 97)



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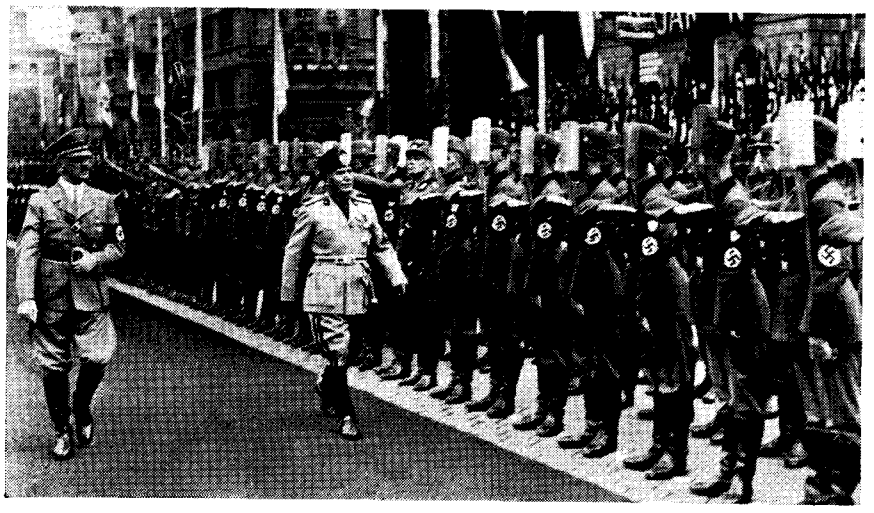
BERNARD BARUCH'S OWN STORY

PART TWO

The Roosevelt Years

The legendary financier and statesman candidly reveals the details of his friendship and years of service with F.D.R. through the New Deal and World War II.

"When charm was given out, I'm sure F.D.R. was first in line," says the author. "And his place in the front rank of history's great men is assured."



In the summer of 1938 Baruch pushed for United States mobilization. Above, the unholy partners, Hitler and Mussolini, in the same year, when they were riding high.

Yalta, 1945: The U.S. was not "sold out" here, says Baruch. The Russians simply failed to keep their pledges. From the right: Molotov, Churchill, F.D.R. and Stalin.

© 1960 by Bernard M. Baruch

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By BERNARD M. BARUCH

In the summer of 1932, soon after Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated for the Presidency, he asked me to attend a conference at his home in Hyde Park, New York. I drove up the next day. His house on the Hudson was full of children and dogs and the clutter which always gave F.D.R.'s surroundings that "lived-in" quality, whether it was the White House, or his cottage in Warm Springs, Georgia.

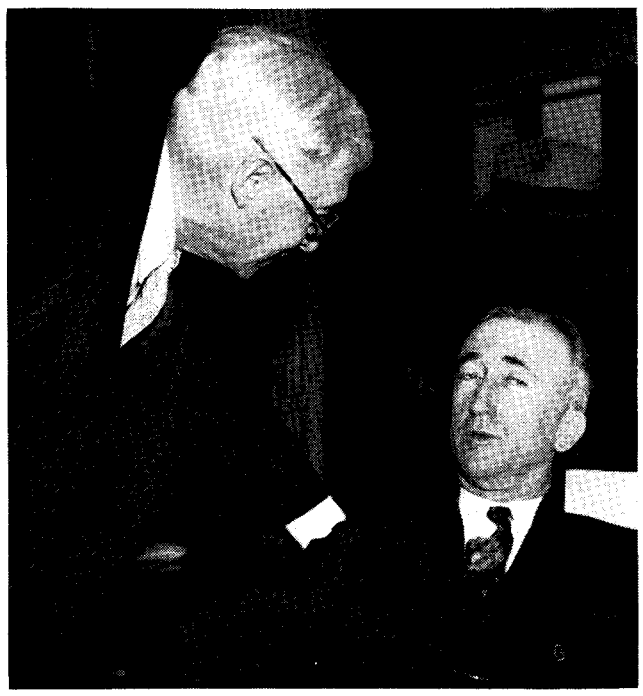
Roosevelt wanted my help in the campaign, and I was glad to give it. Although he was to alter his course later, at this point our views were in accord, especially on the fundamentals of dealing with the great depression. Essentially, I believed that Government measures taken to speed sound recovery would have to be based on sound economic principles. I did not believe in deficit financing nor in tinkering with the currency. I did believe in cutting unnecessary Governmental spending and in balancing the budget. I believed in providing needed revenues for any new program we might undertake, thus preserving the credit of the Government and preventing inflation. I favored Government building programs of a self-liquidating character—roads, bridges and other public works—which would in time provide revenue. The only condition I attached to borrowing for such purposes was that sufficient taxes be levied to cover interest and amortization on these projects.

After that first Hyde Park meeting, I gave Roosevelt a lengthy memorandum which my old friend Hugh Johnson had helped me prepare. It summarized economic studies I had been making for the previous three or four years, analyzed the budget and fiscal policies of the Hoover Administration, and capsuled my economic recommendations. Ray Moley, who headed the Brain Trust, wrote F.D.R. that this memo was a "distinctly valuable contribution to the campaign" and provided material for major speeches on the budget, tariff and foreign debts.

The author at the Roosevelt statue in London's Grosvenor Square. Baruch says their friendship was never weakened by disagreements over public issues.

In 1934 the author, appearing before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, urged the Government to buy and store strategic raw materials for use in the event of war.

During World War II Baruch worked with Leon Henderson (left), head of the Office of Price Administration, and Donald Nelson, War Production Board chief.



Baruch (left) with James Byrnes, one of his closest friends. F.D.R. once asked the author to intercede with Senator Byrnes for "Senate co-operation," but Baruch refused.

When F.D.R. asked Baruch to head the War Production Board, John Hancock (left) agreed to be his deputy. Then Roosevelt withdrew his offer without explanation.

Throughout the campaign I continued to provide a steady stream of memos on economic and financial subjects to F.D.R. and his staff. Roosevelt's program—at least as it was forecast in his campaign speeches—was one to which I could subscribe.

There was much that was constructive in the New Deal. The minimum-wage-and-hour legislation, which I heartily supported; TVA; social security—these and other measures I approved and supported. But there was also much that moved me to protest.

For the fact is that the New Deal often worked against rather than in harmony with the curative processes inherent in our economic system. Unquestionably the times required the Government to intercede, and forcefully, in the nation's economic life. But the authority of government alone is never sufficient, as so many seemed to think, to force recovery.

The mistakes of the New Deal no doubt mirrored certain qualities in the President's nature—laudable qualities in themselves. One was his compassion for people; another was his fascination with new ideas. I can illustrate the first with an episode which occurred when I visited him in Warm Springs before the first inaugural. One day, when he took Hugh Johnson and me for a drive, we came to a high ridge overlooking a village.

"There's a bank in that town," Roosevelt said, "and it holds the mortgages and notes of all those people living there. Now, what I want to know, Bernie—are we going to get recovery by squeezing these people through the wringer by natural processes, or are we going to help them? I don't think we can put them through the wringer."

I agreed, but I warned that we must help them to help themselves, and not make them dependent on government.

Roosevelt's fascination with new ideas was legendary. Ray Moley loved to tell the story of the crackpot who began to propound some very esoteric monetary ideas to F.D.R. The President seemed rapt as the man droned on and on. Finally F.D.R. sent him off in a blaze of enthusiasm. When someone asked why he had given this (Continued on Page 66)

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"This doesn't mean anything to you, does it?" she asked.

BIG SPENDER FROM THE WEST

By D. K. FINDLAY

He was just out for a good time— but she had other ideas.

In California, where the living is easy, in a night club called the White Poodle, a young spendthrift named Elwood Glover was explaining the facts of his grandfather's legacy to Esmay, the current girl.

"Old Adoniram was one of these rock-bound New Englanders, stuck to his money like glue. They all did, those old boys from Massachusetts, and I guess they still do. Anyway, he died years ago and left this money to be paid to me on my twenty-sixth birthday. He didn't believe anyone under twenty-six could be trusted with a dollar, and maybe he was right. If I had got it earlier it would have gone right out the window."

"How much is it?" asked Esmay. She was a receptionist with Almatrex Recording Machines and, as the boys said, quite a production. She wore a lion's-mane hairdo and tiger-eye make-up, and her clothes were designed to stop the peasants in their tracks.

"That's the surprising part. It was only a few hundred at the time of his death, but now it amounts to seven thousand dollars. I had no idea money could grow like that."

"Nice dough," said Esmay, who had a respect for inherited wealth. "Are you going to buy that Thunderbird?"

"I shouldn't, but I probably will. I have to go to Boston to collect. The old family home is near there—Mitchams and Glovers been living there since the year One. Dad was always talking about it; he never forgot the old place."

The waiter brought the bill; it was thirty-three dollars, and he signed for it. That made something like three hundred bucks that he owed the White Poodle.

It was a strange thing, he often thought, how money flowed through his fingers. He had a good job; he was a junior executive with Almatrex and was paid eleven thousand dollars a year, and he often wondered what (Continued on Page 84)

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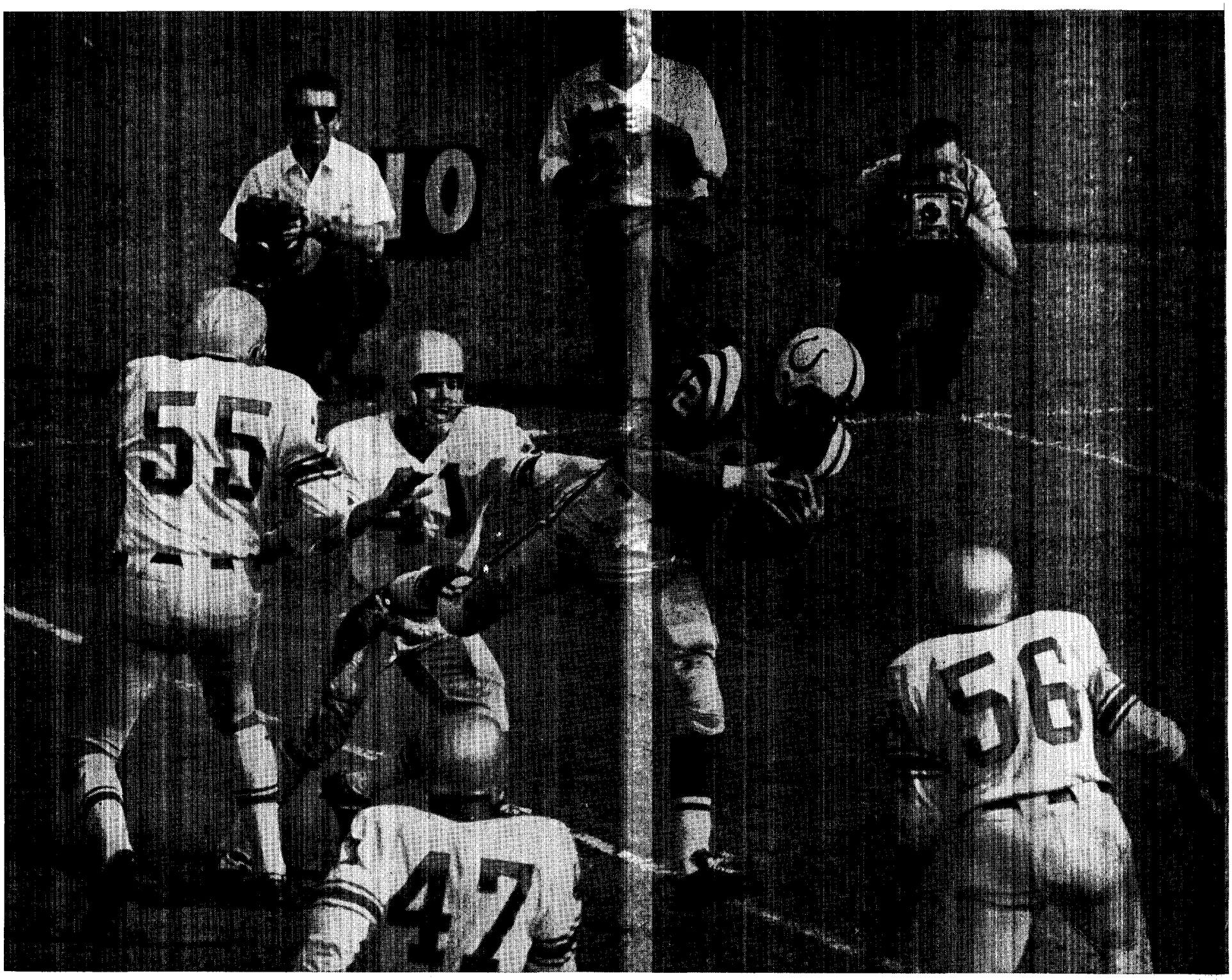

1959: The Baltimore Colts' ace pass receiver, Raymond Berry (dark jersey), pulls one out of the air while surrounded by Detroit Lions. The Colts won the game, 21–9.

The Fancy Dans of Pro Football

Usually outweighed and outsized by their burly teammates, the agile pass receivers are proving once again that it takes more than muscle to win.

By Harry T. Paxton

If you ever happen upon a troupe of professional football players in an airport or railroad station, you should have no trouble guessing their business. In what other occupation would you find such a concentration of enormous physiques? These seem to be men so huge that no ordinary mortal could hope to compete with them in a combat sport.

Close inspection will reveal, however, that mixed in among the monsters are some entirely normal-looking athletes. These generally will be the men who specialize in catching forward passes—and the defensive specialists who try to keep them from doing it. If the pass receivers were to stand off in a group by themselves, nobody would give them a second glance.

In professional football the total tonnage keeps going up, with an increasing number of good bigger men who weigh 240, 250, even 260 and more pounds. In pass-receiving, though, the premium still is on quickness and finesse. The top receivers (Continued on Page 88)

1943: The legendary Don Hutson made football history with the Green Bay Packers. Many experts call him the greatest pass-catching end.

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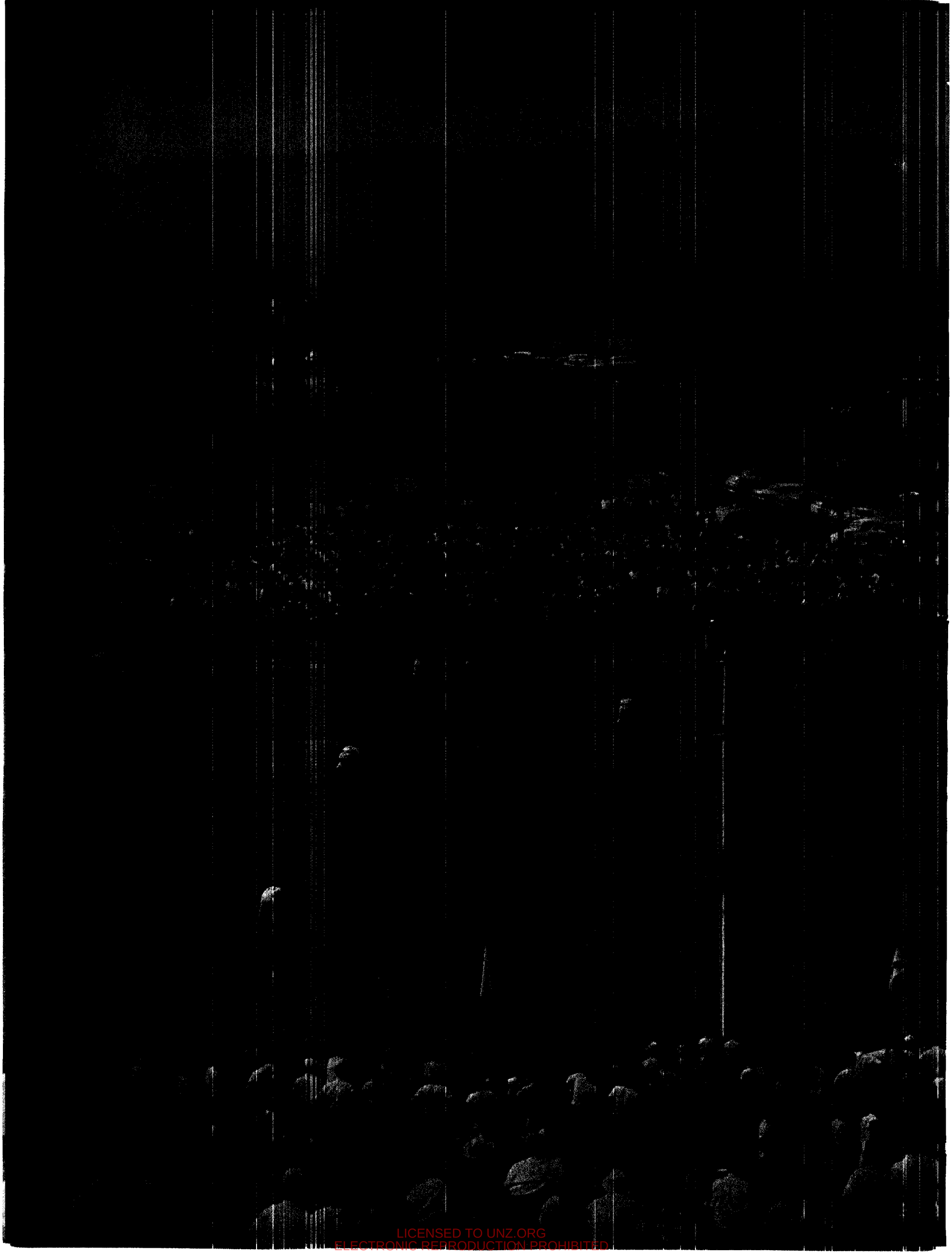

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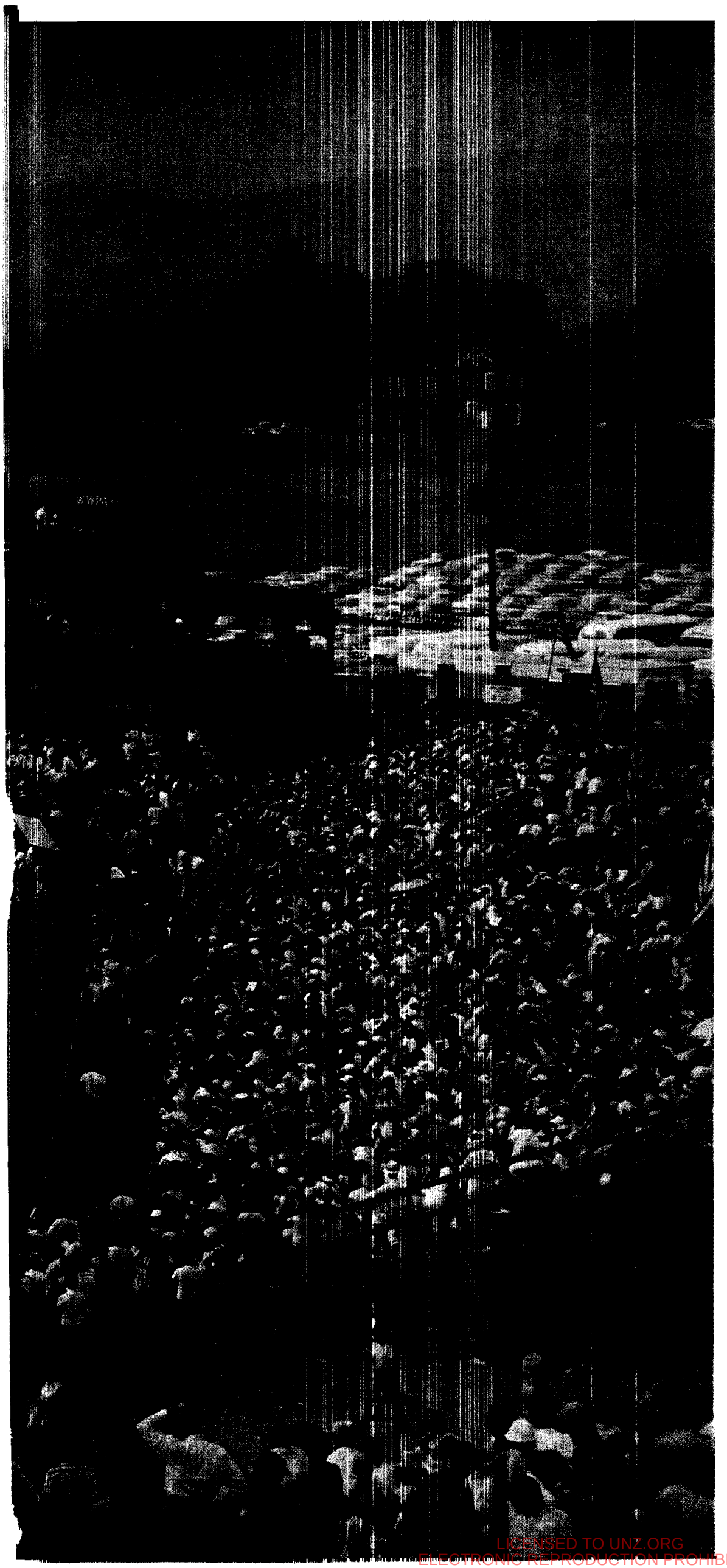

Small-Fry World Series

Twenty-two years ago a Williamsport, Pennsylvania, man named Carl Stotz got the notion of organizing a baseball league for his two little nephews and their friends. He gave it the atmosphere and trappings of big-league ball, with playing dimensions scaled to boys twelve and under. Today the idea has spread to the point where the annual Little League World Series is a colorful miniature edition of the professional World Series. Some critics say Little League baseball is too much like the real thing, creating pressure that is harmful to small boys. But the program keeps right on growing. This year nearly 1,000,000 youngsters participated in 5561 Little League setups in the United States and twenty-three other countries. Many leagues entered postseason competition leading to the championship play-offs in Williamsport. Here is the scene on the final day, August twenty-seventh, as Levittown, Pennsylvania, defeated Fort Worth, Texas, before 12,000.● Photograph by James H. Yeager

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THE CASE FOR THE Republicans

By HUGH SCOTT, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania

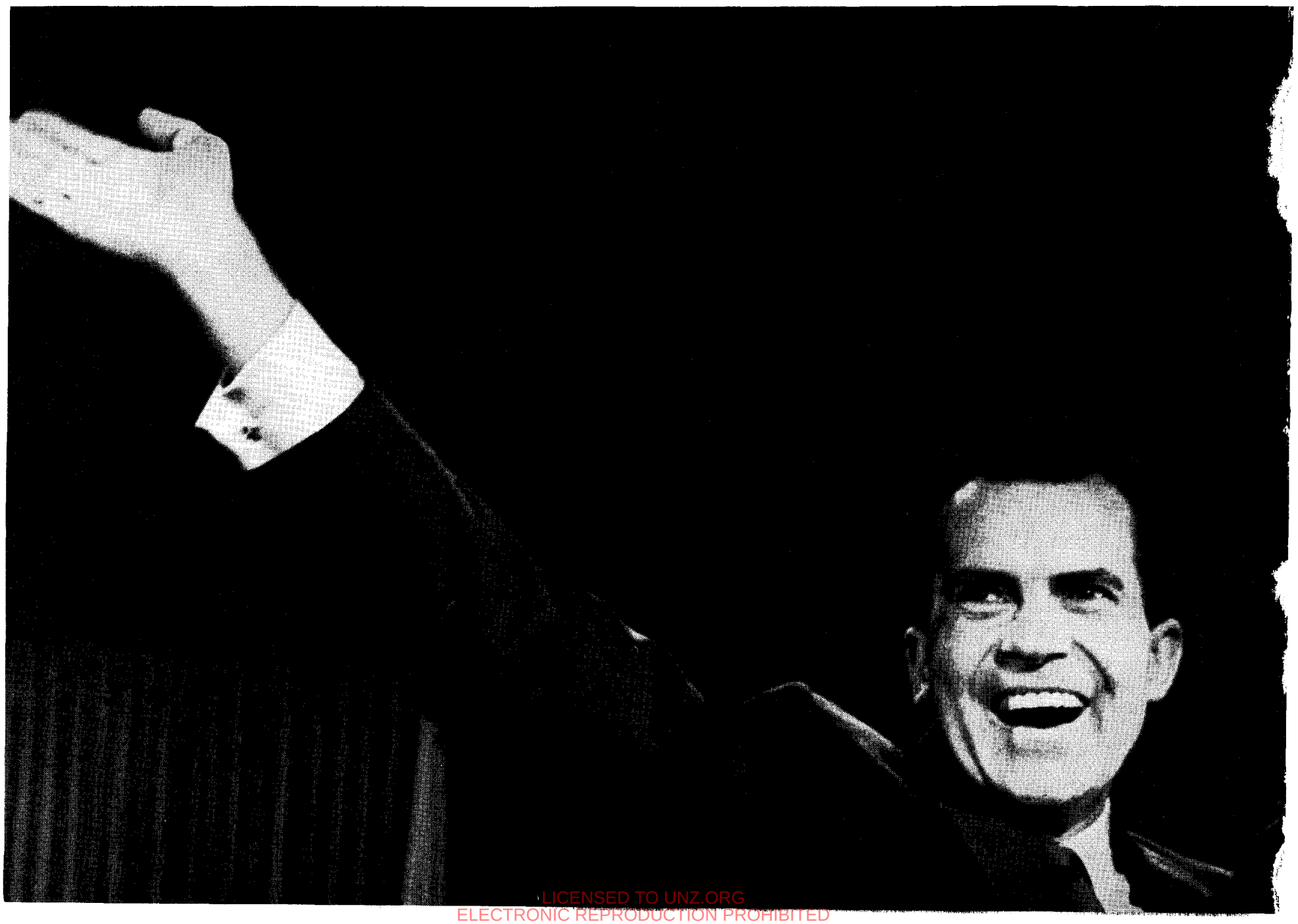
We are living in a time of change and challenge without precedent in recorded history. All of us have been directly and profoundly touched by this revolution. The end products of it have prolonged and eased our lives, changed the face of our farms and factories, provided instantaneous communications with most street corners of the globe, drastically transformed the posture of our military forces and projected us, if not closer to grasping the great mystery of life, at least nearer in spirit to the Creator. Yet, sadly, these stirring advances have occurred at a time when the world is divided into two inimical camps—one slave and one free, each with the capability of plunging the earth into a final cataclysmic conflict which could destroy man and all his great works overnight.

In such bewildering times, when our minds are assaulted every week by a thousand new ideas, adventures, triumphs, imperfections and crises, both personal and ideological, it is not easy to make time for meditation and reflection, time to freeze this blur of events into true historical perspective. Yet we must take time now. Soon you will be asked to make one of the most important decisions of your life. You will cast a vote for the man who will guide this country, the hope and strength of the free world, through the next four years. I ask you now to reflect seriously and purposefully as I relate the case for the Republican Party.

In the forthcoming election our record will be on trial, a fact that we welcome and encourage. So let me begin by going back eight short years, to that period in our lives when Dwight D. Eisenhower led the Republican Party to stunning victory in November, 1952. At that time the Democrats had been in power twenty years. President Harry Truman was serving out the final days of his eighth year in office. What was the situation then—the true historical picture?

The situation was, in a word, decay. There was decay in our foreign policy, decay in our armed forces, decay in our economy, decay in our national spirit.

Take our foreign policy, or diplomacy, for example. From the closing days of World War II until President Eisenhower came to power, our diplomacy could scarcely have been more blind to the dedicated Communist purpose of enslaving the non-Communist world. First, it did nothing to stop the Communists'



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A Republican spokesman says his party will stand on its two-term record of recovery from the "decayed policies"—foreign, economic and defense—of the Truman Administration.

The author at the 1960 G.O.P. Convention.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

This year, as in past Presidential election years, *The Post* has offered space to both major parties to present their own arguments in the words of their own spokesmen. Next week: THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS, by Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

penetration of the soft underbelly of Europe, the enslavement of the Balkans. Following this, Poland was secretly divided, and one half went to the Communists. Next, Communists were conceded half of Germany, leaving Berlin virtually isolated from the free world and ever after a focal point of crisis. In Asia the Communists, with United States approval, took over Manchuria and the northern half of Korea, thereby setting the stage for one of the most dreadful and unnecessary wars in our history.

The Republican Party, then out of power, urgently protested each of these moves, but in vain. Even when it was clear to all that they were mistakes—fateful errors which enabled the Communists to forge a camp so massive and powerful that within a few years our very survival hung in the balance—United States policy makers refused to concede. Meanwhile, before the astonished eyes of the world, the Communists swept 4,995,000 square miles of territory, 100,000,000 Europeans and 600,000,000 Far Easterners—including the entire great nation of China—into slavery behind the Iron Curtain. When the Truman Administration publicly announced that South Korea was beyond our defense perimeter, the Communist regime in North Korea moved boldly to enslave these helpless people. President Truman responded with military force but without a plan for victory. More than 33,000 United States military men gave their lives in this fruitless, irresponsible endeavor.

Many Democrats, including Sen. John Kennedy, deplored Truman's foreign policy. In 1949 Kennedy said, that the "responsibility for the failure of our foreign policy in the Far East rests squarely with the White House." He added a comment that same year about the loss of China: "What our young men had saved, our diplomats and our President frittered away."

The terrible war in Korea was, in part, a direct outgrowth of the second area of serious decay in the Truman Administration—our military forces.

Following World War II the Soviet military machine expanded enormously in size and power. At the time of Korea, over 175 Soviet divisions and countless other Communist troops were ranged around the perimeter of the Communist camp. The Red Air Force included over 10,000 (Continued on Page 112)

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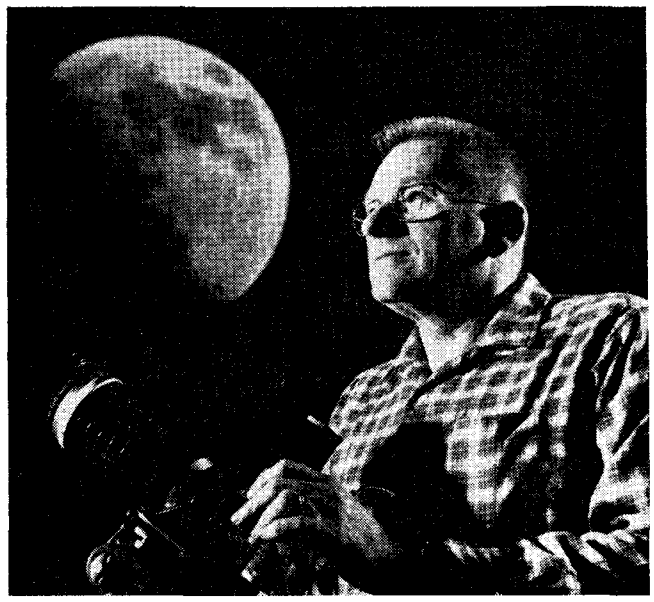
Unbelievable But True

By Roul Tunley

They used to laugh at the fantasies John Campbell publishes in his science-fiction magazine. But it turns out that he has often been far ahead of the lab boys.



Man with his eye on the future: Campbell is at home in strange worlds and in distant galaxies.

In our efforts to get a man into space, science-fiction fans feel we've overlooked the fact that a certain middle-aged New Jerseyan already has been there for years. His name is John Campbell, and he's been blazing like an asteroid in the special wild blue yonder of space literature since before World War II.

He's an unlikely-looking asteroid. Hefty, crew-cut, six-feet-one, Campbell wears gold-rimmed glasses and has a marked taste for smorgasbord. But don't let these conventional attributes fool you. He's also ruler, muse and spiritual father to a quarter million far-out followers. He has a powerful hold on these disciples because, first of all, Campbell pioneered modern science fiction—the kind that has a plausible scientific basis—and in the process largely killed off the hackneyed type of tales dealing with bug-eyed monsters and such. Second, he has made the magazine he's been editing for twenty-odd years, *Astounding Science, Fact and Fiction*, the most influential publication in its field; the only one, in fact, to receive official sanction to write about atomic energy during World War II. And perhaps most important to his faithful readers, Campbell has displayed an uncanny knack of making scientific predictions which come true.

Consider, for example, what he said about the hydrogen bomb.

Fifteen years ago, shortly after we had dropped our first atom bomb, Campbell wrote an article summing up its implications. He predicted that the next big weapon would be powered by hydrogen. He accurately forecast the bomb's area (Continued on Page 90)

Colorado Springs, Colo: Amateur-rocketeers Jack Swedberg (left) and Gary Johnson read the magazine Campbell edits, *Astounding Science, Fact and Fiction*, (now called *Analog*).

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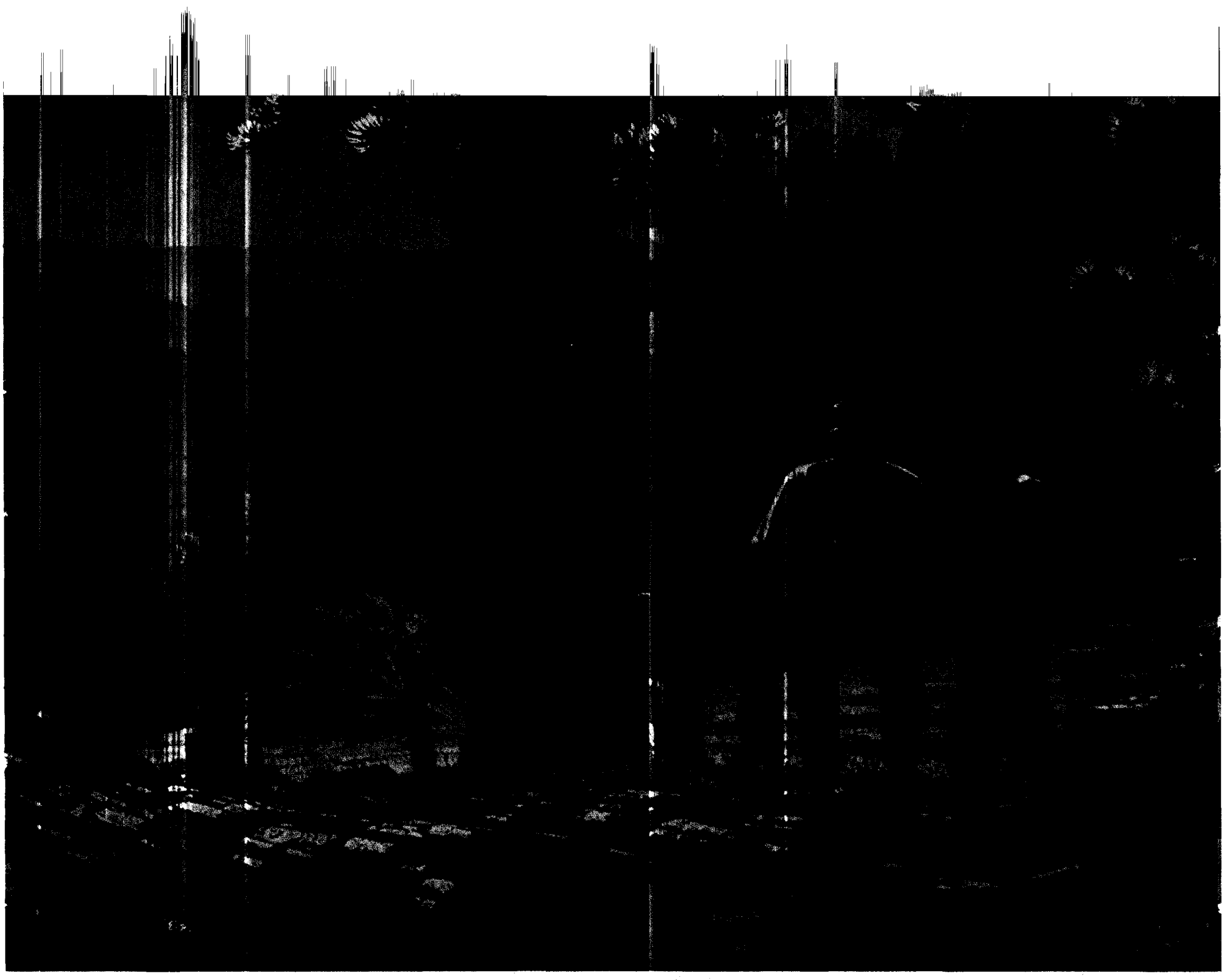

"Don't cut any more, and don't move what you've already cut," Ben said.

TIMBER THIEVES

They were stripping his land because they thought he was too young and too afraid to stop them.

By WILLIAM OTHA HOPPER

Ben Hawkins sat with his father in front of the open fire, hearing his mother in the adjoining room making the beds. The little clock on the mantel said seven. Outside the morning was cold and clear.

They had talked last night when Ben had got home from college, home in the middle of the week with semester exams coming up and studying to be done. But his father's letter had been short and plain, scrawled heavily across the page, so Ben had caught the bus immediately.

Now he knew where his timber was being cut, along the southwest edge of the place. He knew that the timber across his line there had been sold and that when the mill had come in to cut it, a surveyor—a jackleg, his father had called him, one who claimed to be a surveyor—had run a new land line that cut deep into the Hawkins place, taking about forty saw trees that would make 25,000 board feet of lumber.

Then Dill Cabiness, who ran—though he did not own, for it was family estate—the land adjoining the Hawkinses' on that side, came and built a barbed-wire fence along the new line.

It was an old story that Ben knew well, a timber steal set up to look legal, a racket that had developed along with the high prices of lumber.

"Then Dill knew what was being done," Ben said.

"He knew all right. It was him that got the line run, and the money for the trees was put in his hand."

(Continued on Page 74)

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THE MAN WHO HATED

By WILLIAM SAMBROT

It was Col. Jack Dumphrey (ret.) D.S.O., O.B.E., who told me the haunting story of the man who hated, as we drove up the winding steep road that led to the famous Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino in Italy.

I was in Rome last summer, a guest of Dumphrey, when the abbey sent him an urgent request for some technical information concerning a magnificent Renaissance painting which hung in one of the abbey's newly restored chapels.

Dumphrey had been a colonel, Military Intelligence, on duty with the 2nd New Zealand Corps during the battle for Cassino in World War II. He is a renowned scholar of Renaissance Italy, thoroughly conversant with the language.

He'd been of great service to the Benedictine Order in recovering many of the irreplaceable art treasures, antiquities, and the like, which belonged to the abbey and were found missing at the close of the war.

So when Dumphrey received the abbey's urgent request for technical information concerning the painting, he decided to go there in person, inviting me to go along. We drove down from Rome to Cassino, and just before we crossed the bridge that spans the Rapido River, Dumphrey slowed the car.

"Observe," he said, imitating an Italian tour guide, "before you lies the swift-flowing Rapido River and, beyond, the city of Cassino. It was here a very great battle costing many lives was fought between the Germans and the Allies in 1944. And they fought for—the possession of Monte Cassino."

He pointed, up to where a mountain, gray-blue, swathed in mist, loomed above the valley. And atop that mountain, a huge building reared, somber, remote.

"The monastery of the Benedictines—the Abbey of Monte Cassino," Dumphrey said, but his voice had lost its mocking tinge. "For fourteen centuries it has stood up there, resisting every effort of man to bring it down totally—not the least of which was our own in February, 1944."

I looked up at that great brooding building, and a feeling of awe enveloped me. "That monastery—it's uncanny," I said. "It seems—well—alive. Invincible, somehow. I—I can't describe the effect it has upon me."

Dumphrey looked up at it for a long moment. "Yes," he finally said, "the monastery has always affected men profoundly. One man that I know of in particular. He hated the abbey—hated it so bitterly that he was willing to crawl through hell—to risk certain maiming, death, even—in order to ensure it would be destroyed."

"Destroyed! Was this during the war?"

"Yes," Dumphrey said. "February, 1944."

"Even so," I said, "what makes a man hate like that?"

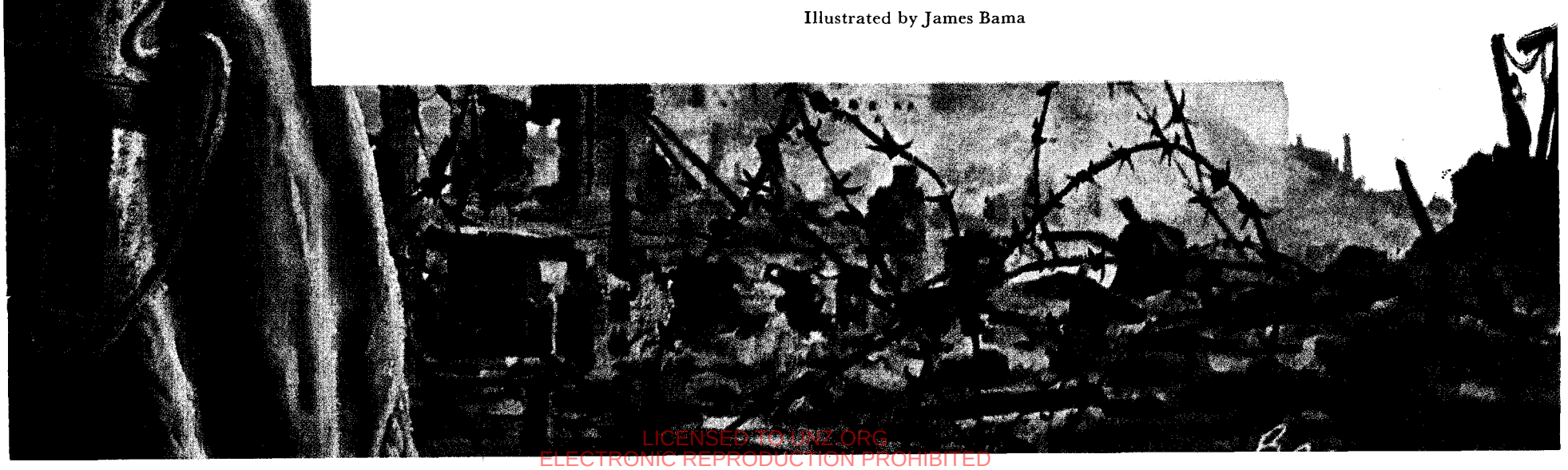
"He had two thousand one hundred and twenty-eight reasons," Dumphrey said. "That was the number of casualties his division suffered trying to cross the Rapido. And he blamed them all on the abbey."

We were approaching the circuitous road that wound up and around Monte Cassino. As we climbed past the very landmarks of which he spoke so quietly, Dumphrey told me of the man who hated.

His name was Lt. Anthony Page. He was an American, an interpreter on detached duty with the 4th Indian Division, British Expeditionary Force. His own outfit, the American 36th Infantry Division, had been largely destroyed in January, drowned like rats in the Rapido, cut to pieces by murderously accurate German mortar and machine-gun fire.

And now it was the British who suffered. Beneath the (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by James Bama



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Suburbia's

Parents in exclusive, "one-class" communities are rearing sheltered kids who seldom find out how the other half lives. What kind of adults will be produced by this unrealistic environment?

A father of my acquaintance did something extraordinary in his Chicago suburb the other Sunday. He left his two cars at home and took his sons for a walk. Sloshing through an industrial slum near the railroad tracks they came upon a ramshackle residence. A small boy peered out the door. He was dirty and shabbily dressed.

"Look, daddy," said my friend's ten-year-old, "a frontier kid!"

In a two-month investigation of suburban kids I also heard about a seventeen-year-old girl from a wealthy Midwestern home who was taken to a downtown department store and didn't know what to do about an Escalator; a normally happy thirteen-year-old girl who broke into tears at the unaccustomed sight of an inebriated woman; a sixth-grader who tried to pay for his thirty-five-cent school lunch with a fifty-dollar bill which his mother had handed him without hesitation; an eighth-grader who advised his favorite teacher to stop wasting time teaching and to apply his talents to making more money. And then there were the suburban newspaper boys who, in inclement weather, are driven over their routes by mummy or daddy in the new family station wagon.

Of course, most suburban youngsters are not that grossly sheltered. But they are a breed apart. Everywhere I went I found teachers, guidance counselors, school administrators and juvenile officers who viewed such incidents as symptomatic of a massive overprotecting of the young. No one claims that the trend is confined to the suburbs. But nearly all my informants have become convinced—and so have I—that suburban subdivisions make overprotection flourish in its most virulent and richly varied form.

A team of Canadian researchers concluded in their 505-page analysis of a Toronto suburb, *Crestwood Heights: A Study of the Culture of Suburban Life:* "The Crestwood child has been constantly urged by his parents and teachers to become mature and responsible, but the culture has not provided many opportunities to become either in reality."

The suburban protectiveness goes beyond the traditional "spoiling" of kids. Dr. Dorothy Lee, an anthropologist at Harvard University, feels that suburban children are being raised on "filtered experience." Dr. Leonard Duhl, a psychiatrist at the National Institute of Mental Health, thinks that they wind up with a caricature-like picture of life. Mrs. Martha Winch, director of the Family Service—a nonprofit counseling agency—of Highland Park, Illinois, finds many of them "provincial" and afflicted with "tunnel vision." Everyone, including most parents I talked to, blamed this malaise of our affluent society on the deficient perception of parents.

"People are killing themselves to get out here," said Mrs. Winch. "Many of them don't realize what the price tag is before they come."

It's a new tag and the price keeps going up. As suburbia spills into more distant pastures

SINGLE-CLASS LIVING: THE CHICAGO SUBURB OF HIGHLAND PARK

Late-model cars fill the students' parking lot at Highland Park High School.

Lunchtime in the Edgewood Jr. High cafeteria. Until the principal clamped down, kids threw away home-packed lunches if the school menu looked better.

Here, where the average annual income is $9,172 per family, kids find it hard to believe that not everyone "has it so good." But even some of these families are hard-pressed to meet the kids' demands.

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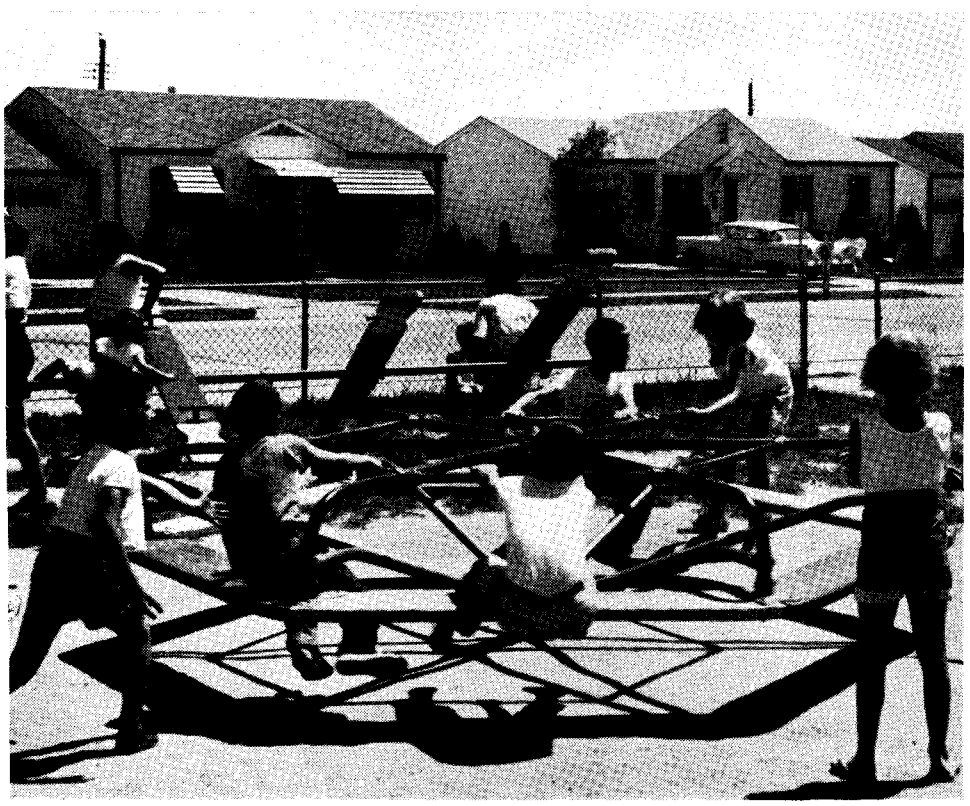
Coddled Kids

By PETER WYDEN

BELLEFONTAINE NEIGHBORS, MISSOURI: ANOTHER STUDY IN SAMENESS



Here families have similar homes and backgrounds. The average income (about $6000 a year) often includes earnings of mothers who work to keep up with the Joneses.

Mrs. Morley Greis with her sons Barry and David. "I'm known as the witch of Waldorf Street," she says. "I make my kids walk a mile to school."

"Threads"—imported shoes from Scotland costing about $25 a pair—show that the wearer is "with it."

it leaves the city and its less "filtered experience" further out of youth's reach. As the suburbs grow bigger, they turn more inbred and expose more youngsters to their peculiar shortcomings. By 1950, eleven million Americans under twenty were being reared in suburbs. Today there are more than 18,000,000—27 per cent of all children. As more parents quit cities, usually "for the children's sake," more kids come to live in neatly manicured, fumeless, pleasantly monotonous bedroom towns where there are almost no old people, no poor, no childless, no Negroes, either many Jewish families or none; no sidewalks, no places to explore except by mother-chauffeured car; no houses or incomes too much different from those of their parents.

"We seem to be stepping back into ghettos," said Dr. Donald H. Bouma, a Grand Rapids, Michigan, sociologist.

Yet when I asked my informants what sort of grownups the overwhelming majority of suburban kids are likely to become they predicted, with some notable exceptions, that the new suburban generation will turn out fine, at least compared with its predecessors.

These happy prognoses are rooted partly in the advantages of the suburban environment. It shelters kids from much life experience, but also protects them from the dirt, noise and tensions of life among the switchblade-knife set. It gives them a maximum feeling of security and, perhaps most important of all, just about every kid likes it there. To him it is a near-utopia with plenty of room, friendly faces, unlimited hordes of playmates and no major menaces.

The drawbacks of the suburbs are less visible. In most of these green and gracious places everybody's business is everybody else's business, and attitudes are as contagious as flu. This makes for community spirit, but it has also helped shape the modern suburb in a mold which American society has never known on a significant scale—the one-class community. This is a potential handicap for every young suburbanite. For as Dr. Dan W. Dodson, professor of education and director of the Center for Human Relations and Community Studies at New York University, wrote in a background paper for the recent White House Conference on Children and Youth: "The one-class community does not provide the child with a realistic picture of the world around him."

"One-class" doesn't necessarily mean "upper class." In fact, I found few differences between youngsters in Highland Park, Illinois, and in Bellefontaine Neighbors, Missouri.

As suburbs go, the two communities have little in common. Highland Park, about an hour north of Chicago by car, is a long-established commuter town which grew from a population of 14,476 in 1940 to 16,808 in 1950 to 25,600 in 1960. It is a relatively integrated community with a fair-sized business district, an untypical religious melting pot composed of an estimated one third Protestant, one third Catholic (Continued on Page 44)

Photographs by Frank Ross

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"Why don't you marry the boss's daughter?" Hope asked.

Wrong Kind of Girl

She worked in the factory. He was a rising executive. It simply couldn't work.

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Edwin Alexander had held four progressively good jobs in the seven years since his graduation from college. Now, in September of 1960, he had accepted the fifth and, he hoped, final one. He was taking a considerable cut in salary, but he knew what he was doing.

In his room in Prescottville's best hotel he stood looking out the window at the autumn haze which shrouded the landscape. He was a tall, angular young man, with a chin which would have seemed aggressive except for the quick friendliness of his hazel eyes. His long arms and legs might have made him awkward, but his clothes were well tailored, and he wore

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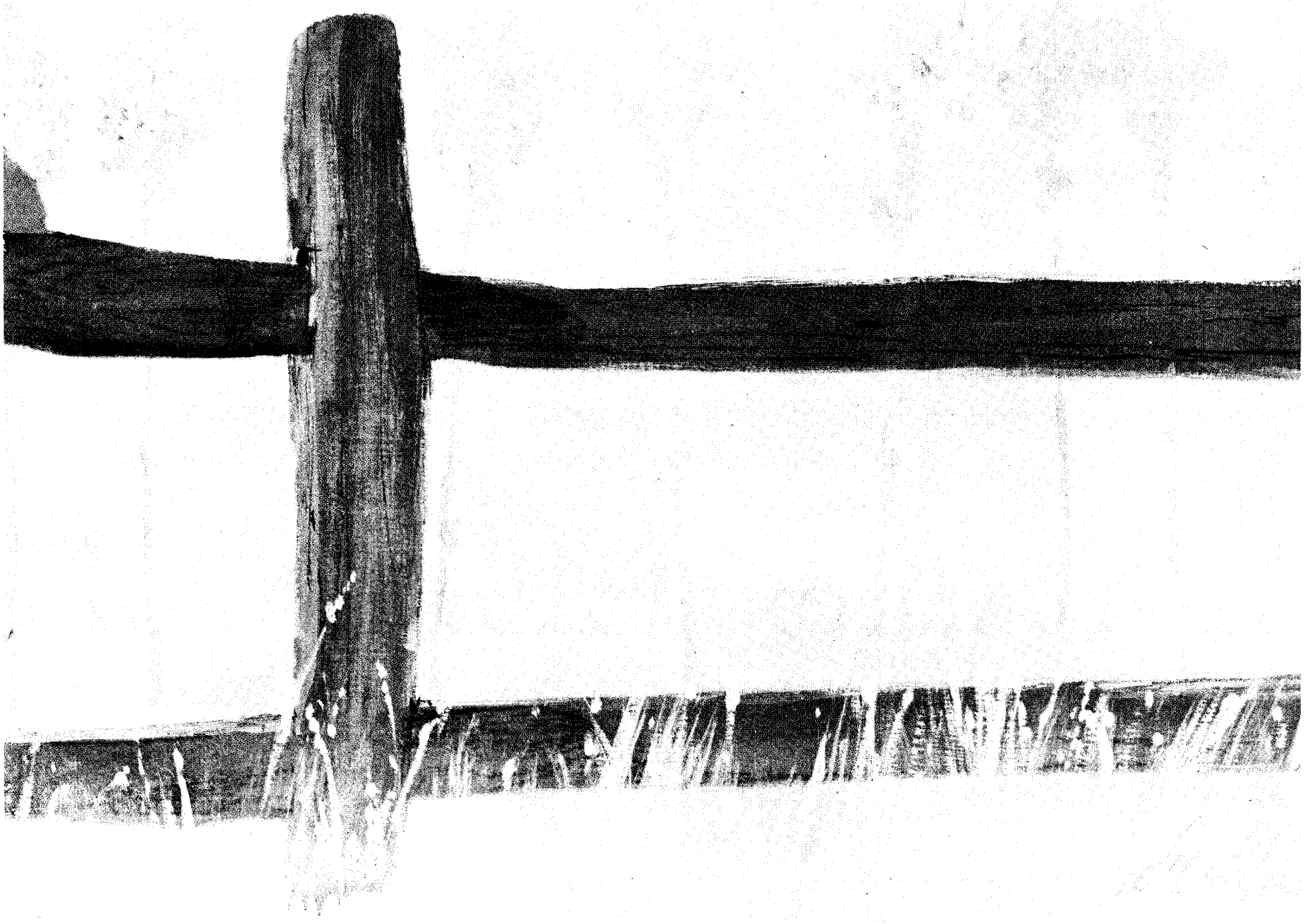

them well. When he was past due at the barber's, his brown hair had a tendency to curl, and the cowlick which he had been trying to subdue for some twenty years reappeared. Life had made him serious, perhaps overserious, and his sense of humor was spotty—a lack which he recognized and which sometimes caused him to flush like an adolescent, embarrassing him and inspiring indulgence and liking in the people about him.

From the window he could see the winding river which provided power for the Prescott Paper Mill. On the farther side the country was hilly, wooded except for the lawns and terraces of the town's wealthy citizens. The bellboy had pointed out the Prescott estate to him, a rambling brick house with porticoes.

Eddie had not yet met the president of the mill. George Prescott had sent Donald Cameron, his general manager, to New Jersey, where Eddie had been sales chief for a cosmetics company, to interview him. The transfer had been friendly. The head of the cosmetics company liked Eddie, but was the first to admit that having two sons of his own in his business precluded Eddie's further advancement. And Edwin Alexander, for sound reasons, was an extremely ambitious young man.

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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Paint Your Wagon (1951). Songs: "I Still See Eliza," "Wandrin' Star," "All for Him," and "I Talk to the Trees."

An American in Paris (1951): Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron starred, and Lerner wrote the screenplay for this Gershwin musical film.

Brigadoon (1947). (above, 1954 movie version): "Almost Like Being in Love."

Broadway's No. 1 musical-comedy writing team tells how they remade Shaw's *Pygmalion* into *My Fair Lady* and why they picked non-singer Rex Harrison for its star. They also sketch the background of their new production, *Camelot*.

I CALL ON LERNER

Moss Hart (center) directed *My Fair Lady* and will also direct the new Lerner-Loewe musical, *Camelot*. Others at table, from left, Lerner, Kitty Carlisle (Mrs. Hart), Mrs. Lerner and Loewe.

The time is overripe for a full story about Alan Jay Lerner, the librettist who wrote the words, and Frederick Loewe, the composer who wrote the music, for *My Fair Lady*, *Gigi*, *Brigadoon* and *Paint Your Wagon*.

This past March *My Fair Lady* spent her fourth birthday on Broadway. On April eighteenth of this year the national company of *My Fair Lady* began an eight-week tour of Russia for the U.S. State Department, as a part of the cultural exchange program. The production opened in Moscow, then journeyed to Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa and Tiflis.

There are statistics available which acclaim this particular musical phenomenon in staggering variety and magnitude, but perhaps one truly fantastic figure will serve as a sample. The income derived from the sale of recordings of *My Fair Lady*'s score has topped $19,000,000.

Even such a phenomenal statistic may be surpassed when *Camelot*, the new musical co-written by these two, opens at the Majestic Theater in New York on the seventeenth of next month. Whatever else may be its fate,

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My Fair Lady (1956): Rex Harrison (center) and Julie Andrews recording "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face," "I Could Have Danced All Night" and "On the Street Where You Live."

Gigi (1958): Leslie Caron and Louis Jourdan. Hits: "The Night They Invented Champagne," "Gigi."

AND LOEWE

By PETE MARTIN

Camelot will face its opening curtain with the most fantastic advance ticket sale in history—more than $3,000,000. The only other show which has come close to this advance was *The Sound of Music*, which did not quite reach $2,000,000. The cast of *Camelot* includes Julie Andrews as Lady Guinevere, and Robert Goulet, a Canadian TV star making his first appearance outside of Canada, as Sir Lancelot. He has been heard and seen nowhere else, not even in nonsinging movie parts, in contrast with the case of Rex Harrison before he was tagged to play in *My Fair Lady*.

When I called on Lerner and Loewe at the Château de la Garoupe, a villa leased by Lerner at Antibes, on the Côte d'Azur where the two were buckling down to work on their musical having to do with the goings-on at King Arthur's court, I sat by a carved marble mantel and began by talking with Lerner.

"I don't regard myself as very old," Lerner said, "but I'm old enough to know this: The older a writer gets, the harder it is for him to write. This is not true because his brain slows down. It's because his critical faculties grow more acute, and he finds it harder to please himself. If you're young, you have a sense of omnipotence. You're sure you're brilliant. You're an egghead with two yolks, and even if youth is secretly frightened, it assumes an air of outer assurance and plows right through whatever is before it. When I first began to write with Fritz Loewe, I was twenty-three—

now I'm forty-two. In my earlier years I spent one or two days at the most on the lyrics for a song."

He went on, "Of course, I knew in my own heart, even in those days, that any song I wrote had imperfections, but I was eager to play it so somebody in a parlor would say my words were wonderful. In my own mind I glossed over its obvious faults. Then suddenly my song would be sung on a stage, and all its imperfections I'd hoped no one would notice were there, embarrassing me horribly, and I knew inside myself that I was foisting shoddy material off on nice people."

Through an arch at the end of the room he looked at the turquoise-blue Mediterranean set with diamond wave caps. Then he said, "As I grow older, I judge success by only one standard: Have I successfully avoided humiliating myself?"

"Rather than by what the critics say?"

He agreed. "Two tragedies can befall a man who writes. One occurs when he writes something he likes which fails; the other when he writes something which he basically doesn't like and it becomes a success. Either is a disaster and can throw his personal compass out of kilter."

I tried to make a little joke. "I like anything I write which my editor also likes," I said.

"I also have an editor," Lerner told me, smiling. "His name is Fritz Loewe. I have an agreement with Fritz that he'll never write a melody unless I approve every note of it and that I'll never force a lyric into a song unless he likes it. That way both of us are editors."

He thought for a moment, then said, "In addition, I'm often hypercritical of myself. Once, in Paris, I worked for three days on two lines for the song *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*."

"What were they?" I asked.

He quoted, "'Those little eyes, so helpless and appealing, one day will flash and send you crashing through the ceiling.' In the beginning I wrote those two lines in two hours. I wanted the 'flash' and the 'crash' because Maurice Chevalier's accent would boom them over. But I wasn't completely satisfied, so I worked on them for three more days. Finally one morning Fritz came home about six o'clock, after a gay night on the town. He asked the concierge if I was still up. 'He's up, all right,' she said. 'I've been sending coffee up to him all night.'

"Fritz came upstairs and asked me, 'How's it coming?' and I said, 'I know what I want to say, but I can't find the words to say it. I must have at least a (Continued on Page 52)

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Post Scripts

Progress, It's Wonderful

When I was a boy our bathroom was situated in the back yard. We cooked in the kitchen.

We've got an indoor bath now. We cook in the back yard.

Just think! A generation ago we didn't have those thin plastic raincoats which in a warm summer shower get as wet inside as they do outside.

Has anybody awarded any kind of a prize to the man who designed those four-piece spoon sets for measuring—the ¼-teaspoon, ½-teaspoon, teaspoon and tablespoon—all held together by a metal ring? My grandmother, my mother and my wife all use them—and all use one spoon, then have to wash and wipe all four.

Look at what the development in automatic washing machines has accomplished! Instead of one washday a week, now there are seven.

With progress like this, somebody may one day develop an automobile with a place in it to store a wet umbrella.

Or a stopper for carbonated-beverage bottles that works as well as a cork.

Or a telephone directory that will fit a drawer or shelf, or a drawer or shelf that will fit a telephone directory.

RALPH REPPERT

Bushed

Too weary to take
His wife out dancing,
But—bowl with the boys?
He goes off prancing!

ETHEL JACOBSON

"Well, that settles it! You've got to get bifocals!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's off to a good start."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hunting News on the Local Scene

Maple Street this week saw ideal hunting weather—heavy rains which sent throngs of Nimrods into cellars and garages. Here is what local hunters report:

362 MAPLE. Good hunting in the north section of the attic. Says Mrs. Avery Gibbs, "We found three splendid blinds right off. They should just fit the living-room window."

Mrs. Gibbs also emerged with a very good bag. "That old black beaded one," she says. "I knew it would come back in style."

347 MAPLE. Reports a fine trophy taken by George Harper, nine, after finding tracks early Sunday in the front-hall closet. Young Harper was forced to cut his way through what he describes as "heavy blue ribbon and a yellow box that was marked BOY ENGINEER SET." But his efforts were rewarded by a large electric-train layout.

Game Warden Alfred Harper charged the boy with poaching. "George knows perfectly well," he commented, "that area is closed during birthday season."

356 MAPLE. Record catch in the basement behind the furnace. "Unfortunately," says Mrs. R. L. Cranston, "they all happened to be seventy-eight's and were badly scratched." Mrs. Cranston used both barrels. "The aluminum, one-hundred-gallon ones we bought last week," she says.

365 MAPLE. Reports a long stalk in search of mink-dyed muskrat. "I was frantic," says Mrs. Fred Ellis, "when I saw it wasn't hanging up in the bedroom."

Toward noon Mrs. Ellis picked up a scent near the garage. "There was a marked aroma of ginger snaps," she says, "and that's when I found Tommy playing Eskimo."

Mrs. Ellis sent a beater in. "But all he did," she comments, "was show Tommy how to make a kayak."

BULLETIN: Cloudy skies promised another weekend of fine hunting for Maple Street, and residents were seen bringing out their brooms and clearing trash cans for another trek into the field. "I don't know how much more of this there'll be," said Alfred Harper, who was interviewed while toying wistfully with a No. 6 iron. "Most of us have about reached our limit."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

Merrily We Roll (Up and Down Windows) Along

Those who sit in the back loudly yakety-yak
And complain that it's drafty and chilly,
While those up in front, who aren't bearing the brunt,
Insist that the back ones are silly.

With windows shut tight, those in back feel all right
And utter small chirps of elation,
But just when they've warmed, they are sternly informed
That in front there's advanced suffocation.

Than bringing good cheer to the front *and* the rear,
Making peace between nations is easier.
For air in a car is but rarely at par,
And arguments make it still breezier.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Note From My Favorite Bride

Dear Aunt Kay, We're so glad you and Uncle Ralph can come for dinner on Thursday. I'm getting so excited and *nervous* about it—our *first* dinner party!

You asked if you could bring anything. Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, would you please stop by mother's and pick up the tomato aspic? She insisted on making it for me, and you know how good it is! I don't think it will come un-jelled in twenty-five miles, do you? And can you stick a couple of card tables in the car? And some folding chairs? (Just six—we have the two dinette chairs Aunt Helen lent us, you know.) And Lew thought it would be nice if we had music during dinner, so maybe you could bring your portable hi-fi and some of those wonderful Shearing records. We can hardly wait to get our own hi-fi set—we've got it in the budget and plan to give it to each other for Christmas, 1961.

I guess that's all, Aunt Darling, unless you want to bring your crystal sherbet glasses. I *could* use custard cups for the ice cream, but crystal would be prettier, don't you think?

See you at 6:30 on Thursday, and *thanks!*

Love,
GAY (NELSON)

P.S. Do you still make those *terrific* Parker House rolls? Lew says they are the best things he ever ate.

KAY NELSON

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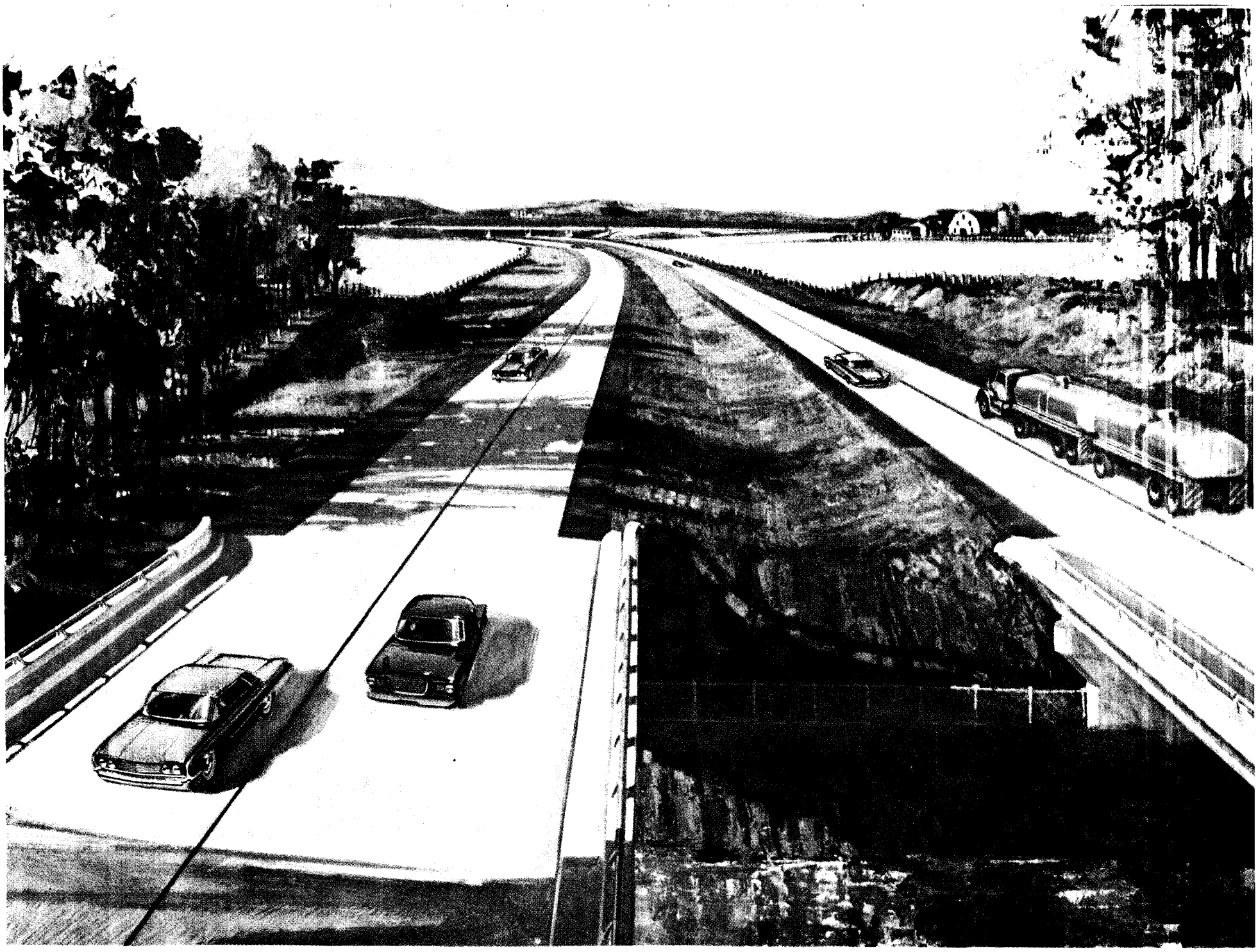

Interstate 65, 15 miles north of Louisville. When completed, highway will run 266 miles, connect Illinois and Kentucky

INDIANA'S INTERSTATE 65, WITH ITS **NEW-TYPE CONCRETE,** SHOWS HOW TO END TRAFFIC JAMS!

(No pavement [illegible])

Through the heart of Indiana, roads built for old-style traffic had narrow lanes. There were plenty of blind curves. Sometimes in the hill country you would see cars backed up for a mile or more. To get from Indianapolis to Louisville often took a fourth more time than it should.

Today on new Interstate 65—with its wide lanes, clear view ahead and no crossroads—traffic jams promise to disappear, accidents to diminish strikingly.

Here, as on Interstate highways everywhere, new-type concrete adds extra safety and comfort. The grainy surface assures all-weather skid resistance. There's good visibility at night because concrete reflects light. And you get such a smooth ride, you almost feel you're traveling above the pavement!

Furthermore, concrete *keeps* these advantages because it's man-made rock—strongest paving material known. When it's weatherproofed scientifically, even ice-melting salts can't affect the surface. That's why engineers can actually design highways of new-type concrete to last 50 years and more. Upkeep costs run as much as 60% lower than for asphalt. So every way you look at it, concrete is the preferred pavement for the new Interstate System.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION *A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

Concrete saves 69% on upkeep during first 3 years on Oklahoma Test Road. Oklahoma laid connecting two-mile sections of concrete and asphalt, the best of each type. Exact records of all pavement upkeep costs show the following three-year total per mile: Concrete, $229.98; asphalt, $745.11. So far concrete has actually saved $515.13 per mile!

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From Argus . . . the color-picture specialists

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They're easier to take, that's why.
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The ARGUS SHOWMASTER PROJECTOR (right) lets you fill your screen by zooming the lens instead of jockeying screen or projector. It threads itself. Shows full half-hour films. Lets you change speed, reverse the action, show stills. Built-in work light's included. So's the splicer. You can have the matched set for about ***$25 down*** *. . . or your Argus dealer will gladly sell either one for an even smaller down payment.*

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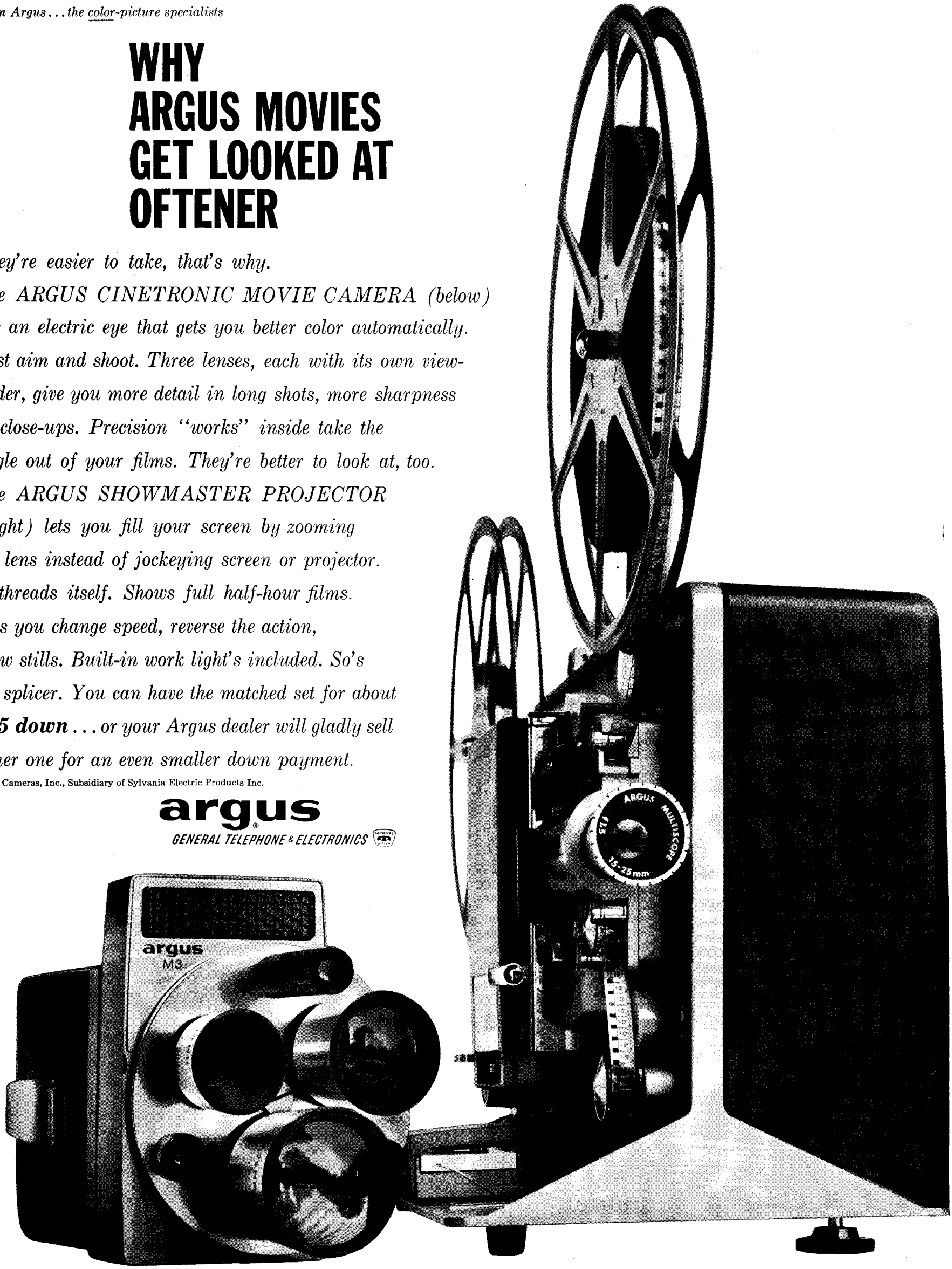

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Dangerous Game in Afghanistan

Both Russia and the U.S. have gone all out to win over this backward but strategic Asian nation. A report from the scene.

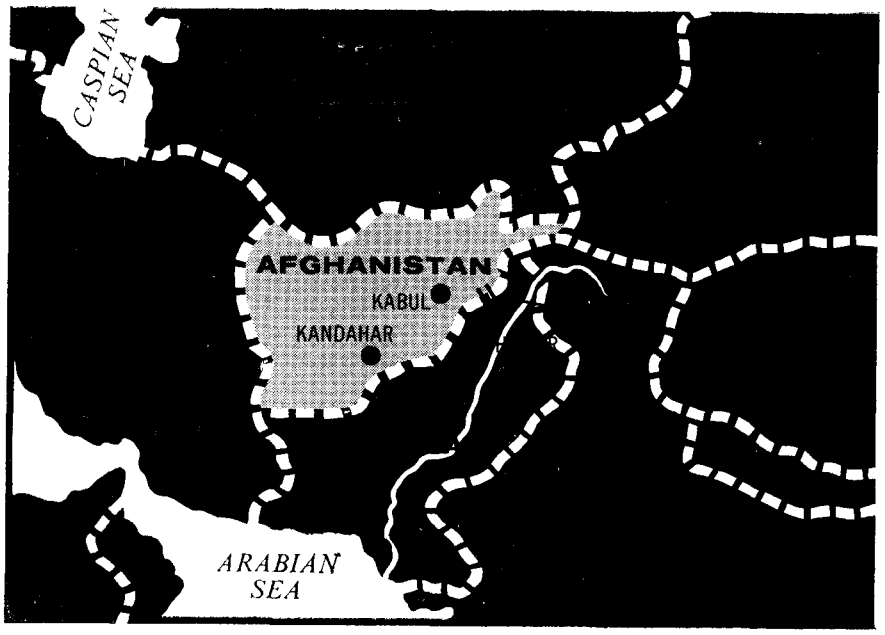
By JAMES MORRIS

KABUL.

Just 120 years ago Capt. Arthur Conolly, one of the British political agents then prying into the recesses of Central Asia, wrote a fervent letter home. Affairs in that part of the world, he said, were moving toward a significant climax. "We are on the eve of stirring times; but if we play the Great Game that is before us, the results will be incalculably beneficial to us."

He did not live to know it, but his letter has passed into history and into the English language. The significant climax has never quite burst upon us. But the Great Game of Central Asia is still being played, to this very day, and the phrase itself has become a slogan, a tag, a watchword of diplomacy. The game that Conolly had in mind was the endless match of maneuver, sometimes subtle, sometimes blunt, by which the paramount power of the western world then sought to contain Russia in Turkistan. In those days Britain was the western protagonist. Today it is the United States, but not much else has changed. Then, as now, it was a shadowy, hole-in-corner kind of contest, seldom erupting into open violence, but shrouded in smoky mystery and subterfuge. In 1842 it was Captain Conolly himself whose imprisonment for espionage in the stinking dungeons of Bukhara sent a shudder around the world. Today Mr. Powers, whose mission in his U-2 took him across the same terrible hinterland, lies just as helpless in a distant jail. The Great Game is still infinitely flexible and terrifyingly dangerous. And the center of its arena remains, as it was in the red-coat days of the British *raj*, the savage highland territory of Afghanistan, halfway between the Indus and the Caspian Sea.

(Continued on Page 92)

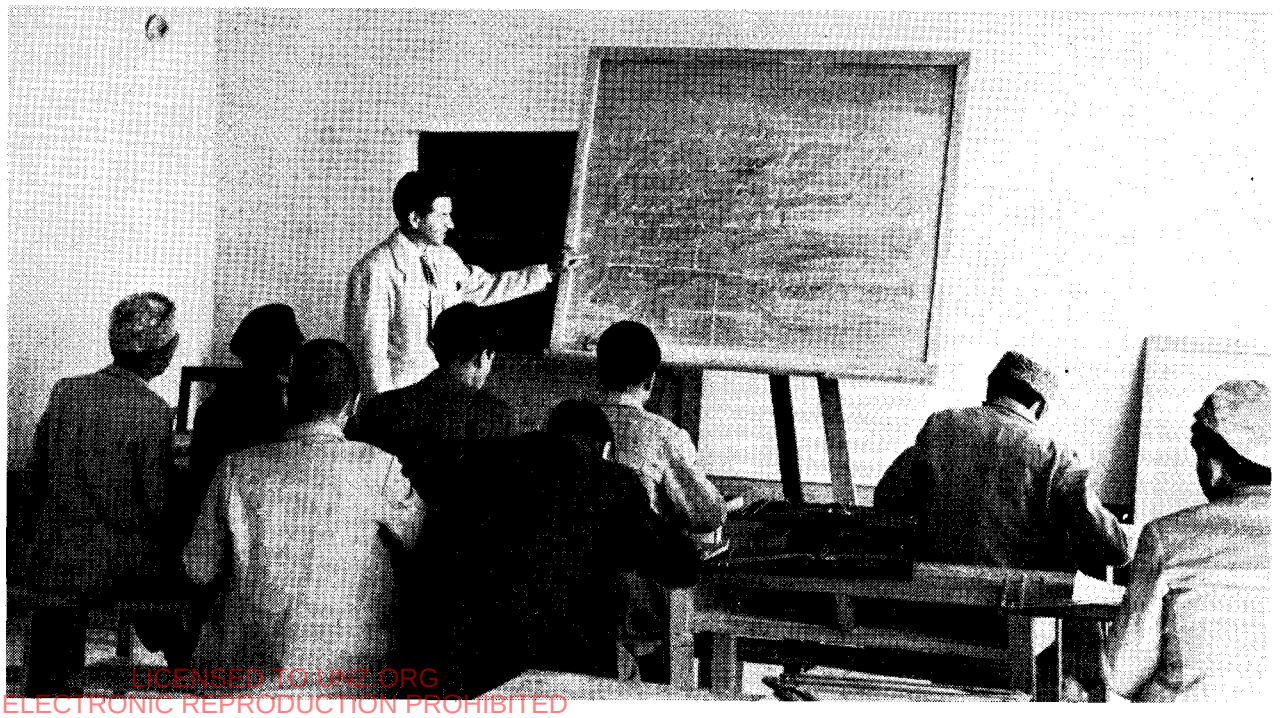


Landlocked Afghanistan, crisscrossed by formidable mountain ranges, is the key to the corridor between Russia to the north and Pakistan and India to the southeast.

King Mohammed Zahir Shah rules the police state.

Though Afghanistan has been a beneficiary of much technical aid, many primitive methods still prevail. Above, Afghans crush rocks by hand for a road in Kabul. The rollers in the background are Russian.

Most of the Russian projects are chosen for their instant popular impact. The U.S. has concentrated on programs of a more lasting influence, such as education. Below, an American-taught technical course.



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Suburbia's Coddled Kids

(Continued from Page 35)

and one third Jewish families, and an average annual family income of $9172. Most of the fathers are business and professional men. Few mothers work.

Bellefontaine Neighbors, a half-hour car ride north of St. Louis, was open fields in 1950. The city (est. pop. 20,000) is run from its fifth temporary city hall, a two-bedroom ranch-type home which it rents for $130 a month. It is one of many suburbs around St. Louis and elsewhere that achieve a degree of religious segregation without working at it. Jewish families simply don't move there, and its junior high school has only one Jewish student. The two shopping centers are lost amid four square miles of modest homes largely owned by men who work in breweries and factories or who attained white-collar status not too long ago. Incomes are estimated at just above the national average—between $6000 and $6500. This includes earnings of many mothers who must work, often just to keep up with costly tastes conditioned by their neighbors and children.

Still, parents, youngsters and teachers in the two communities commented in identical language on many of their problems. The guidance director of a Highland Park school district told me that, according to her surveys, only about 30 per cent of her charges had ever visited Chicago's Loop and only 10 per cent had ever rubbed shoulders with the populace at large on a public bus, streetcar or elevated. Bellefontaine Neighbors kids go downtown more frequently, yet their brief excursions don't seem to leave them much better informed about the lives of the less privileged.

One father who made a point of taking his sons, aged ten and fourteen, to look at some condemned homes in the St. Louis slums told me that his older boy asked in astonishment, "Do people really live in these places?" A Bellefontaine Neighbors mother escorted her youngsters to a downtown parade where they fascinatedly watched city urchins trail a popcorn salesman. Then they inquired, "Why are they picking the popcorn off the street?"

One cause of naïveté—and other problems—among the suburban young is the absentee father. He commutes too long, goes on too many out-of-town business trips and works too hard. He's ambitious and drives himself hardest during his children's early years when they need him most. His weekends are apt to be frantic rounds of chores, golf and parties.

A social worker complained, "The child doesn't know what the father does. Most of us could see him at work sometimes. Now father's job is in the clouds somewhere. All the child knows is that his father is crabby when he comes home."

Experts consider phantom fathers particularly damaging to boys because young males need to observe male behavior patterns to fashion their own. Girls, on the other hand, may wind up with a confusing picture of femininity by watching mamma act in a dual capacity. The father's absence also tends to throw the difficult role of disciplinarian to the mothers. They, in turn, are drafting teachers, doctors and even juvenile officers as father substitutes.

Insecure, overprotective mothers are blamed for the physical pampering of kids. This is a national dilemma which, to hear my informants tell it, is a hopeless problem in suburbia. Most kids consider walking as impractical and gauche as most parents do. "I'm known as the witch of Waldorf," said Mrs. Morley Greis, of Waldorf Street, Bellefontaine Neighbors. "I make my kids walk a mile to school." Principals in Bellefontaine Neighbors and Highland Park unanimously deplored the way mother-driven cars converge on the schools "every time two clouds get together" at closing time. A Highland Park teacher who used to coach football recalled that the slightest injury made many of his charges holler for mamma. Principal Arno Wehle of Edgewood Junior High School said: "We have lots of kids who can't chin themselves twice."

Parental indulgence leads to an oversupply of worldly goods. "The gifting is just ridiculous," said a Highland Park doctor. "There's nothing left to give!" Dr. Gustave F. Weinfeld, a child psychiatrist, agreed and added that the kids' tolerance of frustration is small. "They tell me, 'I don't know why my dad doesn't buy me a horse. All the kids have one.'" Michael F. Bonamarte Sr., the police department's juvenile officer, told of high-school kids' poker parties in their parents' recreation rooms. Winnings or losses of ten or twenty dollars per evening are routine.

"I know he's doing it," one mother told Bonamarte, "but he's always winning."

In Bellefontaine Neighbors the high-school seniors' cars may be of older vintage, but an unmotorized boy is considered just as retarded as he would be in higher-income suburbs. Furthermore, he is not "with it" unless he owns a pair of "Threads"—Threadneedle shoes of coarse calf leather tanned in Scotland and costing about twenty-five dollars. Eighth-grade graduation parties are held in St. Louis's best night club. The high-school Valentine's Day dance costs a boy thirty to thirty-five dollars.

A group of three mothers who reported these expenses disapproved of them. I inquired why parents did not reduce their financial support. One of the mothers, Mrs. Isabell Williams, spoke up, "Nobody has the courage to stand up and say so." The other mothers nodded.

The same evening, at a meeting with seven Bellefontaine Neighbors couples active in the P.T.A., I brought up again what is unquestionably one of the greatest burdens of suburban parenthood: the difficulty of saying "no."

"They all say, 'I'm against it, I'm against it,' but they won't stand up and say so," said Mrs. Eunice Roediger.

"What are they afraid of?" I asked.

"They're afraid of being different," replied Mrs. Morley Greis.

At a similar meeting in Highland Park, sentiment was much the same. "We don't want to be squares," one of the fathers finally concluded wryly. He was one of the few adult suburbanites who discussed his problems in the first person plural. Almost everyone else spoke in terms of anonymous pressure groups known only as "They." It was "They all do it" and "They won't say 'no.'"

When I pursued the identity of the Big They, most parents eventually confessed that they were talking about themselves. Some blamed their liberality on "experts" whose theories on the benefits of permissiveness, now gradually going out of style, had made parents afraid to deny pleasures to their children for fear of warping their little psyches. The most candid parents remembered their own depression childhood and, as several put it, "I wouldn't want my child to have it as rough as I did."

A St. Louis psychiatrist with a sizable suburban practice probed deeper: "The suburbs are places we would have liked to live in in our childhood. I'm convinced that many parents can't say 'no' because they have identified themselves with their children. It's like saying 'no' to themselves. I think it's the childhood dream gone wild."

Linked with this dream is the parental hankering for children to be popular. This helps explain another drive commonly criticized in the suburban society of adults as well as youngsters—the desire to conform. "There is a great premium attached to gregariousness, to being extroverted," said Mrs. Winch of Highland Park's Family Service. "When a child happens to be introverted, parents think it's symptomatic of some gross pathology."

While children have always liked to clique together and accept whatever current fads are the symbol of belonging to "the gang," my informants thought that this tendency was intensified in the suburban setting. Mothers were found to be forever comparing the attributes and achievements of each other's children. Some parents are beginning to be irked by charges that they are rearing "organization children," but social sales resistance is difficult to cultivate in suburbia.

The infectiousness of the atmosphere makes life particularly burdensome for parents of less-than-average means who cannot provide the cashmere sweaters and Florida suntans required by the younger set. It also makes things rough on parents who are just plain conscientious. "I'm a parent who is forced to say 'no' all the time," said a Highland Park teacher who lives in a neighboring suburb. "Then the phone starts ringing and it's 'Mother, why can't I? Jimmy can!' When you say, 'We don't believe in this,' then you're odd."

The success of youthful lobbying for parental concessions encourages additional distortions in the kids' outlook. In both Highland Park and Bellefontaine Neighbors there is a general feeling that youngsters don't appreciate the value of money. Teachers and principals report that their lost-and-found departments bulge with valuables. "Kids lose watches and never bother to pick them up," said a Highland Park guidance director. "They grow up with the idea that trips to Europe or cars for graduation presents are just normal." One of his counterparts in Bellefontaine Neighbors said, "We have glasses, wrist watches, coats . . . it's amazing."

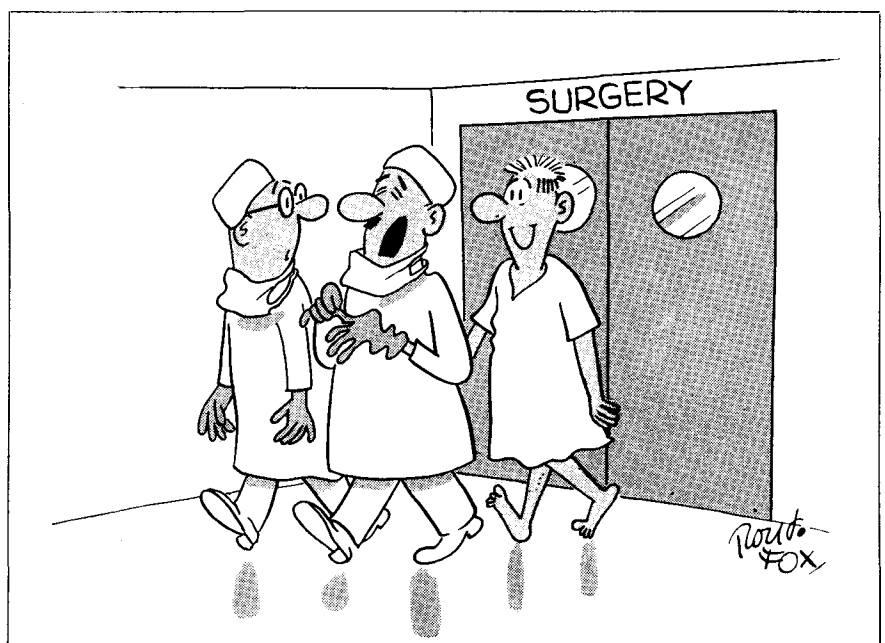
It isn't, really. "It's so easy for them to get replacements," explained a school administrator. To the more perceptive youngsters, the cause of the problem is no mystery. Sandy Gattermeir, sixteen, put her finger on it. "We haven't been taught," she said.

All this is of a piece with another source of suburban lament—the difficulty of teaching kids a sense of responsibility. Many observers feel that the younger children have too many of their battles fought for them by overcautious mothers. They believe that there is excessive supervision on the playgrounds. Kids are so accustomed to directions that they have been heard to ask, "What do I do next, mother?" A minister's wife and ex-teacher commented, "There's always an adult bossing the job."

When moppet-style controversies arise, I kept hearing, too many mothers are too anxious to referee. "They're not letting the children fight their own battles or take their own knocks," said Robert Thomas, principal of Bellefontaine Neighbors Gibson School.

As the children grow older, quite a few parents are reluctant to trouble them with chores. A surprising number, even in Bellefontaine Neighbors, where there is almost no household help, don't make their own beds. Some boys won't mow the lawns or wash the car without extra pay. A number of sturdy lads I quizzed on the subject admitted that their jurisdictions are limited to little more than putting up the window screens in summer and taking them down in the fall. In both of my sample suburbs, teachers volunteered complaints about parents who sent excuses that Johnny missed school because he wasn't feeling well while Johnny was actually taking off the day to cram for upcoming examinations. In one junior high school it seemed to be routine for parents to type their children's papers. And teachers who worked at outside jobs observed that too many of their teen-age suburban helpers lacked initiative and required too much supervision.

Many, if not most, suburban youngsters tend to be overloaded with wholesome pastimes. Again and again during my suburban travels, teachers and numerous parents complained that kids were so busy being chauffeured to meetings of scouts, ball teams, religious instruction, classes in everything from French to ballet and heaven-knows-what-other firmly scheduled events that many have small chance to catch their breaths. This may be appropriate preparation for the commuters' lives which most of them will eventually lead, but many observers feel that the pace is too fast too early. (*Continued on Page 46*)



"Best operation I've ever performed—the patient should be up and around in no time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 44*) "They're overstimulated," said Mrs. Elizabeth Young, a minister's wife and former teacher in Highland Park. "They have very little time just to grow up. I think they have a big need to be left alone."

In Bellefontaine Neighbors, Dr. Norman R. Loats, assistant superintendent of schools, was concerned about the effect of this junior-grade rat race on the kids' creative instincts. "Maybe," he observed wistfully, "we ought to organize some daydreaming." If this were ever done, it surely would be carefully prearranged for given periods on given days. Suburbia's children are the most time-conscious of youngsters and expect to hustle through life according to detailed and rather rigid schedules.

Several explanations were offered for the frenzy to organize. Parents said they wanted their kids to make maximum use of valuable time during the most impressionable years. They had been scared by experts who advised them to keep their youngsters busy so they wouldn't turn into delinquents. The suspicion was voiced that many parents are excessively preoccupied with their own activities and therefore welcome institutions that are willing to take on part of the chore of rearing the kids. Several parents told me, only half in jest, that they were so involved in rushing en masse to meetings about the welfare of suburban children that they had little time for their own.

An eleventh-grader was more severe on his elders: "They want so much for their children, but they won't give of themselves."

The push to marshal children into herds stems from the group pressures of suburbia's follow-thy-neighbor atmosphere. As one principal put it, "You either join up or you're a bum." This may turn the kids into better committee members for our team-conscious adult society, but again many experts believe that it's a case of too much too soon.

This is especially true of the youngsters' social lives. In some neighborhoods dating now starts in the fifth grade. Some P.T.A.-sponsored dancing classes begin in the sixth, and so do mixed parties with kissing games that occasionally have parental sanction. At bigger affairs, much attention is paid, even at junior-high-school level, to the quality of the hired entertainment and the sophistication and newness of the girls' dresses.

Assistant Superintendent Loats commented, "All our youngsters are overadulted." Some of the adulting is the result of the sunshine-and-vitamins regimen that makes today's youngsters grow bigger and physically more mature at an earlier age. But a Highland Park guidance counselor diagnosed another fundamental cause.

"It's the pressure to grow up fast," he said. "It comes from the home. They're trying to shove experiences down the kids' throats. By the time some of them hit high school, they're already bored to death socially."

Another sore point with educators and mental-health specialists is The Great Expectations Syndrome. Most suburban kids are expected to excel in school. Just about every last one of them is expected to go to college. In fact, in exclusive Scarsdale, New York, 95 per cent do in some years; in Bellefontaine Neighbors, 41 per cent do.

The spirit of competition upgrades the quality of schooling, physical facilities and outside activities. The trouble is that most youngsters are pushed equally hard. The result is unhappiness among less-than-brilliant kids, and sometimes worse. The Canadian Crestwood study concluded, "It may well be that a child's failure to achieve is the greatest threat to family integration." And Doctor Dodson, of New York University, advised the White House Conference on Children and Youth:

"Not infrequently parental concern leads to bribes—what some youths call 'academic payola'—to get the children to work harder in school. One New York suburb reported recently that several parents had offered their children a vacation 'on their own' in Florida at the semester break if the children would work hard and achieve agreed-upon grades for the semester. There is a growing concern for what this indicates about the values of such a society. It represents a seeking for grades as ends in themselves, or as status symbols."

Doctor Weinfeld, the child psychiatrist, felt that the drive for children to be superachievers is a pronounced suburban trait. "It's part of the parental setup," he said, "the kind of car you own and what country club you belong to. It leads to dishonesty in children. I tell kids, 'I don't care how smart you are or how dumb, you're going to find some who are dumber and some who are smarter.'"

This is sound psychiatry, but word of it does not appear to have circulated much. "Some parents are so anxious," said a high-school senior. "If their child doesn't reach a certain goal they push that child until that child is a wreck."

Mrs. Winch, of the Highland Park Family Service, explained the mechanics of the wrecking process. "You see, the dream is pretty big out here," she said. "Some fathers who are hard-driving executives set up pretty impossible standards. Some are quite intolerant of anything short of spectacular success. The achiever is more loved. Kids come in here who are perfectly all right, but they're identified as failures."

A bachelor is a man who thinks twice before saying nothing.

DAN BENNETT

Educators complain that overambitious parents are shoehorning into the colleges too many kids who are not qualified to succeed there. Such lesser talents, the school people's argument goes, often drop out and sometimes become maladjusted as a result of their frustrating college experience.

Suburban parents resist this reasoning. "Even if he's going to fail, you want him to try," said several mothers. There is a general fear of what will befall children with marginal mental equipment in the face of the spreading policy of companies to hire only "college men" for white-collar work. For in suburbia it's downright un-American—and certainly unsuburban—for the coming generation to get stranded in pursuits where they might dirty their hands. The belief that they must, at nearly any cost, be better educated than their parents is held with almost religious fervor.

Luckily most suburban kids appear to be up to the strain. Almost invariably I heard them described as bright, poised, fast learners and adaptable. Perhaps suburban pressures helped make them so.

Nevertheless papers in learned journals suggest that there may be more emotionally disturbed children in the suburbs than elsewhere. The Canadian Crestwood team concluded that their subjects were of "no better mental health, or perhaps worse" than kids from a sample of the general population of California. The Canadian suburbanites—who sounded remarkably like the kids and parents I met in Highland Park, Bellefontaine Neighbors and elsewhere—were given the same personality inventory tests as a mixed group of Californians and, on balance, did not perform as well.

Does all this mean that suburban youngsters might become naïve, frenetic, faceless adult snobs who will buckle when they don't get their way?

The experts admit they don't know, but they are hoisting warning signals. John R. Seeley, who headed the Canadian study, wrote, "The environment creates an excessively optimistic feeling as to opportunity. . . . The child's ignorance of conditions in which people live who are less successful than his father, and his friends' fathers, furthers the illusion."

Repeatedly I heard of adult apprehensions about "the tumble" from parental living standards which youngsters will have to take when they leave home and college and start careers and families of their own.

More and more young couples are being subsidized by parents. This is leading to increased concern about the ability of these new families to weather illness or other crises when they materialize. "What's going to happen to these kids when dad isn't around to organize things for them?" a school official asked. "If we ever have a depression, we're going to have the biggest bunch of crybabies you ever saw," said the Rev. G. E. Nitz, of Bellefontaine Neighbors. "We've given our children too many crutches to lean on," a mother told me.

At least two social scientists to whom I talked believe that segregated upbringing will make kids from the big, new, outlying suburbs too class-conscious. I found hints that this may be true of some youngsters. Their conversations were revealing. They said they got along better in suburbs than in the city because "you're with people of the same class." When they discussed the relative advantages of city and suburb they spoke of "both sides of the fence." One high-school senior said he wondered whether he was "prepared to live a lower-class life" after leaving home.

Yet suburban kids tend to be tolerant. They lack understanding for the poor because poverty simply is beyond their horizon. But they are inclined to be kind to slow learners, to kids who stutter or struggle with other handicaps. The few Negro children who turn up in suburban classes are accepted and frequently more pampered than is good for them. They are victims of racial prejudice in reverse. A fourth-grader who had one colored schoolmate complained to his mother, "Foster is all right, but he just expects everything! He's always first at bat and captain of everything."

There is some question whether the suburban tolerance would stand up under the stress of more contacts with Negroes. "How can we say?" a high-school senior asked me. "We haven't been exposed to them. I don't see how we can form a real opinion."

There can be no reliable answers to such questions for years. Suburbia as a dominant style-setting factor on the American scene is too new to permit conclusions about its effects on today's adolescents, the first generation to grow up for the most part on the subdivision experience.

What *is* certain is that there is something special about suburban child rearing; that it overprotects, oversimplifies the world and is too lavish to insure adult stability in anything except an equally sheltered and prosperous setting; that a society stratified by income, religion and race provides few opportunities for kids to learn to get along with people who are "different"; that the conflict between simultaneous pressures to excel and to conform will confuse some kids, but will push others into finding their own way and thereby help them mature; and that the environment may yield too many adults who will be well-trained suburbanites but not broadly enough equipped to be leaders in an increasingly complex civilization.

Whatever is lacking in suburbia, not much is done about it. In fact, most parents are unaware that their own advancement to suburban status is creating potential problems for their children. Many become uncomfortable when they are asked to discuss these problems.

Critics charge that the drawbacks of restricted horizons aren't much talked about because suburbanites like their exclusiveness and prefer to keep their kids away from "bad" neighborhoods. It isn't ordinary snobbery. Many parents fled from decaying city settings and see little point in exposing their kids to the very conditions the family paid dearly to escape.

The sins of suburbia, moreover, are mostly those of omission, not commission. For instance, few parents recognize that the absence of grandparents creates an important void. To most parents it just means less in-law trouble. But to the expert it's another sign of the suburbanite's tendency to move off from problems; the result is to make it more difficult for children to find roots, identity and answers to such questions as, "What was daddy like when he was a boy?" or "What's it like to be old?"

It's not easy to discuss problems when they go largely unrecognized, when the incentives to do anything about them are small, and the remedies require considerable time and thought. A tiny handful of disenchanted parents are moving back to town, but nearly all others feel that the advantages of the suburbs far outweigh the disadvantages and that they can't go home again, anyway, because the more cosmopolitan—and sometimes idealized—city of their youth increasingly is turning into a shabby island for the childless and the poor, with a few enclaves for the rich.

What can be done to broaden the suburban youngster's horizons? The collective advice of experts adds up to a plea to parents. According to these experts parents must recognize that their youngsters need special help to face society at large in later life. This requires parents to recognize more candidly what suburbia lacks. They can then find opportunities to tell their kids about differences between the suburbs and the rest of the world and, occasionally, demonstrate these differences in the flesh. To this end, the authorities recommend:

First, parents can take the child out of his bland habitat more frequently and not just to vacation resorts. Parents should keep up contacts with relatives, old friends and former neighbors who still live in the city; they can encourage more frequent visits to city schools, restaurants, museums and other institutions.

Second, he can be more purposefully exposed to the complexities of the world at large through part-time jobs, books, magazines, newspapers, some TV programs and movies.

Third, his social life can be de-emphasized by parents' co-operation on dating and partying practices and by keeping down costs; a more realistic concept of money can be taught by comparisons with incomes and habits of the less affluent.

Fourth, he can be taught to be more critical and questioning. "Let the kids learn you don't have to accept everything," said a psychiatrist. "Let them look at things all around us and see that there are alternatives." THE END

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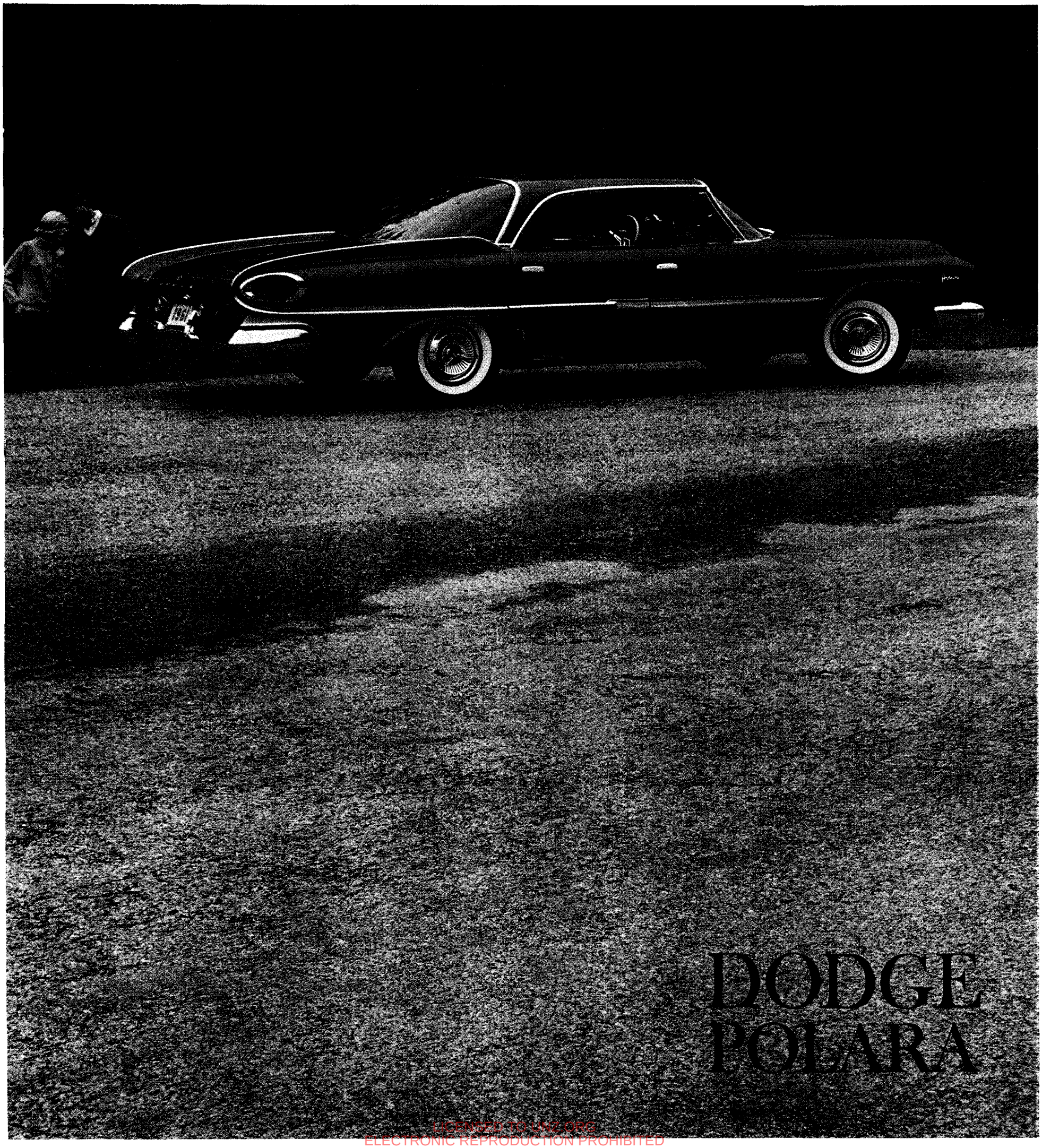

DODGE
POLARA

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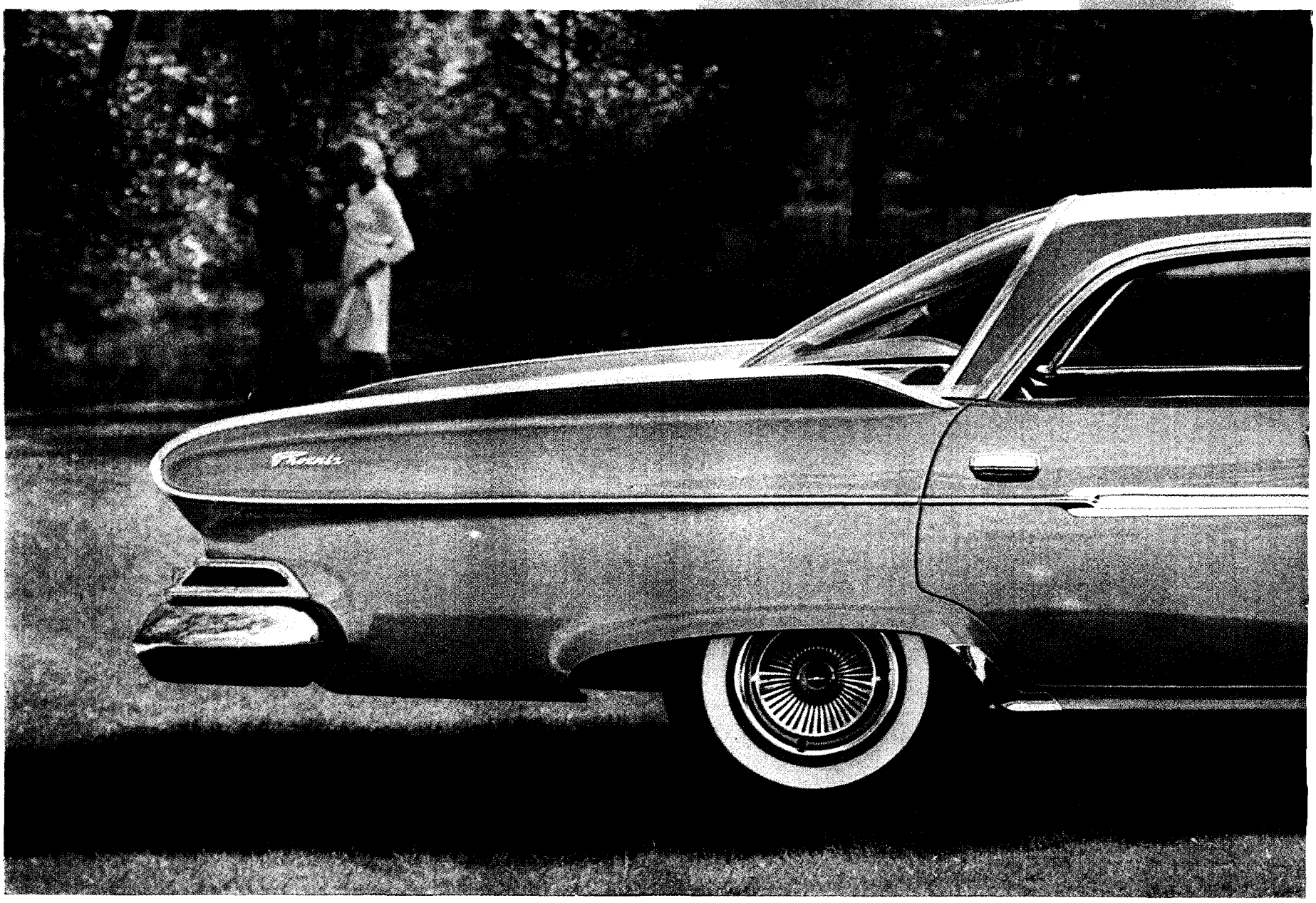

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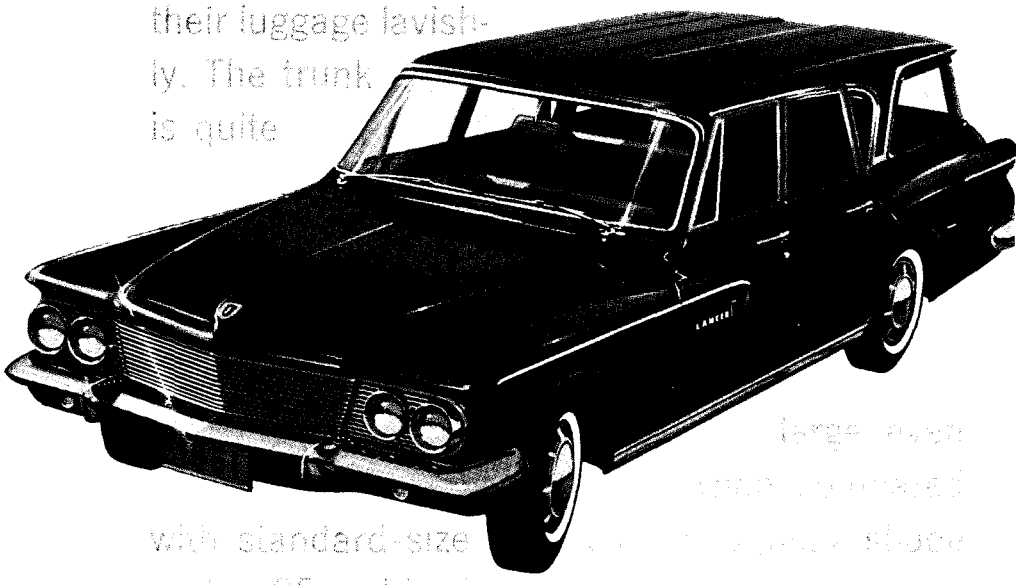

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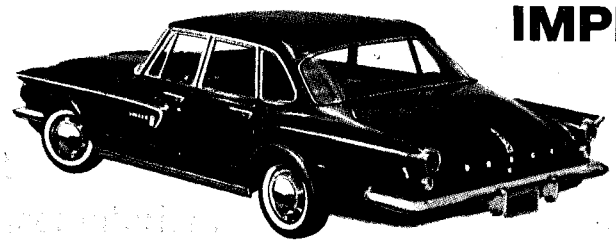
POSH?

VERY!



MANNERS?

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APPETITE?

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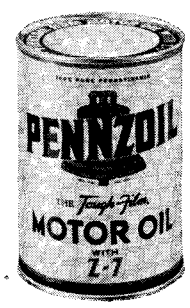

I Call on Lerner and Loewe

(Continued from Page 39)

hundred versions so far.' I read my latest attempt to him, and he said, 'Why that's perfect!' Then something struck his memory, and he asked, 'Isn't that exactly the way it read three days ago?' He was right. I had been going around in an incredible search for exactly the right words, and the right words were the first ones I'd thought of."

Lerner stood up and said sadly, "I know an author who has become verbally paralyzed. He was a gifted poetic playwright, but because he continually tried to find words which would say more than words can possibly say, he has reached the point of creative paralysis."

I knew what he meant. "I was an art editor for twelve years," I told him. "One of our illustrators was a woman. I'd send her a short story to illustrate, and she'd spend all the money she was supposed to get on model hire. After she'd made countless illustrations, she would spread them out on her studio floor and ask me which I liked. I'd pick out one or two, and she'd say, in heartbroken tones, 'Those were the second and third ones I did.' In the end she had to stop working."

"Perfectionism can become incurable," Lerner commented.

I brought up a subject which had been bothering me. "I've been wondering if you and Loewe knew when you wrote *Gigi* that there was a strong similarity between it and the story line of *My Fair Lady*. I know that *Gigi* set a then all-time record by winning nine Academy Awards in 1959. Yet I've heard some people complain that both stories were about a young girl who was given lessons in deportment and was taught how to be more alluring."

Lerner smiled. "Oscar Wilde once said that the most terrible thing about a scandalous remark is that sometimes it happens to be true. Quite frankly there *is* a similarity between the stories."

"Were you aware of that resemblance when you began *Gigi?*" I asked.

"No," he said. "Like a husband with an unfaithful wife, an author is the last to know when a plot is two-timing him."

"Don't you think it would have been better if you had done something else in between?" I asked.

"The only thing which counts is whether or not both of them were good," he replied. "We were halfway through *Gigi* before its resemblance to *My Fair Lady* hit us. When it did, we took the impregnable position that if our work was good, that would be difference enough."

I said, "I hear your next musical, *Camelot*, based on T. H. White's story, *The Once and Future King*, will reach Broadway next November, and that it is inspired by the Arthurian legends. I don't imagine it will carry even a faint echo of *My Fair Lady* or *Gigi*."

"That's true," Lerner said. "White's book started by being an imaginative, poetic, humorous retelling of the stories which grew up around Arthur. He ended by writing about the human spirit."

"That's pretty high-sounding," I said. "Do you think the same people who loved *Brigadoon*, *Gigi*, *Paint Your Wagon* and *My Fair Lady* will be able to tune in mentally and emotionally on this new one?"

"It's not as high-sounding as it may seem," Lerner told me. "We're taking White's material and reshaping it to our needs. Fritz and I don't believe in musical plays with messages—particularly if the message deals with teen-age rumbles and switchblade knives. To us, the best message a musical play can convey is: 'Come back and see me again, and often.' Nevertheless, there's nothing wrong with a musical play which has a philosophical attitude, a thesis. The audience may never be aware of it, and you are aware of it only when you're writing it. The theme underlying *Pygmalion* was that class distinction is largely based upon differences of speech."

"What was *Gigi*'s theme?" I asked him.

"There wasn't one in our version," he said, "although there probably was a theme in Colette's mind when she wrote the novel on which the film story was based. She probably meant it as an affectionate satire on a bygone era."

I switched the subject. "*Brigadoon*," I said, "seemed to me the first musical play I had ever seen in which the songs grew out of the play, rather than being a series of hoped-for hits dropped on a stage like a pepper into soup. It seems to me that too many writers of musicals do their songs with the record market chiefly in mind, then as an afterthought gouge out a few spots for them in the show."

"Actually," Lerner replied, "the truth is somewhere down the middle. You can write a song because it suits a play, but it will have a life of its own only if you're lucky. You are right, of course, about *Brigadoon*. Those songs were written to fit the story and the action. If we had to decide between a song which might have a life of its own or one which would suit the play, we leaned toward the latter. Anyway, you don't just say, 'I'd like to have a hit song,' and then sit down and write one."

He thought a moment, then said, "There are two kinds of songs which are hits. One is a hit in the generally accepted sense of the word. It bursts forth in a few short weeks and becomes Number One on the *Hit Parade*. It's all over the radio, everyone's humming it, and the record sales zoom. By that measuring stick, two of the songs from *My Fair Lady* were hits—*I Could Have Danced All Night* and *On the Street Where You Live*. Likewise two songs from *Gigi*—the theme song itself, *Gigi*, and *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*.

"The other kind of hit is the sort which starts slowly, grows and finally becomes a standard song which goes on and on through the years. Cole Porter is constantly writing songs which escape attention when his musical plays open and then catch on and become lastingly popular. It was that way with *Begin the Beguine* and *Just One of Those Things*. Another case in point was a song from our own *Brigadoon*. *Almost Like Being in Love* didn't sell a million records right off the bat, but it grew steadily in popularity. It had real sustaining value."

That seemed to take care of the hit situation.

"Who," I asked, changing the subject, "first had the inspired idea of starring Rex Harrison, who can't sing and can't dance, in a musical?"

Lerner told me, "I first knew Rex when he was married to Lilli Palmer. He was playing Henry the Eighth in *Anne of a Thousand Days*. I lived in Rockland County, New York, near Maxwell Anderson. Rex would come up for the weekend to visit Anderson, and we'd start a friendly poker game. One day we got to talking about doing musicals, and Rex said that he'd always wanted to be in a musical himself. That was our touch of inspiration, for when Fritz and I began to work on *Pygmalion*, which became *My Fair Lady*, Rex immediately came to mind. It was in October, and Rex was then in a play in London. I telephoned him there and asked him please not to make any plans for the following year. Then Fritz and I flew over and spent five weeks persuading him to do what he calls 'have a bash at musical com.' "

"Why five weeks of persuasion?" I asked.

"It's hard for Rex to reach a decision," Lerner said. "He studies a menu for twenty minutes before ordering his soup." He grinned, then went on, "Rex *was* a whole new conception of a leading man in a musical play. In musicals like *Carousel* and *South Pacific*, the leading men were, first of all, singers with powerful voices, but we had a feeling that it would strain the credulity of the audience if Professor Henry Higgins suddenly opened his mouth and poured forth a rich baritone. So we decided, first of all, that we wanted a straight actor. Rex, of course, is one of the best, but he also had another unexpected advantage. Although he can't sing in the accepted sense of the word, he is so intensely musical that as we began to work with him we grew very excited about his speech-singing. Pretty soon we began to write songs tailored for a nonsinging actor. Once we had him firmly on the hook as our Henry Higgins, we tore up everything we'd done and started all over again."

"You say that casually, as if it were simple," I said.

"It was simple once we had worked it out," Lerner told me, "but it took months to evolve it. The trick was to write the lines for music exactly the way a nonsinging person says them. Once we'd done that, Rex could either say them or sing them, and all would be well. Let's take *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*. Fritz wrote it in exactly the way a person would say it, instead of singing it. In most songs one note would have been more sustained, such as, 'I could have d-a-a-a-nced all night,' but a normal person would merely have said, 'I could have danced all night.' Or take the line, 'Let a woman in your life and your sabbatical is through.' Fritz didn't write it, 'Let a w-o-o-o-man in your life.' It came out 'woman,' and that was how Rex said it.

"As a rule lyric writers are painfully slow," Lerner confessed. "When Ira Gershwin was writing *Embraceable You* with his brother George for *Girl Crazy*, he still lacked one line for the song when the show went into rehearsal. He disappeared; then finally, a long time later, he wandered back and said happily, 'I've got the line now!' Do you know what that line was?" I shook my head.

"'Come to papa, come to papa, do,'" Lerner said, laughing. "It seems simple, but it isn't. Sometimes a word takes on a quality like Ingemar Johansson's right

... ...

Skein of Geese

By Frances Higginson Savage

Just as the first leaves fell,
Snow geese filled the skies
Suddenly over our hill,
Honking prodigious noise.

A hurricane of wings,
A deafening, throaty clamor
Pummeled familiar things
So languorous all summer;

Wildly the wedge went over
And dwindled, dark on light,
The tumult, fret and fervor
Loose-rippling out of sight.

... ...

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arm, which, as you know, Ingemar claims has an independent force of its own. I thought I was going mad one day when we were writing *My Fair Lady* and I couldn't find an expression which sounded like a bell. It took me four days to come up with the words. Have another guess."

Once more I shook my head.

"'Ding dong,'" he said. "If you stay with lyric writing long enough, your vocabulary leaves you and you have to discover each word all over again, as if no one had ever written it before.

"So far as *My Fair Lady* was concerned," he went on, "the time schedule was this:

"First of all, we worked for five months in 1952, then we abandoned it. We said it couldn't be done."

"What were some of the difficulties?" I asked.

"They were numerous and technical," he said. "Shaw's play, *Pygmalion*, was basically drawing-room comedy. We felt that it needed enlarging, that it wasn't peopled by enough characters."

"And it needed more scenes?" I suggested.

"That, too," Lerner said, "but principally we wanted our version more populous. We had all sorts of ideas, like making Higgins into an Oxford professor, so there'd be some reason to have more people on the stage. We didn't do that because we didn't want to do violence to the basic structure of Shaw's play. So eventually we abandoned the whole project.

"Two years later we picked it up again. By that time we had decided it would be all right to add scenes to Shaw's play in order to tell the audience what happened off stage between Shaw's acts. At the end of the first scene in the first act of *Pygmalion*—it was in five acts—Eliza Doolittle went home before appearing at Professor Higgins' house the next morning. In *Fair Lady* we followed her home and showed what happened to her there. Then, between the second and third acts of the Shaw play, she was given pronunciation lessons by Higgins, but those who saw Shaw's play never saw those lessons. So Fritz and I said, 'We'll show them anyhow.' Or take Eliza's father, Doolittle, the Cockney costermonger and dustman. In the Shaw play you never saw Doolittle in his natural habitat, so we determined to take the audience down into the part of the city where Doolittle lives.

"One major change we made in Shaw's play was that Shaw had placed the tea party, where Higgins first let Eliza try her newly acquired cultural wings, at Mrs. Higgins' house. It was our idea to have it at Ascot, because that spot would offer more dramatic possibilities. At Ascot we could have all the *haut monde* of the day on hand, to be shocked by the vulgar Cockney words Eliza Doolittle shouted to the horse she'd bet on when he seemed disinterested in winning."

"It must have taken courage," I said, "for you and Fritz Loewe to resist the temptation to tinker extensively with Shaw's play. Most people, given a play to turn into a musical, would feel that they weren't doing right by their egos unless they ripped the whole thing to pieces."

"If you're determined to give anybody credit for not tinkering with Shaw's dramaturgy," Lerner told me, "Fritz and I'll accept the credit. Quite a lot of people had worked at trying to turn *Pygmalion* into a musical before we got around to it. They had all tried to rewrite it and set it in a different locale. What pleases me is that by extending Shaw's play into scenes we devised which occurred between Shaw's scenes, we neither distracted nor bothered anyone or committed any mayhem upon Shaw's plot sense."

"I'm sure everyone has asked you my next question," I said. "Which comes first, the lyric or the music?"

He told me, "In the case of Fritz and me, they go hand in hand. We have long discussions about where a song should be placed in a play and what it should accomplish. We discuss the dramatic scheme of both acts before we begin. We have a detailed outline, scene by scene, and we know where the important musical revelations should be, and what they should say. Then I give Fritz a title and a paragraph which outlines to him what a particular song is going to be all about. He takes my title and writes a melody for it. When he's done, I go home and begin to write the lyrics.

"Take *Gigi* as a case in point. One of our leading characters was bored by life, but Fritz and I had sense enough to know that nothing is more boring than watching someone else being bored. So, instead of portraying him that way, we wrote a song establishing his boredom, then got on with the play, only mentioning his boredom occasionally after that. In the case of Henry Higgins in *My Fair Lady*, we said to ourselves, 'What are Higgins' outstanding habits and personality characteristics? He's a professor of phonetics and he hates women.' Therefore, we wrote one song for the first act about his passion for correct speech and another about his distaste for women. Those were our two songs called, *Why Can't the English?* and *I'm an Ordinary Man*."

I reminded Lerner that I had met him once many years before, at a small luncheon. I had discovered then that his father was one of the country's leading merchants, head of the Lerner chain of stores.

Lerner had told me that while it was likely his father would have liked him to follow in his footsteps, he had never tried to impose his career on his son. "I was left to work out my own way in life," Lerner said, "but when my father discovered that I wanted to be a writer, I don't think he was very hopeful about my future. He always thought that I had been badly educated. He was meticulous about his own vocabulary, and when I was a boy away at school and I wrote to him, he invariably sent my letters back with corrections and suggestions as to how I could express myself in less hackneyed ways. Once he told me, 'I don't understand how you can be a writer. I've been talking to you for years, and I doubt if your vocabulary exceeds three hundred words.'"

I asked Lerner to repeat a little story about his father which he had told me on that previous occasion. I wanted to be sure I had it right.

"At the time you mention, my father was an incurable invalid," Lerner said, "and he was living in a little Florida town. He was walking the beach one morning when a friend, who had just read the reviews of *An American in Paris*, said to him, 'J.J., your son is certainly a lucky boy.' My father replied perfectly seriously, 'It's a funny thing about Alan. The harder he works, the luckier he gets.'" Lerner looked at me gravely. "My father was a wise man," he said.

"What did you do when you first got out of college?" I asked.

"I took a job in the radio department of an advertising agency," Lerner said. "I wrote scripts and produced radio shows. I did Victor Borge's material when he began. I prepared material for the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street and for the Philco Hall of Fame."

"How did you meet Loewe?" I asked.

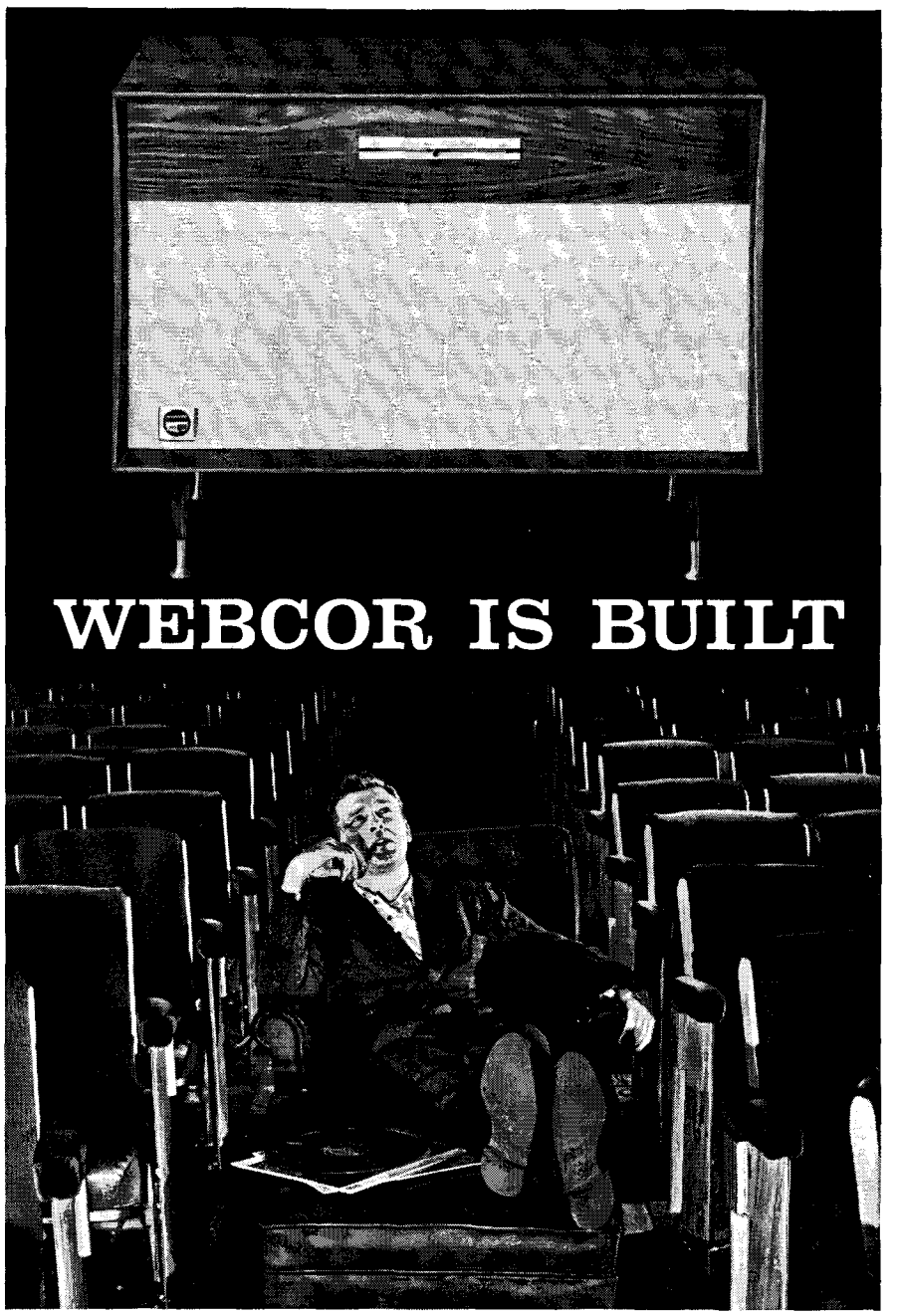
"I contributed to the *Gambols*, the annual shows put on by The Lambs club in New York. I did lyrics and sketches for them. One day I was sitting in The Lambs when a man came up to my table and said, 'You're Alan Jay Lerner. I hear you write lyrics.' I said, 'I try.' He said, 'I write music, and I don't have a lyric writer. Why don't we try it together!' I said fine, and we did."

"What was the first thing you two wrote?" I asked him.

"A man had leased four theaters in Detroit. He planned to have a few songs written for old plays and do musical revivals with Hollywood stars. Fritz and I worked on his first project. Unhappily, however, not long after we got to Detroit, our entire company was chased out of town for nonpayment of bills, and Fritz and I came back to New York to work on something which would involve pay. In my case that meant writing radio scripts by day and working with Fritz evenings. That was eighteen years ago. We've been at it ever since."

"Do you ever get on each other's nerves?" I asked him. "Are you ever critical and harsh with each other?"

"Not vehemently," Lerner told me. "Our working *(Continued on Page 58)*



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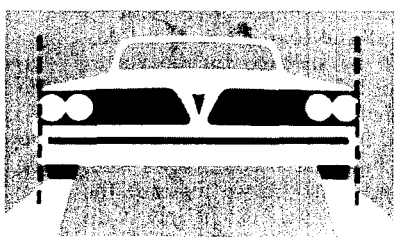

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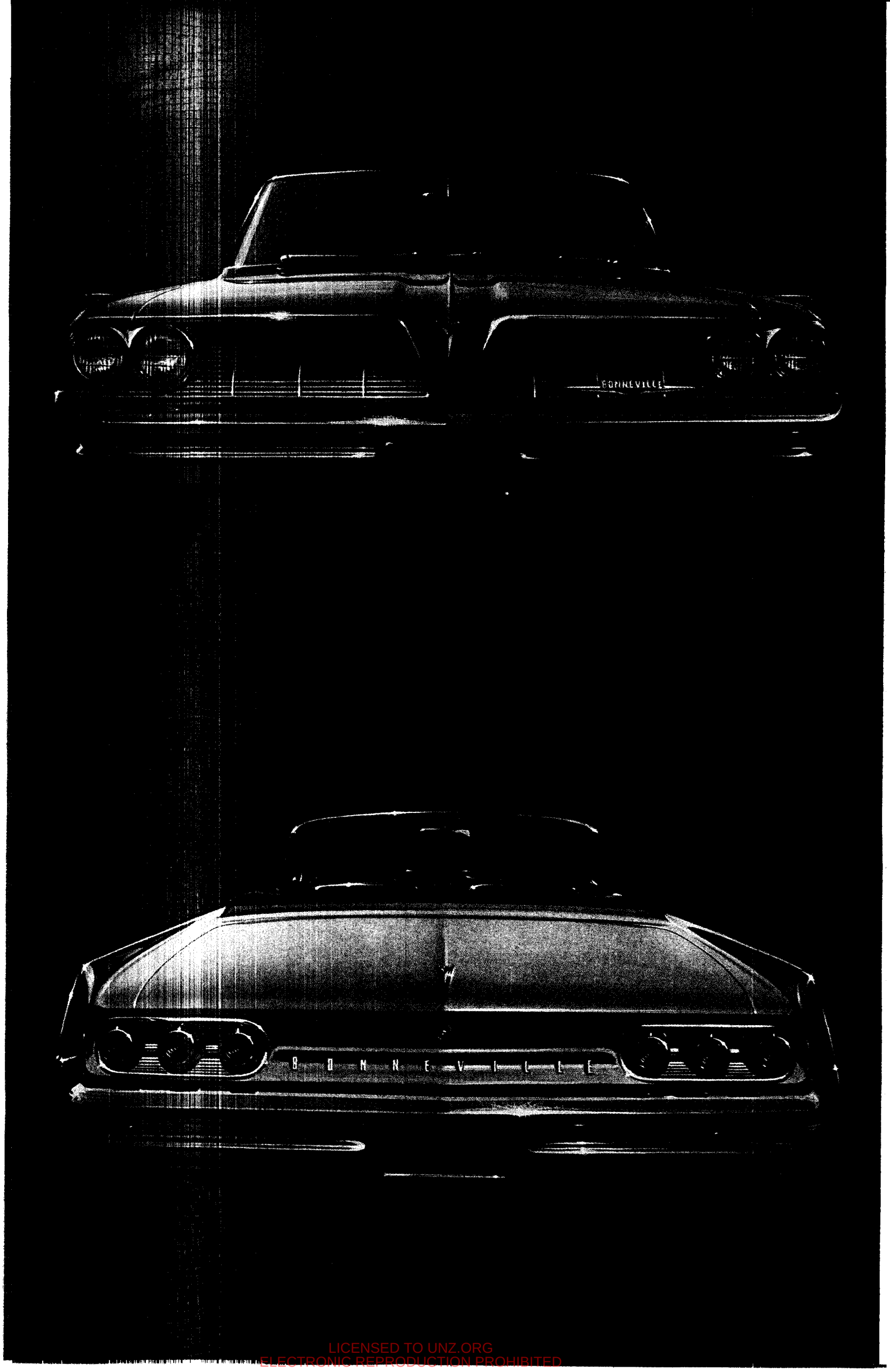

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(*Continued from Page 53*) relationship has been pleasant, perhaps because we have respect for each other as craftsmen."

"I understand that you're married to a very charming and intelligent wife," I said.

"You'll meet her at lunch, and you can see for yourself," he said. "She was a French trial lawyer."

"A distaff Jerry Giesler," I said.

Lerner smiled. "You'll be surprised how little she looks like Jerry," he said. "I think you'll agree when you meet her that she is a most unlikely-looking lawyer. Her name is Micheline."

"Is she old enough to keep her age a secret?" I asked.

"Not yet," Lerner said. "She's thirty-one. She was the youngest person ever admitted to the French bar. She was only twenty, but already she'd won her master's degree at the Sorbonne. Later she became a specialist in international divorce. I met her in New York when she came there on a case, although it had nothing to do with divorce. She is Corsican by birth. Her great-great-great-grandfather was Napoleon's godson. She's been a big help to me in translating English into French. Let's say an English book is three hundred pages long. When it is translated into French, the same book will occupy four hundred pages."

"That must present quite a problem when it comes to translating a musical play," I said.

"As far as a lyric is concerned it's almost impossible," he told me. "The whole essence of lyric writing is economy of words rather than padding them. On the other hand, it is possible to prune a line back so far it'll become impoverished. If you have two thoughts in one line and you make one thought of those two to save time, the whole line may become undernourished.

"Another thing," he said. "The French do not have a tradition for making plays on the meaning of words—we call it punning—as the English have. Moreover, it's difficult to be inventive in the usage of words in French. I can invent an expression in English, and an audience will know what I mean. For example, I can say, 'The hours turtled by.' 'Turtled' isn't a verb, but everybody will know exactly what I mean."

"You couldn't do that in French?" I inquired.

"For all its beauty—and it *is* beautiful—French is the language of logic, of precision," he said. "Actually there have been very few great French poets. The French will kill me for saying this, but there is very little poetry in French to compare with the shelf after shelf filled with the works of English poets. Poetry is *the* great means of expression in the English language, just as the Germans express themselves in music. The French are marvelous novelists, essayists, satirists and dramatists, but they were all away vacationing on the Riviera the day poetry was handed out. And speaking of the Germans and their music, how about my letting you talk to Fritz Loewe? He's not gabby, but you'll like him."

In another five minutes I found myself talking to Lerner's partner before the same marble fireplace. "I suppose you'll want to know where I was born," Loewe said to me, "for that's the first question any interviewer asks. My parents were Viennese, but I was born in Berlin. My father and mother were on tour. He was the first Danilo in the first *Merry Widow* company to play Berlin."

"I hear you played the piano at the age of five," I said.

He looked at me, his eyes round under his graying hair. "At five I even wrote music," he said. I must have looked impressed, for he said, "It was nothing really. The world is full of wonder children—we called them *Wunderkinder*—but later, when I was thirteen, I really was a *Wunderkind,* for I was a child pianist who played as a guest artist with a symphony orchestra all over Europe. At thirteen I was awarded the Hollander Medal, which was given to the most promising student in the Stearns Conservatory in Berlin.

"In 1924 I came to America with my family to play in a concert at New York's Town Hall. A misspelled word in the program for that concert changed me into a prize fighter. Someone misspelled the name of one of the movements of the *Appassionata*, a sonata by Beethoven. That misspelled word gave me the idea that the United States knew nothing about Beethoven and cared less about serious music. I was so disgusted that I never looked at the notices in the paper the next day to see whether the critics thought I had played well or badly. After that I became a prize fighter in Brooklyn. I was twenty-three. I was born on June tenth in 1901. I fought at a hundred and twenty pounds. I won eight fights, although I tried not to hit anybody with my hands."

"Were you afraid you might break them and ruin your piano playing?" I asked.

"Not that so much," he told me. "It was more that since my hands were small-boned and delicate, they were better suited for the concert stage than for punching. I slapped my opponents and turned them around in the clinches and made them look silly, because I was fast as lightning in the ring. In fact, my speed was my undoing. My manager was so sure nobody could lay a glove on me that he made a mismatch for me for my ninth fight."

"Whom with, the champion?" I asked.

"No," Loewe told me, "with the champion's favorite sparring partner, a new boy who was coming along. His name was Tony Canzoneri. In 1928 Canzoneri became the featherweight champion. He moved up to the lightweight title in 1930, and he held it off and on until 1936. At the start of the bout I came out from my corner dancing, and I don't recall seeing Canzoneri raise a hand. All I remember was hearing a swishing sound, then a symphony orchestra playing, and I saw stars shining in the distance. That symphony began eight seconds after the start of the first round." He shrugged and told me, "It was the same with me as it is with everything else. You may be a king among others who have less talent than you have, but if you make the mistake of getting into a higher class, you're a bum. I picked myself up from the floor of that ring to become a riding teacher in New Hampshire. I had ridden in high school in Austria. After that my next experience with horses was riding the mail to a gold-mining town in Montana."

"How did we get from New Hampshire to Montana?" I asked. "You're going so fast I can't keep up with you."

He said patiently, "In between I played piano at a Greenwich Village dump. One night a German doctor came in, and I played Beethoven, Debussy, Brahms and Bach for him, and he told me he was president of a gold mine in Montana. In July, when the Greenwich Village joint closed down, I wrote the doctor-gold-mine president, and he wrote back that if I'd come out and ride the mail for him, he'd give me a job at sixty dollars a week and I could play piano on the side. I carried the mailbag to a mine at an altitude of eleven thousand, seven feet, where six men worked, and at night I played piano in a small place called Cooke City."

He cocked an eyebrow at me and said, "If you don't think I'm going too fast, I'll take you back to New York City now, where I became an organist in movie houses like the Paramount and the Keith-Orpheum in Brooklyn. I never used sheet music for my organ playing. I just improvised. In the evening a real orchestra relieved me, but most of the time I invented music to fit the movie. Then talking pictures came along, and I was fired. I was kept on for one week in case the talking-picture machine broke, but it didn't."

He continued, "In 1935 I began trying to crash Broadway with my own compositions. The first break I got was writing a song for a show called *Petticoat Fever*. It starred Dennis King. That song paid me twenty-five dollars a week for seven or eight months, which was glorious. Then I did the music for *Great Lady*, a Dwight Dere Wyman production. That show was the biggest flop of 1938. It played only seventeen performances. Afterward, for a few years, in desperation I contented myself by practicing on the piano."

"How did you live?" I asked. "After all, you had to eat."

"Not necessarily," he said. "But I managed. Then I met Alan at The Lambs club, and after our Detroit interlude, we decided to stay together as a team because we had so much fun. It was then that we wrote a little thing called *What's Up?* starring the late Jimmy Savo, and while we loved Jimmy, that flopped too. Next we wrote a show called *The Day Before Spring*. That show was the first inkling we had that something was happening as a result of our collaboration. We could feel movement in the structure of our work, and it wasn't termites. We sold *The Day Before Spring* to the movies before it went into rehearsal. We were paid a quarter of a million dollars. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were the purchasers."

"Did they ever make a film of it?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Now that you have such successes, I'm surprised that Metro doesn't exhume it and have a go at it," I told him.

"We'd like it if they did," he said, then hastened on. "But our next one was a real blockbuster. It was called *Brigadoon*. After that we did a musical Western, *Paint Your Wagon*."

I said, "One of the things which amazes me is that while you were born in Berlin of Viennese parents, your first two hits were laid against a background of Scotland and the American West. How did you get your feeling for such places?"

"I did no research, if that's what you mean," he said. "When I wrote *Brigadoon*, I'd never been in Scotland. I think the need for authenticity is overrated. If you can make someone feel that what you do is Scottish or French or English, that's all that counts. Nevertheless, the Scots were wonderful about *Brigadoon*, and it had a tremendous success in both Edinburgh and Glasgow."

"Have you been to Scotland since?" I asked.

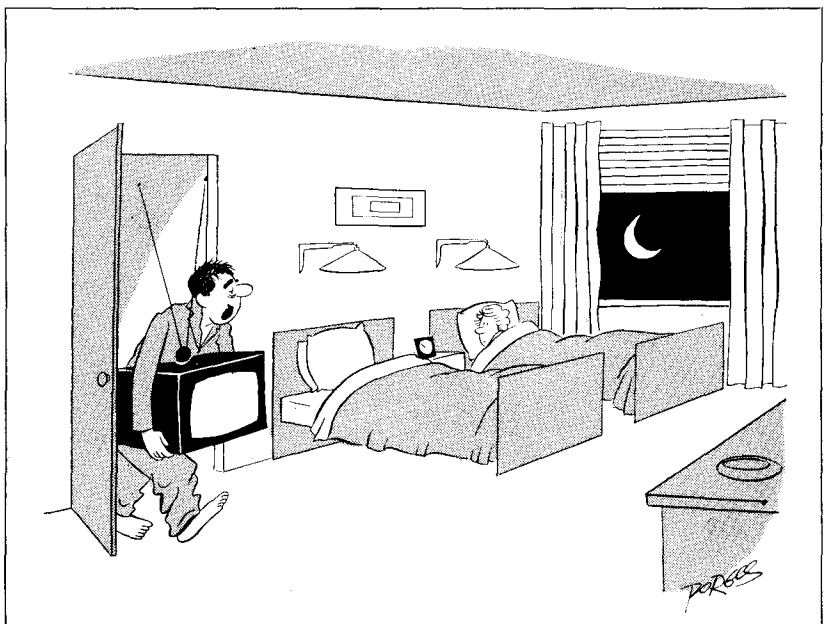
"I still haven't been there," he said. "But that has nothing to do with it. The Scottish music I've heard sounded like bagpipy Hebrew music. All folk music is related and is interchangeable. Some Russian folk music and some Tartar music is very close to Scottish."

"What's the longest time it has taken you to compose a number?" I asked.

He thought a moment, then said, "I guess the title song for our film *Gigi*. That number took us four weeks.

"But the time it takes isn't too important," he went on. "It's what happens afterward. When, for example, you hear one of your songs in some faraway, unexpected place, you are so filled with pride you want to weep. I once heard one of our songs on a quay at Naples, where urchins were sitting around listening to an accordionist at twelve o'clock at night. The song was *On the Street Where You Live*, and the accordionist was singing it in Italian. I don't speak Italian," he added apologetically, "but it was very rewarding."

He and Lerner, I thought, had had their share of rewards. Lucky fellows. Well, maybe. Yet that wise remark of Lerner's father came to mind, and I found myself wanting to restate it in the plural, thus: "It's a funny thing; the harder Alan and Fritz work, the luckier they get." THE END



"I can't sleep."

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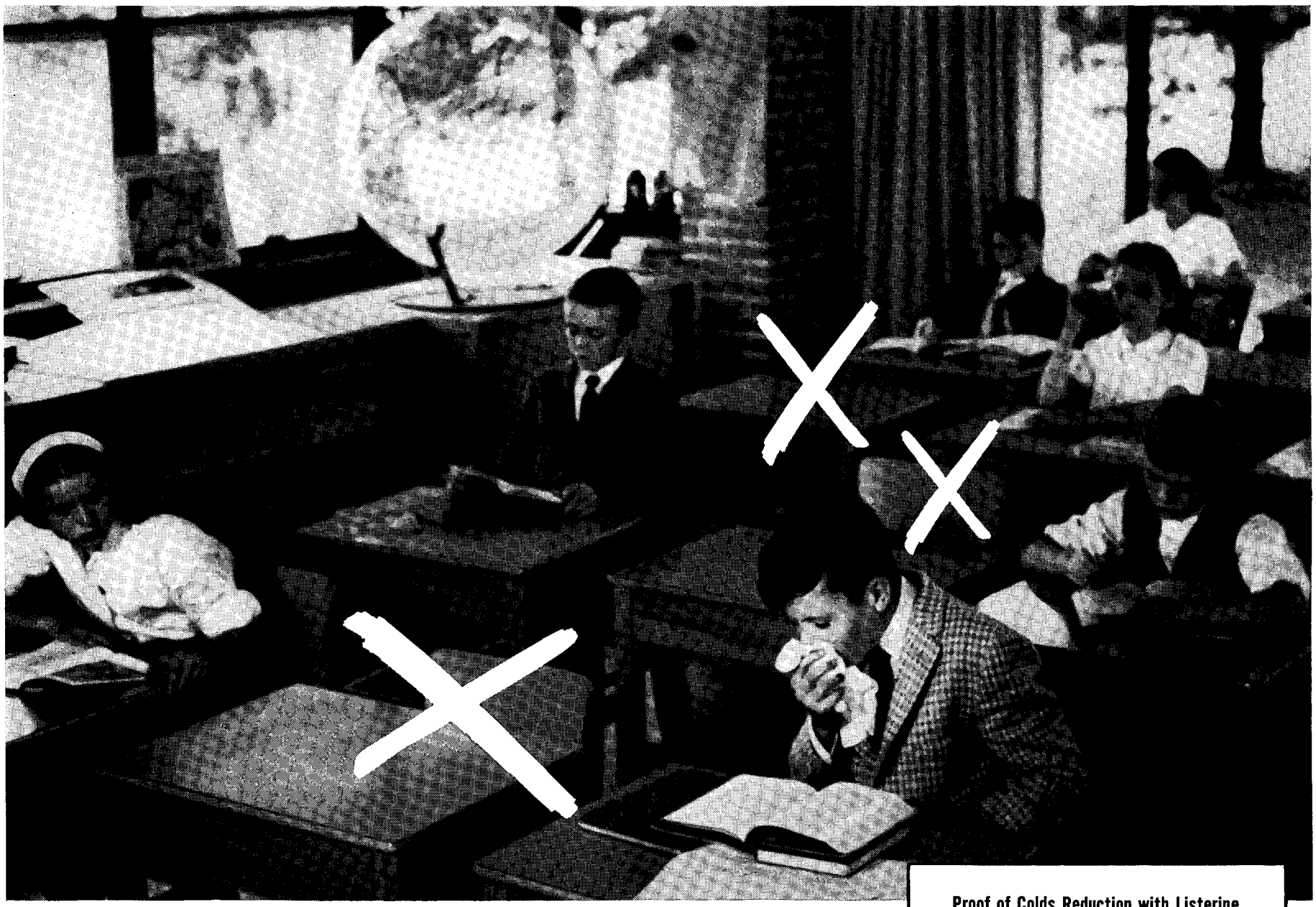

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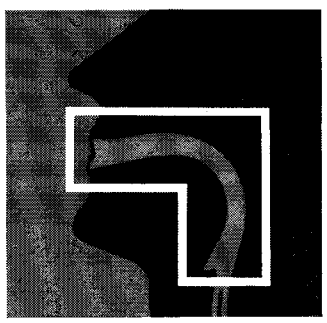

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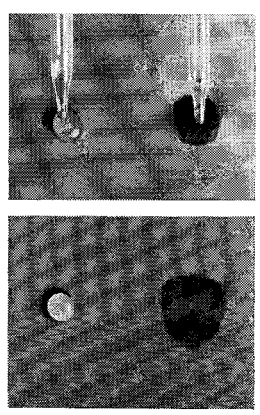

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The Man Who Hated (Continued from Page 33)

brooding shadow of the abbey they were dug in as best they could in the hard rocky ground, unable to move without bringing down a deadly accurate German fire. Troops up on the slopes of the mountains went without hot food, dug into the flinty ground, hanging on with the grim knowledge that they could go no higher—nor retreat.

Men suffered and died during the day, helpless to move. And over it all the abbey looked down with a thousand eyes, seeming to watch every movement, to transmit their presence to the watchful German mortars and machine guns.

The Germans claimed that they would not use the abbey for observation posts; it was sanctified ground. And yet the precision of their fire made it seem all too certain that once again they lied and were using the abbey.

The Allies were reluctant to bomb the ancient monastery, the citadel which had kept alight the lamp of knowledge through the Dark Ages. And so, when a young infantry officer, Lt. Anthony Page, volunteered to attempt to penetrate the German defenses, to determine once and for all if they were using it, he was sent directly to Military Intelligence, Colonel Dumphrey.

Lieutenant Page stood before Dumphrey, a young man tense with hatred.

"We've got to bomb that place, sir; pulverize it, wipe it off the face of the earth." His eyes burned, a fiery dark blue. "I'm positive they're using it for observation. Look what they did to my own outfit—they murdered us. We didn't have a chance. And now they're chopping the Fourth to pieces. Sitting up there in that monastery, safe, while they kill us bit by bit."

"I know it appears that way, Page," Dumphrey said, "but reconnaissance seems to show negative insofar as the abbey is concerned. And, of course, any decision to bomb the abbey would be strictly a top-level affair."

"But they don't know for sure," Page cried. "If they *knew!* I speak the language like a native. Dressed like a peasant, I can get in there ——"

"Are you aware that of all the patrols we've tried—only one got to within even a dozen yards of the monastery?"

Page leaned over the desk, jaw thrust out. "Look, sir, one man can go where ten couldn't. I've been over every inch of that ground with a spotting 'scope—that's all I do is stare at that damned place. I've got a route all picked out."

"Yes. Well ——" Dumphrey looked out to where the abbey thrust up into wispy rain clouds. So close. "What is your plan of action, lieutenant?"

"The First Royal Sussex are planning an assault on Point 593," Page said eagerly. "Under cover of their action, I'll move across Snakeshead Ridge, keep away from Point 593, and out straight across to the monastery. It's about a thousand yards."

"And if the First Sussex assault fails?"

Page frowned. "I'll be pinned down out there. I'll just have to sweat it out, sir. I'll move only at night. If it takes me a week, crawling all the way, I'll get there."

"Granted that," Dumphrey said, "there's the additional problem of getting back—and with the information, assuming you've gotten it."

"I'm not worried about getting back," Page said. "I'll take along a flare pistol. The second I know the Germans are using the abbey, I'll give a signal—a red flare."

"And if the Germans aren't using the abbey?"

His lips curled in a cold smile. "Then there's no problem, is there, sir?"

"On the contrary," Dumphrey gave him a hard stare. "It's quite as important to know if they're *not* using it."

Page looked thoughtful, then he nodded. "Yes, I see where it would be. O.K., I'll take along a green flare too. If it's clear—and I'm not able to make it back—then green is for negative."

Dumphrey studied him for a moment, then he shook his head. "I admire your spirit, Page, and I think I understand your motives, but—no, I can't sanction such an operation."

Page remained rigid, fighting for control. Suddenly he said, "You can't sanction it—but do you forbid it, sir?"

"I—no," Dumphrey said. "But I strongly urge you not to attempt it."

Triumph gleamed in Page's eyes. "All I ask, sir, is that you keep a close lookout for a red flare above the monastery during the next few nights after the assault."

"My husband is a self-made man. A triumph of unskilled labor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dumphrey stood up, hand extended. "I'll be watching," he said. "Just remember—green is for negative."

A thousand yards is less than a mile. But this thousand yards was a churned-up death trap of deep ravines, exposed ridges covered with thickets of brush, entanglements of barbed wire dangling with booby traps, trip wires leading to antipersonnel mines, with deadly mines sown in every patch of dirt. And every yard exposed to German fire.

The assault failed.

In a terrific rainstorm, while the Royal Sussex streamed along, a hundred yards to his right, Page had squirmed off to the left, cutting directly across the miniature no man's land that led up the slopes of Monastery Hill. Almost instantly he'd been hit. The suicidal frontal attack by the Royal Sussex on Point 593 was halted by a swift barrage of fire. The high-explosive shells sent a storm of flint-edged rock fragments skittering about. One of these fragments pierced Page's left arm, to the bone, smashing it, knocking him unconscious.

When the chilly rain revived him it was already a watery dawn. He was less than three hundred yards away from the farthest point held by the 4th Division atop Snakeshead Hill.

Throughout that day he lay motionless, weak from loss of blood and no food. As night approached, he moved on—not back to his own lines, but up—toward the monastery. Squirming under barbed wire, moving painfully, instinctively, across rock-strewn corpse-littered ground, he followed the course he'd set for himself.

Aware only of his terrible desire to see the abbey leveled, Page moved up, up, until suddenly the rough terrain gave way to the smoothness of a dirt road—the only road, he knew, that led directly to the great main door of the abbey.

He lurched along the road, feeling for his bulky flare pistol, making certain he still had it. Just ahead loomed the huge wall, with its massive door. He staggered, stumbled, fell to his knees, blood oozing down his side. He was terribly weak.

Suddenly he froze. The great door creaked open. He heard the hard thud of boots from inside the abbey. Men were approaching. The door slammed shut behind them. Half rolling, half crawling, he slid into a shallow muddy ditch alongside the road. He crouched, motionless, as the men came near and paused, one striking a match to light cigarettes. He sucked in his breath.

Germans. Jack-booted, field-gray great-coats; guns slung, bayonets at waist; one, even, with grenades clipped to belt. Boots stamping arrogantly in the packed dirt, they passed within inches of him. One walked alone, an officer. In a moment they were past and below; a truck's motor roared, gears shifted and it moved down the hill out of hearing.

Germans. Coming out of the abbey. Here on what they claimed was sanctified ground. He'd been right. Hate, savage and hot, flooded him. He fumbled for the flare pistol—the pistol he'd loaded with the red flare before he left his lines.

It took all his feeble strength to lift the heavy pistol. His head was roaring. He had an overwhelming impulse to lie down, to sleep, never to waken again. Moving like a man under water, he raised the pistol and concentrated on pulling the trigger. It seemed to him that the whole world was bathed in fiery red as he slumped over, unconscious.

He awoke in a room filled with motionless bodies. A low-ceilinged room, damp, with stone floor and sweating walls. A dim candle gave scant light. A monk, in rough robe and cowl moved slowly from one to another of the bodies lying on the floor. An awful stench filled the room. An occasional low moan came from one or another of the motionless bodies.

Page tried to sit up and discovered that his left arm was bound tightly to his body. He was wearing the rough robe of the Benedictine lay brother. His wrist watch and shoes were missing. Also, the flare pistol and remaining green flare. He was wearing plain open sandals.

He peered around and with a chill of horror noticed a pile of crudely made coffins against one wall.

A small figure approached and bent over him, and suddenly long auburn hair slipped from under a kerchief; a pair of wide luminous eyes in a thin pinched face glowed down at him. He saw it was a small thin girl, about twelve or thirteen.

She put a hand on his forehead, then leaned closer, watching him gravely. "You have no fever," she said, her voice curiously hoarse. "You are one of the lucky ones."

He struggled to rise and she helped him half sit up. He looked about the room filled with the terrible still forms.

"What is this? Where am I?"

"You are in the abbey," she said matter-of-factly. "It is the fever. They are dead—or dying."

Her name, she told him, was Marina. Orphaned, she had come in earlier in the month, one of the two hundred or so refugees from Cassino who'd swarmed into the monastery. The monks were ill-equipped to handle them. The water was tainted, there was too little food. The few remaining monks did what they could, but disease broke out. People sickened and died, falling in every nook and cranny of the vast building, adding to the pestilence.

It was a burial party, sneaking out of the gate in the predawn hours, before the shelling commenced, which had stumbled across him and brought him inside at the insistence of Dom Agostino, the young monk now bent wearily over the sick and dying. The refugees had taken Page's shoes and most of his miserable clothing. It was Dom Agostino who'd covered his nakedness with the rough monk's habit.

"Why don't the Germans help?" Page asked angrily.

She shook her head. "They did before—but now they aren't allowed near the monastery."

He stared at her. She looked back, large eyes innocent.

The silent monk, Dom Agostino, approached and leaned over him. He was young, Page saw, nearly his own age, and his face was drawn, his eyes bright, feverish. He was obviously sick.

"He has no fever," Marina said softly to the monk. "The Englishman will live."

Page jerked upright, wincing at the sudden tearing pain that brought black spots swimming before his eyes. "Why did you call me an Englishman?" he said harshly.

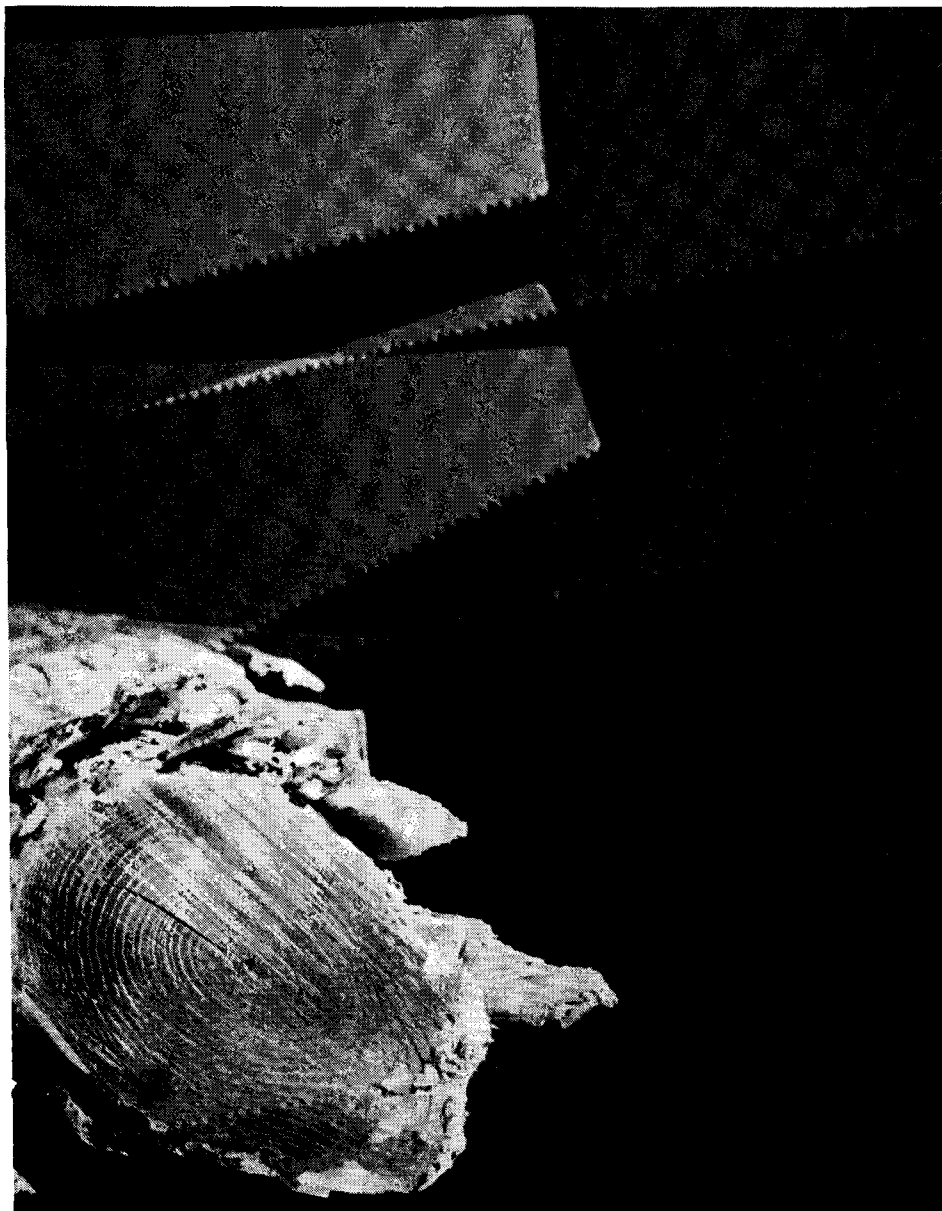
The monk pressed gently on his shoulders. "You talked much during your fever—in English. And your boots—no peasant has such boots. And the strange pistol."

"Where is it?" Page asked. "Don't let the Germans see it."

"It is in a safe place," Dom Agostino said. "There are no Germans here."

"But—I saw them last night," Page said. "Four of them. Coming out of here."

Dom Agostino shook his head. "You have been here three nights and two days already." He hesitated. "Ah—three nights ago *Oberleutnant* Kestler and some men were here. They are stationed below. Kestler came to obtain the signature of the abbot on receipts for certain archives that were given safe passage to Rome



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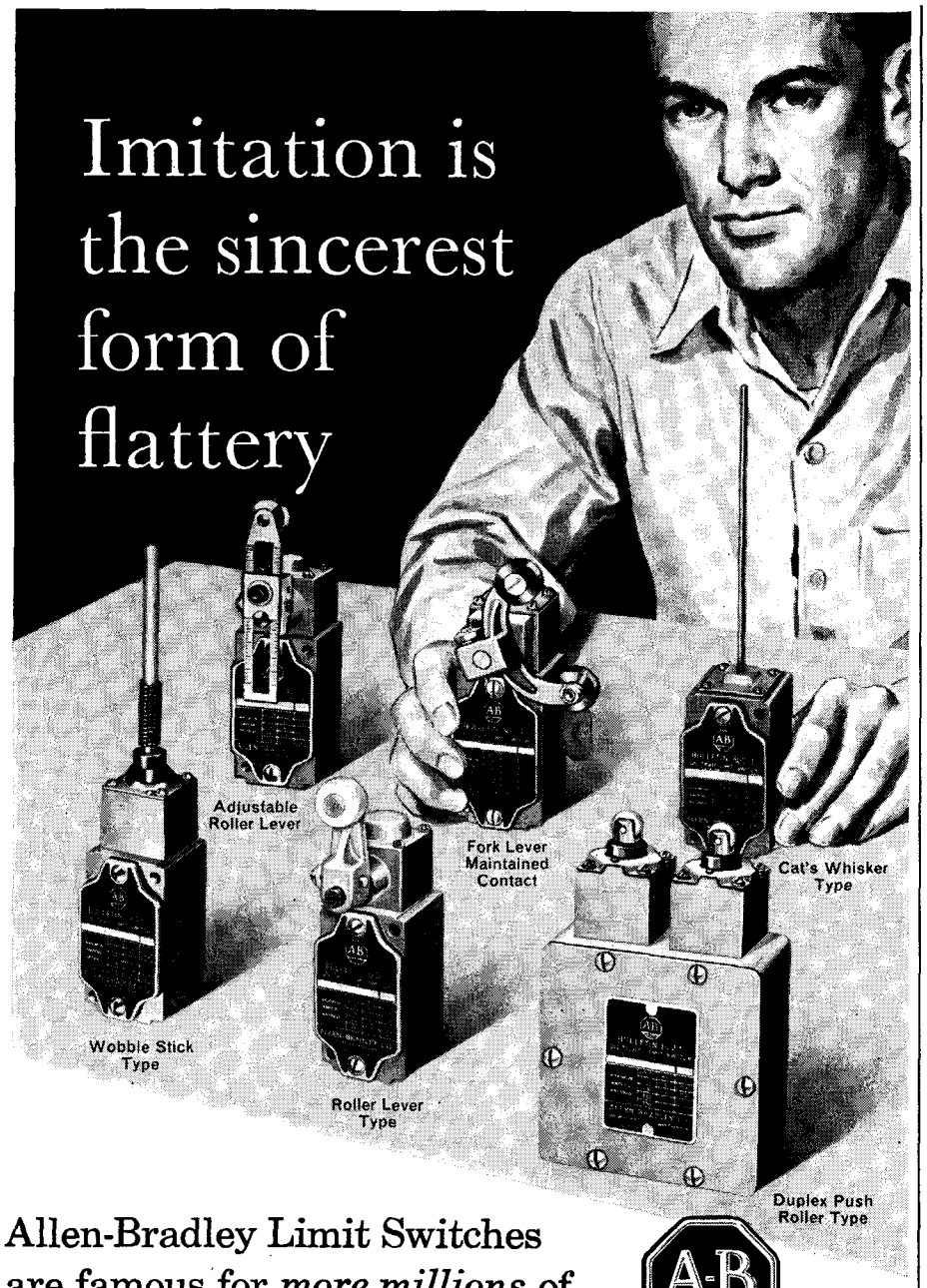

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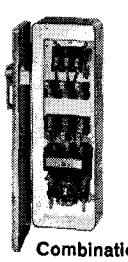
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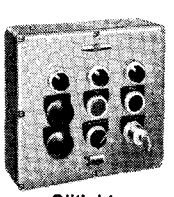
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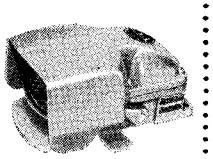
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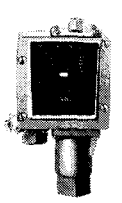
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some weeks ago. He will not be back."

"There must be others," Page insisted. "The Germans must be using this place as an observatory. It wouldn't take many—one or two men with radios is enough. They could be hidden in a hundred places and you'd never know it."

Dom Agostino looked at him wearily. "No, there is only one entrance now. If any came through it, I would have known. Those that came left. If there were any here now, I would tell you."

Somewhere a man cried out, and Dom Agostino turned, ran a shaking hand over his glistening face, then slowly moved off. Page stared after the exhausted sick monk, then he looked around the dank immense stone room. Thunder rolled and crashed dimly, and he realized that it must still be raining.

Three days he'd been here. And still the place was intact. Which meant the Air Force was waiting for the weather to clear.

He stood up, feeling again that nightmarish vertigo he'd had when he lay alongside the road. He was sick—very sick; but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the knowing. He beckoned to Marina and said, "Help me. I've got to get outside. I want to search the entire monastery."

"But it is dangerous above," she said. "Shells fall there. And—you are sick."

He roared at her, a weak sound, but she shrank from him. Suddenly timid, she found him a piece of wood—a fragment left over from the building of the coffins—and leaning on her, using the wood for a cane, Page slowly ascended the damp marble stairs. Up, through echoing cold corridors—empty. Finally he came up into the central courtyard.

"The Bramante Cloister," Marina murmured.

He stopped, staring. The impact of grandeur was overpowering. Under the steady downpour the great stone courtyard gleamed softly, serene—and empty. In the very center, a graceful pillared arch rose above a cistern. Above, on three sides, were soaring arches: the *Loggia del Paradiso*, the gallery that surrounded this courtyard. They rose through the rain, breath-takingly lovely. And empty.

On the fourth side, an enormous stone staircase, rising to yet another of five cloisters, and beyond, the celebrated cathedral, beneath which was the tomb of the founder, St. Benedict, at rest here since A.D. 543. .

Empty. All, all empty. A few groups of ragged refugees scurried through corridors or crouched over small fires built in odd corners. Only these.

Leaning on the frightened young girl, Page moved from cloister to cloister. Grave statues looked down. Nothing else. The ancient abbey was desolate, eerily magnificent, brooding solemnly with its memories of the ages.

But no Germans. None. No radio post. No observatories. The Germans had respected the sanctity of the abbey, as they said they would. Beneath the immemorial dignity of the abbey, the hate drained from Page. Anguish took its place. He had been wrong. He had acted too hastily.

He staggered back through the endless corridors, down to the great room below the main level. Stumbling over dying, moaning fever victims, Page found Dom Agostino. The monk was hunched over on a bench, face extremely pale.

Page slumped to the floor, clutching the monk's robe. "Listen. Listen." He thought he was screaming, but it came out a whisper. "They are going to bomb the abbey as soon as the weather clears. The signal has already been given. I gave it. I'm an American. I came to find out if the Germans were here. I gave the signal that they were. Do you understand?"

Dom Agostino struggled to his feet. "You should not have gone out," he murmured. "You are very sick."

Page made a terrific effort to rise. "The pistol," he said feebly. "It's still not too late. The pistol. Green flare. Green is for negative. Give me the pistol."

The monk gently pressed him back down; Page had a sudden image of Marina, eyes wide, scary, bringing a cloth. It was pressed against his forehead, wonderfully cool.

"You mustn't worry," the monk's voice came from a great distance. "The pistol is in a safe place. Rest with God."

When Page awoke, his head was very clear, but his left arm was a quivering mass of agony. He had a sense of much time having passed; a dim recollection of figures about him, a good deal of rushing and crying out. He sat up, wincing. There were still some bodies in the room, but the coffins were gone. Dom Agostino was gone.

He tried twice before he could get to his feet. He went out into the corridor, supporting himself by holding onto the damp wall. No refugees were about. He rounded a turn and saw in the distance a crude coffin, with a tall candle alongside. Several people were huddled near it. One of them was Marina.

He came closer. In the coffin, waxy hands clasping a rosary, lay the wasted body of Dom Agostino.

Marina saw Page and hurried over to him, a look of extreme distress on her face. "The Allies are going to bomb us—look." She pressed a leaflet into his hand.

Shakily he read it. Addressed "*Italian Friends*," it stated that because the Germans were taking advantage of its neutral position, the monastery was to be bombed. All within were warned to leave immediately. The leaflet was signed THE FIFTH ARMY.

"Oh, my God—what have I done?" He stared wildly at her. "When did they drop these?"

"Yesterday," Marina said. "And early this morning a German officer came. He told the abbot that one of the paths would be opened to us from midnight tonight until dawn tomorrow. We are all leaving." She looked at him anxiously. "Will you come with us?"

"What time is it now?"

"It is about three hours since daylight."

"The weather—is it still raining?"

"No, it is clear and beautiful, finally," she said.

The flare pistol. If he could find it, there still might be time, even in broad daylight, to launch that green flare; to hope that Colonel Dumphrey would see it and interpret it correctly.

But the flare pistol was in a safe place, and the only one who knew where that safe place was lay dead in his coffin. And watching Dom Agostino's calm features, Page heard, in the distance, the first faint hum of approaching bombers.

Without haste the mourners lifted the coffin and moved off, walking down the steep flight of steps that led deeper into the recesses of the monastery.

The hum above became a drone of approaching implacable power. The drone became a roar, a drumming surf sound, hypnotizing Page and Marina, who clung to each other, staring into each other's eyes.

The bombs fell, erupting in glaring blasts, shattering the ancient architecture into ugly jagged chunks. Down crashed the serenely lovely Bramante Cloister. Down into rubble tumbled the *Loggia del Paradiso*. Smashed to shards the centuries of loving labor, as the cathedral dome sagged, then abruptly collapsed in roaring ruin.

The first great flight moved off, its sound diminished, then was lost. New

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sounds arose. Sliding, crashing, tumbling sounds of blasted masonry. Groans and cries of the refugees, crushed beneath the ruins.

Page stood there, just below the zone of destruction, holding Marina, feeling the rapid uneven beat of her heart. They looked at each other, the soldier from America, the young girl from Italy. Her eyes were wide, her face pale with the shock, the sacrilege.

"Where is God?" she whispered. "Is God dead?"

Another wave of bombers approached. Once again the rolling thunder of explosions blasted without stop. Clouds of gritty powdered stone arose. There were more crashes, more falling statuary. A deep wide fissure appeared in the west wall; the stones dropped out, there was a peculiar grinding sound, and then the entire west roof collapsed.

The roof came down, carrying with it several levels of the lower reaches. And just as the last of the bombers moved off, the ceiling above Page and Marina collapsed; a huge stone fell between them, shattering his right leg, wrenching her from his arms, rolling her to the precise spot where a cascade of limestone blocks fell seconds later, killing her instantly.

"And when we found him at a Red Cross station some time after the fall of Cassino," Dumphrey concluded, "Page was desperately ill, suffering from the aftereffects of shock. Among other things," he wheeled the little car around the final turn of the Monte Cassino road and the great door of the restored abbey was before us, "Lt. Anthony Page had lost the use of his voice. He was mute."

Dumphrey parked the car and we got out, standing silently, looking at the immense wall, restored again, gleaming in the hot Italian sunshine. We went through the impressive entrance and into the central courtyard, cool, serenely majestic, and I said, "How very terrible that one man should have borne upon his conscience the destruction of such a magnificent building."

"Actually," Dumphrey said, pausing, "I did all I could to convince Page that no flare had ever been seen on that night—or any subsequent night after his entry into the abbey."

I looked at Dumphrey, surprised. "Is that true—or were you merely trying to ease the suffering of a dying man?"

"The very question Page asked," Dumphrey said. "Of course it's true. And incidentally, Page didn't die. As for the decision to bomb, that had already been made by the commanding generals of the Allied armies. As I learned later, the decision to bomb had been made the very day Page volunteered to enter the abbey." Dumphrey sighed. "A regrettable decision, we know now—but at the time, no other recourse seemed possible."

"Did you finally manage to convince Page?"

Dumphrey shook his head. "Even though he was crawling in a coma, he was certain he'd fired that flare, and that the firing had influenced the decision to bomb. There was only one way he could ever discover the truth: find the 'safe place' in which Dom Agostino had secreted the pistol. He had to know." Dumphrey hesitated. "It was Marina's death," he said softly, "which weighed so heavily upon him—that and the answer to her last words—that tragic question: 'Is God dead?'"

I looked around at the massive building that surrounded us. Then I pictured it as it must have been after the destruction—an enormous pile of rubble, extending far below.

"An impossible task," I said. "It could never be found."

"Impossible?" Dumphrey smiled. "You forget that Page once crawled through a thousand yards of hell with a shattered arm—and for a reason considerably less important to him. He took his discharge in Rome and then began to delve in the archives at the Vatican, looking for the original plans of the abbey. He found them; became something of an expert on them, in fact. He volunteered his services here after the war, when rebuilding was started. Of course, his object was to find Dom Agostino's 'safe place.' And he found it."

"The pistol—was it there?"

"Oh, yes," Dumphrey looked off to where a monk approached hurriedly. "Page found the flare pistol and his wrist watch, and even the green flare—all in quite good condition."

He broke off as the monk, an assistant prior, a strong-jawed old man in plain robe, hurried up to us. He grasped Dumphrey's hand in an expression of sincere friendship. Dumphrey introduced me, and as we walked along yet another cloister, the prior talked swift Italian, and in turn, Dumphrey translated.

"Here," he said, pointing to where a row of statues stood, intact, seemingly untouched, "these statues had been almost totally destroyed. They were put back together with the original pieces that were found by sifting through mountains of rubble."

"An incredibly detailed job," I said. "You must indeed have dedicated men here."

Dumphrey translated, and the old monk nodded. He pointed off to where a group of workers and lay brothers were erecting a scaffold. Among them, a monk, taller than the others, held a blueprint under his left arm, which seemed oddly bent inward.

"We have many dedicated men," the prior said. "Some of them men of great talent and energy—like Brother Anthony, there, who has a most extensive knowledge of the original architecture of the abbey."

Dumphrey said something to our guide. The prior hesitated, looking keenly at me. Finally he nodded, and called to the tall monk he'd pointed out as Brother Anthony.

Brother Anthony walked slowly toward us, and we saw that his right leg was crippled badly. He approached and took Dumphrey's hand. They looked at each other in silence. Brother Anthony's face was gaunt, darkly tanned. His eyes, in the shadow of the cowl, were deeply blue, astonishingly brilliant.

The prior spoke to him, and Brother Anthony turned to me. The strength and calm of his face was striking. "I'm happy to meet a fellow countryman," he said. It seemed strange to hear an American accent coming from this strong person in humble Benedictine robes. He inclined his head courteously, then limped back to the group of workers.

The old prior murmured something, and Dumphrey nodded. "The prior wants me to tell you that Brother Anthony is of American descent," he said dryly. "But—I gather you've already guessed that—and who he is."

I hesitated. "Page?"

"Yes," Dumphrey said, "Brother Anthony is the man I've been telling you about—the former Lt. Anthony Page."

"But—you said he was mute."

"He was—until the moment he found the flare pistol, there in Dom Agostino's 'safe place.' He broke open the pistol and inside was the red flare he'd inserted so many years before—and never had the strength to fire."

Dumphrey looked out through a high narrow window that framed a view of the Liri Valley below, with the Rapido River a thin, shining ribbon lost in the blue haze.

"He found his voice then—but he found something else too," Dumphrey said. "He found peace—and the realization that he wanted to dedicate his life to the restoration of the abbey as one answer to Marina's last question. And—he has."

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The pretty little restaurant waitress was being run ragged by a rush of customers who ordered nothing but coffee and left no tips. Even though her smile was wearing thin, she did her best. Then came an abrupt male character who commanded, "Coffee—and be quick about it!" Having no more teaspoons, the waitress put a tablespoon on his saucer.

"What kind of service is this?" the man roared. Next he went into a harangue, ending: "I ordered coffee, not soup. Where are the teaspoons, anyhow? This spoon is too big."

"Use it," the little waitress replied evenly. "It fits."

Catherine Yelverton

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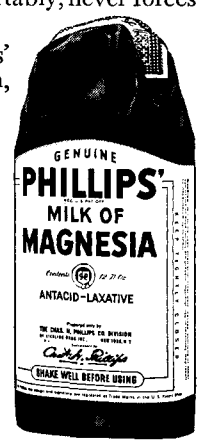

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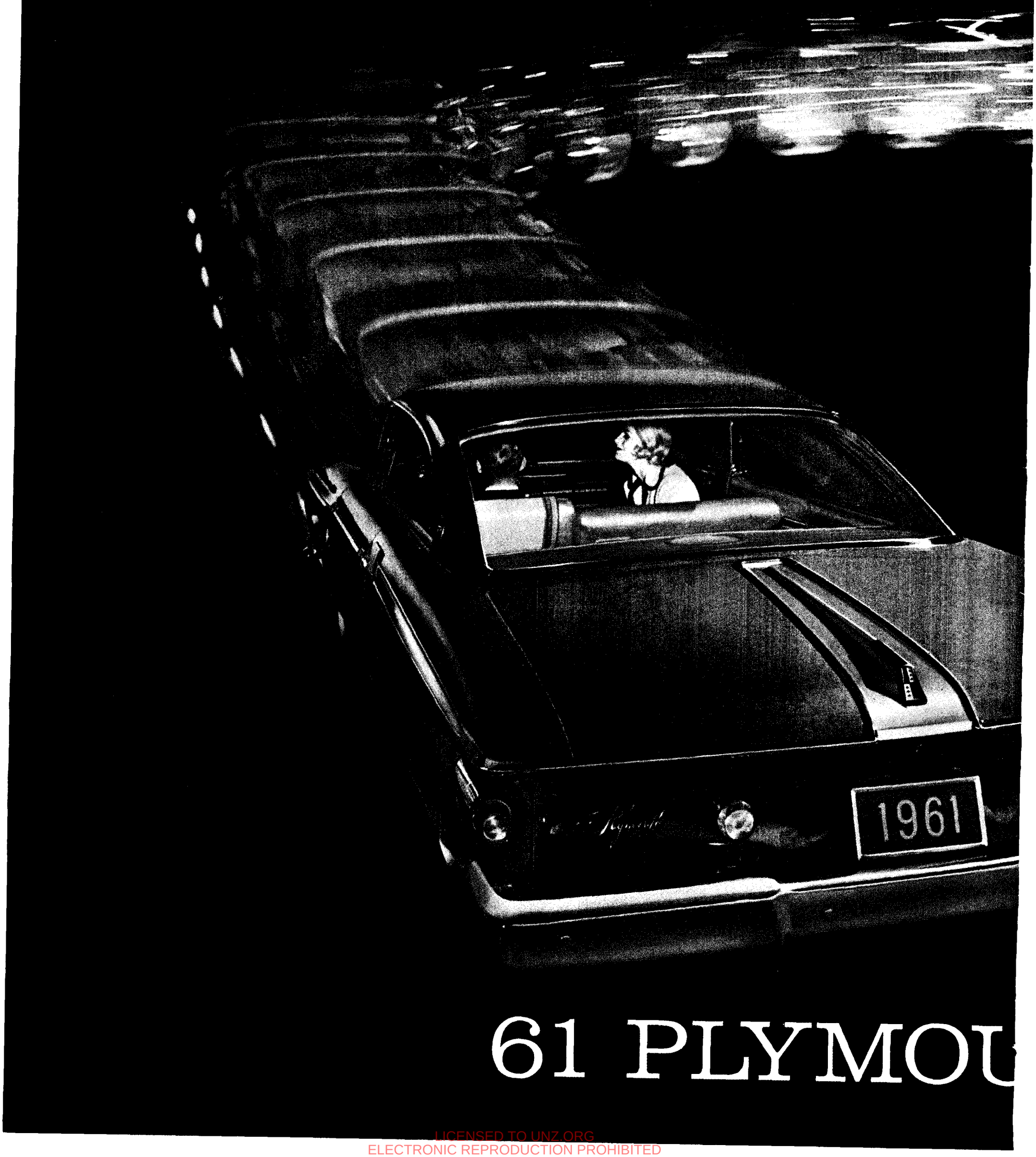

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Bernard Baruch's Own Story

(Continued from Page 23)

eccentric so much time, the President looked ingenuous and said, "Well, he might have had something, you know."

Although I tried to support the President whenever possible, the gulf between the Roosevelt Administration's views and mine gradually widened. Increasingly I found myself in the role of critic and unable to support him, as for example when he tried to pack the Supreme Court in 1937 and when he attempted to purge dissident Democratic senators the following year.

But although you could disagree with F.D.R., you couldn't stay angry—at least not for long. When charm was given out, I am sure he was first in line. He loved to talk, and he was always a wonderful companion. I attended many a "children's hour," when F.D.R. would relax, mixing very potent cocktails—"two fingers," he would say, measuring the distance between his index and little fingers.

Mr. Roosevelt hated personal unpleasantness. When someone had to be fired or reprimanded, he liked to delegate the job. Once he tried to get me to lecture Jimmy Byrnes, when Byrnes was a senator, on the need for greater Senate cooperation with the White House. This was just a day or two after the funeral of the much-loved Sen. Joe Robinson. It was hardly the time to tell Senate Democrats that the President was dissatisfied with their support and expected them to work harder for his program. Many of Joe's friends believed he had literally worked himself to death on behalf of the President's plan to increase the number of Supreme Court Justices—not because Joe favored it, but out of loyalty to F.D.R.

I told the President, "No, sir, Mr. President, if you've got anything to say to Jimmy, you tell him."

Another time, when I failed to see something his way, F.D.R. remarked, "Bernie, you know you're the most stubborn man in the world." I looked at him, smiled and said, "Yes, Mr. President." He threw back his head and laughed uproariously, knowing that I had the same idea about him.

Despite my concern over some of the New Deal measures, my thoughts turned more and more to the danger of war as the '30's drew to a close. The complacence with which the people of Britain, France and the United States watched what was taking place in Germany and Italy alarmed me. I preached the urgency of rearmament, of stock-piling strategic raw materials, of enacting legislation for economic controls, and of establishing a mobilization organization to do the job done in 1918 by the War Industries Board, which I had headed.

In the summer of 1938, before leaving on a trip to Europe, I visited the President at the White House. Hitler had invaded Austria that spring. The need for mobilization planning had grown more compelling, and I had been pressing F.D.R. on the subject for a long time. The President now agreed with me and said that he wanted me to head up the work on my return from Europe. Meanwhile, he wanted me to look into the defense situation abroad. As I got up to leave, the President jotted down a memo:

DEFENSE COORDINATION BOARD
To start Sept. 1 and study
& report to Pres. by Dec. 1st
Chairman—B. M. Baruch

I spent several weeks in Europe gathering information on French, English and German armament programs. Everyone had been talking about the splendid French Army. To me it seemed just a shell. England's defenses were sketchier still. "Where are you going to get your shells and ammunition and guns?" I asked Lord Inskip, Minister for the Coordination of Defense.

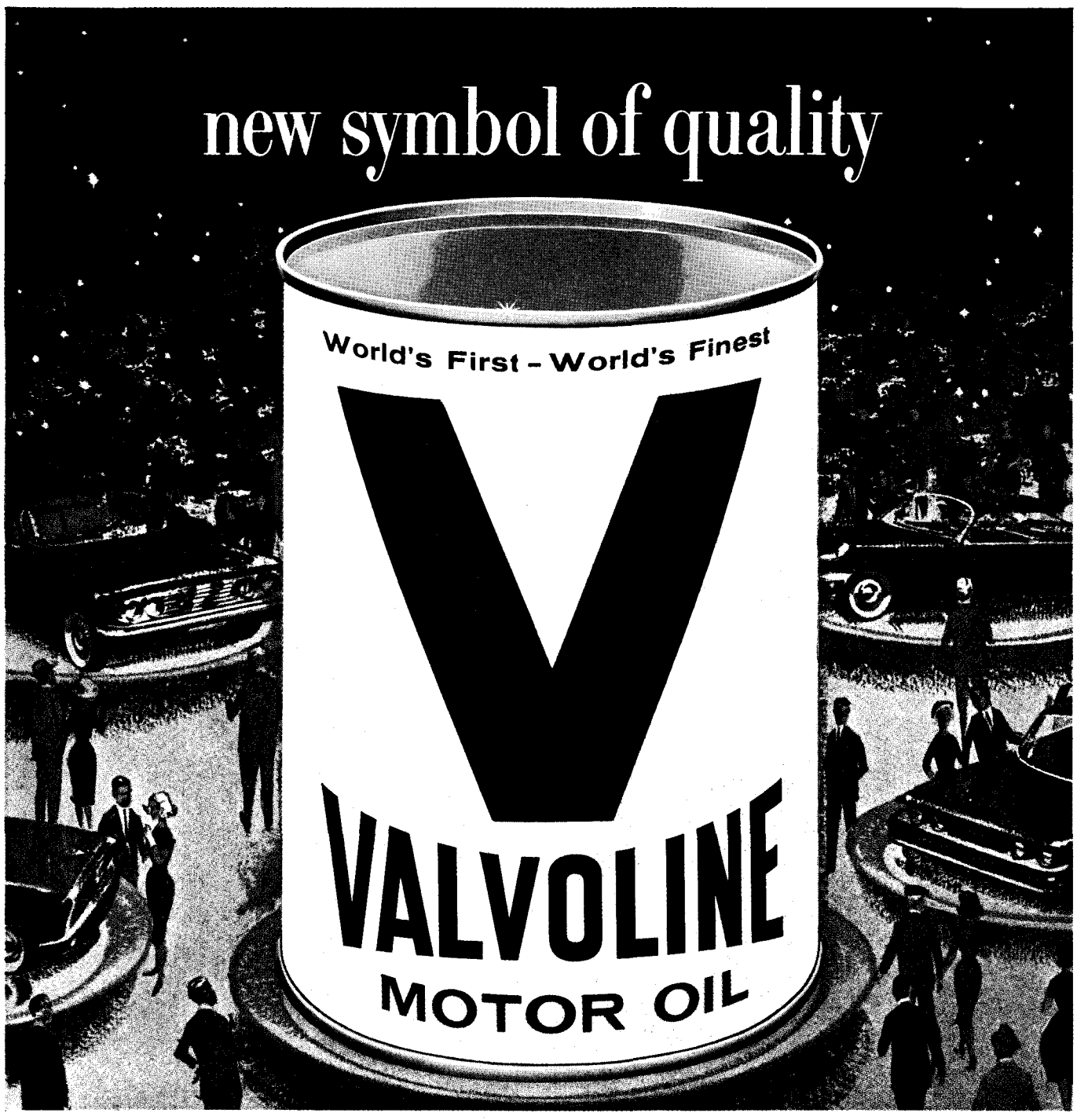
"From France," he replied.

"You won't get anything," I said.

I telephoned F.D.R. from Scotland on my birthday, August nineteenth, and said in effect that the democracies had nothing with which to stop Hitler. I suggested that I come home at once, so that he could convene the Defense Coordination Board without delay. But the President was noncommittal.

Winston Churchill came down to see me off when I left. He was out of office then, and in general disfavor because of his warnings of war. He remarked a bit wistfully, "Well, the big show is going to be on pretty soon. You'll be in the forefront of it over there, and I'll be on the sidelines here." Fortunately Churchill's reputation for foresight does not rest upon that prediction.

Shortly after I arrived home the President asked me to a private dinner at the White House to give him a full report. I summarized my observations of Germany's hell-bent progress toward war, and of the unpreparedness of Western Europe. I told him that we were running out of time, that we had to expand, modernize and mechanize our army, create a two-ocean navy, and build airplanes and still more airplanes—all of which should



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be paid for out of increased taxes. I emphasized the need of strengthening our relations with Latin America, where German economic penetration could bring that continent under her control without a shot being fired. Finally, I urged the President to proceed with the appointment of the Defense Coordination Board and to ask for mobilization legislation, as he had planned on doing before I went to Europe.

But he had abandoned that idea. Apparently he felt that the public would not yet support an all-out commitment to mobilization. In order to probe public sentiment, and perhaps educate it, he asked me to come back and give a statement to the White House press corps on what I thought our defense program ought to be. "And then I'll back you up at my press conference," he said.

The next morning I went back to the White House to see Steve Early, the President's press secretary. I told him what Roosevelt wanted me to do. "Before you go out," Steve said, "I'll tip off the reporters that you have something to say."

When I emerged, the White House correspondents gathered around and asked me to comment on my visit with the President. I repeated what I had told Roosevelt, concluding with the point I had been hammering away at for so long—that we ought to place industry on a mobilized basis at once. The President endorsed almost all the points I made, but he failed to declare himself for all-out mobilization. He was silent, too, on the need for increased taxes.

In a way I must have seemed obsessed on the subject of preparedness. Jimmy Byrnes once said to me, "Bernie, why does a man of your age want to get into a thing like this?" (I was then only sixty-eight.) Knowing how defenseless we were, I had no choice.

There were, of course, men who shared my alarm. Secretary of War Woodring was not one of them, but his assistant secretary, Louis Johnson, was. In later years, when Johnson was Secretary of Defense in the Truman Administration, he was blamed for stripping our forces, so that we were unprepared for the Korean War. But he had been an excellent Assistant Secretary of War in the Roosevelt Administration, and F.D.R. had promised to appoint him Secretary when that post became vacant. However, when Woodring resigned in 1940, Roosevelt felt a need to bring Republicans into the Administration, and he named Henry L. Stimson Secretary of War.

I was in the President's office when Johnson listened to F.D.R. explaining the "reasons of state" which compelled him to break his promise. After a while Johnson could no longer contain himself. "But, Mr. President, you promised me not once but many times ——" he began to protest, his face flushed and his voice unsteady. I recognized the danger signs on both sides. Reaching over with my foot, I gave Louis a gentle kick to tell him to shut up. He did.

From the very first President Roosevelt recognized the aggressive designs of the dictatorships. His task was to shake America loose from its isolationist delusions. It was a formidable task, and I could understand why he felt the need for caution. Once he remarked to me, "A good leader can't get too far ahead of his followers." Even so, I still believe that the President moved too slowly on the issue of preparedness. Certainly on the question of economic mobilization there was an excess of caution. Not until the eve of Germany's invasion of Poland did the President take his first tentative step toward mobilizing the economy—the appointment, in August, 1939, of the War Resources Board, which was charged with drawing up mobilization plans.

The report of this board, in November, followed closely the lines I had been advocating for twenty years. A key provision was that, in the event of war the War Resources Board would provide centralized control over the emergency economic agencies. But the President proved unwilling to sanction centralized authority. The report of the War Resources Board was simply shelved; it was never even made public.

How does one explain F.D.R.'s attitude? First of all, at this point he rejected the concept of a mobilization "czar." He never willingly entrusted great authority to a single subordinate. Not until the stumbling war effort compelled him to do so did he name James F. Byrnes—an excellent choice—to direct the war program on the home front. A second factor was F.D.R.'s belief that war mobilization might give industry an opportunity to dominate the economy. He was suspicious of big business and business leaders—he called them "economic royalists."

A third factor in F.D.R.'s approach was political. In announcing that the report of the WRB would not be published, the President explained that the public was not interested in plans for war. The politically sophisticated would have said that, with the 1940 elections impending, the issue of a third term would be exacerbating enough.

This issue was agitating a great many people as the election year began. I was not pleased with the idea of breaking the two-term tradition, but I never doubted that F.D.R. would run. I remember a dinner I had with the President early that year, when he asked me, "Who do you think would make a good candidate for the Presidency?"

I answered, "Mr. President, are you trying to kid me or kid yourself?"

F.D.R. threw back his head and laughed in his characteristic way.

It was not until May, 1940, when Europe had already been at war for eight months, that the President created the first of the many organizations which were to grapple with the mobilization effort. With defense production just getting under way, he resurrected from World War I days the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission.

The Advisory Commission had been ineffective in 1916; it was ineffective now. This was soon recognized, and after the 1940 elections the President established the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply, and the Office of Production Management.

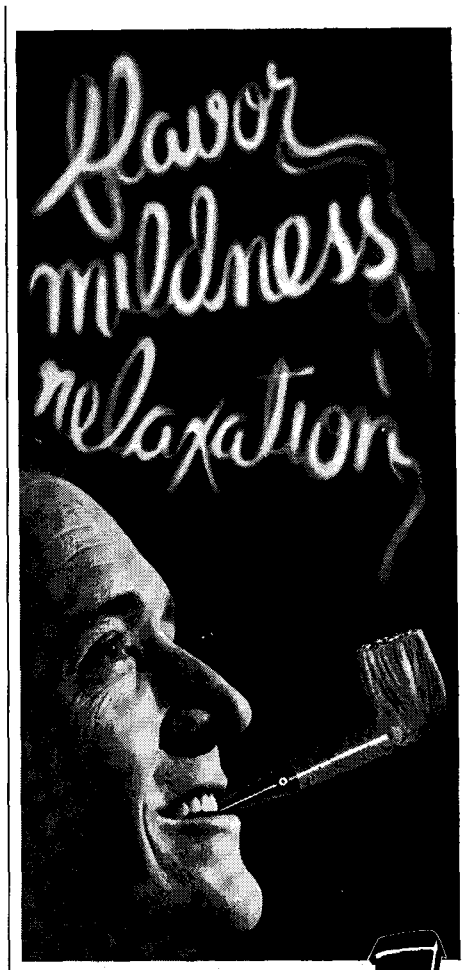
The creation of these agencies violated the principle that all control—allocation, priority, price-fixing—should be centralized in one agency. OPM's shortcomings finally compelled the President, in August, 1941, to create SPAB—the Supply Priorities and Allocations Board—another alphabetical mistake, which failed to put priority power in the hands of one responsible official. When the President told me about SPAB, I told him plainly that it fell short of what the situation needed. On leaving the White House, reporters asked what I thought of the new defense setup. I could think of nothing more charitable to say than that I considered it "a faltering step forward"—a remark which irked the President.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, made us face the truth that we were unprepared to fight in our own defense. In January, 1942, President Roosevelt finally placed authority for war production in one man's hands by appointing Donald M. Nelson as chairman of the War Production Board.

Nelson had made an enviable reputation at Sears, Roebuck, and already had experience in the defense-production program. At the President's request, I sat with Nelson and tried to help in every possible way. Looking over my memos to him, I see that in February, 1942, I sent him a report on the raw-materials situation. A month later, at his request, I was investigating the role of small business in war production. (*Continued on Page 69*)

"The chicken croquettes are nice, if you like veal."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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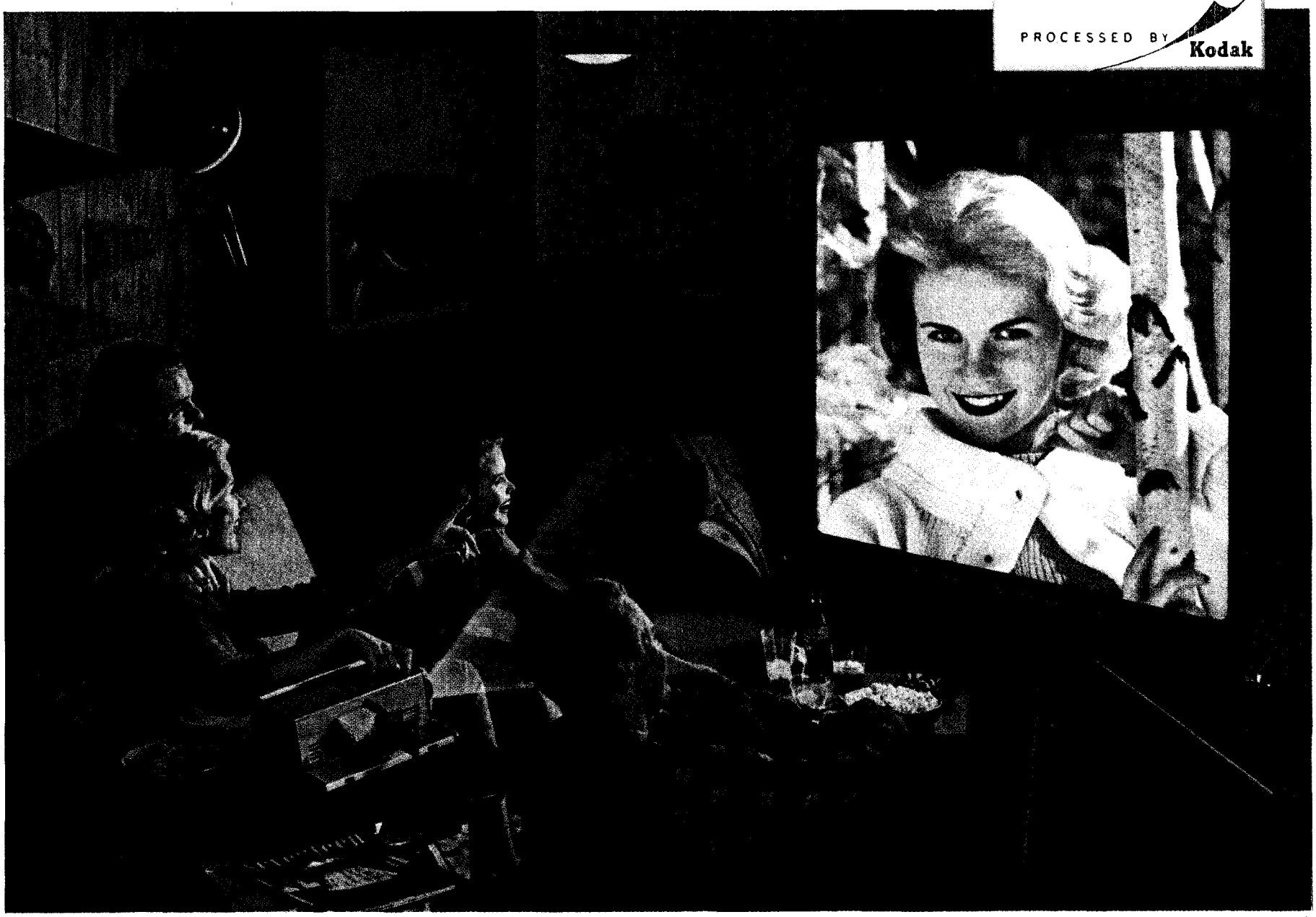

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(*Continued from Page 67*) In May the job was to help break bottlenecks in shipbuilding.

In addition to working with Nelson and the WPB, I was privileged to assist the men running other war agencies: Leon Henderson, and later Chester Bowles, in the Office of Price Administration; Adm. Emory Land, the peppery, driving sailor in the Maritime Commission; Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air; Robert Patterson, Under Secretary of War, and James Forrestal, Under Secretary of the Navy.

By the end of 1942 we had launched our first invasion, in North Africa, and the armed forces were beginning their big build-up. But the war-production program was still not operating in high gear. I saw the growing struggle between military and civilian agencies. The armed forces were concerned with getting whatever they needed to fight the war. The WPB had to meet the needs not only of the armed forces but of the civilian population and the Allies as well. Patterson insisted that the Army's needs were not being met; Nelson that the Army was demanding more than it required.

I tried to act as mediator, and early in their quarrel I did manage to bring them together. But this was only a temporary truce; the Army had come to feel that Nelson was hostile and had to be replaced. The struggle was coming to a head in the first weeks of 1943. Not only was the Army at odds with the War Production Board, but the WPB itself was riven by dissension between supposedly pro-Army and anti-Army factions.

A small town is one where the favorite news commentator works for the phone company.

PHIL H. TUSETH

Early in February, 1943, James Byrnes, then serving as Director of Economic Stabilization, called on me at my hotel and, without any prior notice or warning, handed me a letter signed by the President, asking me to accept the chairmanship of the WPB. The letter read in part:

> I know that you have preferred to serve in an advisory capacity and have benn [sic] disinclined to accept an appointment that would require you to devote all your time to an administrative position. However, I deem it wise to make a change in the direction of war production, and I am coming back to the elder statesman for assistance. I want to appoint you as Chairman of the War Production Board with power to direct the activities of the organization. . . .

The President's proposal came as a complete surprise to me. "I can't answer you now," I told Byrnes. "I'm going to New York tonight. I'll give you my answer tomorrow."

I told him I would have to consult my doctor, to see if I could undertake a job that was already wearing out Nelson physically. I also wanted to talk with John Hancock, and find out whether I could count on his help if I took the position. Hancock and I had been friends and associates since the First World War. If I took the WPB job, I wanted him at my right hand.

On my way home in the train that night I began to feel feverish. When I arrived home, I sent for the doctor, who put me to bed. I was rather sick for several days, although my illness proved to be nothing serious. Within a week I was ready to return to Washington. By this time I had decided that I was dutybound to take the WPB job. John Hancock had agreed to come with me as my deputy.

In Washington I went at once to the White House to advise the President of my acceptance. In the hall outside the President's office I met his aides, Sam Rosenman and Gen. "Pa" Watson. They took me aside hurriedly and said, "The President has changed his mind."

They had no chance to explain further before I was summoned to the President's office. As I walked in my mind was turning over rapidly. I understood what Rosenman and Watson meant: The President was withdrawing his offer of the WPB chairmanship. But how was I to act? Should I let F.D.R. know that I was aware of his change of heart? Should I make it hard for him—demand an explanation and have it out with him? There flashed through my mind the memory of that painful episode when the President had withdrawn his promise to appoint Louis Johnson Secretary of War, and of how I had kicked Johnson's leg to keep him from losing his temper. As I entered F.D.R.'s office I knew that I was not going to lose mine.

The President leaned back in his chair and puffed on a cigarette stuck in an uptilted holder. He greeted me in his customary genial fashion, showing no sign of embarrassment.

"Mr. President, I'm here to report for duty," I said.

My salutation went unacknowledged. It was as though he had not heard me speak.

"Let me tell you about Ibn-Saud, Bernie," he said, and he launched into some general observations about that Middle Eastern monarch. Then he interrupted himself. "Forgive me, I have to go to a cabinet meeting," he said, and rolled off in his wheel chair.

That was the end of it; neither he nor I ever mentioned the WPB chairmanship, then or later. At the time I had the feeling that Byrnes was angry because I had not forced the issue with the President. But the post was not mine to have by arguing. A quarrel would have been productive of discord and recrimination, and might have made it impossible for me to continue doing what I had been trying to do to help the war effort. I did not intend to let personal feelings stand in the way of any service I could render.

Why had F.D.R. changed his mind? I soon learned the answer. While I had been ill in New York, Nelson heard of the President's decision to replace him, despite Byrnes' efforts to keep it secret. Nelson went to Harry Hopkins, the President's right-hand man, and Hopkins persuaded F.D.R. to keep Nelson in office. He stayed another eighteen months but WPB's conflict with the Army did not abate. Finally the President sent Nelson on a mission to China, and replaced him in WPB with Julius Krug.

As the third year of the war unfolded, it became increasingly evident that the President was badly in need of a rest. In the winter of 1944 he developed a persistent cough. Several press conferences had to be canceled, and rumors began circulating about his health. The President's doctors urged him to take a vacation in a warm climate—Guantánamo Bay was mentioned. When I learned of this, I offered him my South Carolina plantation, Hobcaw, as a retreat.

The President enjoyed more rest at Hobcaw than he had in years. He fished and cruised the Pee Dee and Waccamaw rivers, visited some of the show-place gardens in the area, and slept ten to twelve hours a night. Intending to stay only two weeks, he enjoyed his visit so much that he extended it to a month. (*Continued on Page 73*)

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CONTINUED—PLEASE LIFT FLAP ▶

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(*Continued from Page 69*) The President was, of course, in daily contact with the progress of the war. I spent many hours with him during that sojourn, though I left for Washington or New York whenever he had important visitors. On those warm April days, only a year from the end of Roosevelt's life, I felt that our friendship was closer than it had ever been.

On his return from Hobcaw, F.D.R. looked rested and tanned, but he was tiring, and functioned best early in the day. Now he was faced not only with the climactic phases of the war but also with the 1944 Presidential election. In 1940 F.D.R. had had doubts for a while whether he ought to seek still another term, but in 1944 there was no doubt in his mind at all; he was determined to finish the job of war and to help in the peacemaking.

The long-awaited invasion of the continent took place shortly before the nominating conventions. By the time Roosevelt and Truman had defeated Thomas Dewey and John Bricker, the Allied forces were striking toward the German heartland, while the Russians were crushing the Nazis in the East. The end of the war in Europe was visible; the Allies were preparing for the Yalta conference.

On January twenty-first, the day before his departure for the Crimea, I had a meeting with the President. In discussing his impending conference with Churchill and Stalin, he was as usual throwing out ideas and seeking reactions to them. One idea he discussed with me was the creation of a United States of Europe—a federal union which, he thought, might answer many of Europe's political and economic problems. He asked my opinion. I felt that there were far too many barriers to such a union, and that our best prospects lay in an international organization designed to maintain world order.

Before I went in to see the President that day I had scribbled down some of my hopes and fears over the impending conference, which I felt could be decisive to the future peace of the world. I gave the President this letter, which read in part: "The Bible and history are filled with missions upon which countless men have set forth to help their fellow men. Never has one been fraught with such possibilities as the one upon which you are about to embark."

The letter went on to recall Wilson's tragic failure in the peacemaking of 1919, and to underscore the urgency of heeding the lessons of experience. "We can learn from the mistakes of the past," I wrote. "Your mission must succeed. Above all go my hopes and prayers for all who look to you, and I know you will not fail them."

As the President read the letter I could see that he was deeply affected. He said that he wanted to keep the letter and have "Pa" Watson read it to him before he went into a conference. He said he was counting on me to help him solve some of the economic problems of the peace, and explained that he was not taking me to Yalta because these problems would not be discussed there. "Mr. President," I said, "you don't have to make any explanation to me."

I went on to urge him to accept no proposal and to make no agreement until every precaution against misunderstanding had been taken. The President nodded. "And remember," I said, putting my arm on his shoulder—the only time, I believe, I ever permitted myself this familiarity—"wherever you sit is the head of the table."

Whether he was moved by my affectionate words and gesture, or was suddenly overcome by realization of the trials that lay ahead, I do not know—but, as I finished speaking, I saw tears well up in the President's eyes. He dropped his head on his chest to hide them, and sat thus for a long moment. Then, regaining his composure, he thanked me again and said good-by.

I have never subscribed to the thesis that America was sold out to the Russians at the Yalta conference, or that Stalin pulled the wool over the eyes of a failing President. If Russia had kept the pledges she made at Yalta, the alliance which had won the war would have been able to devise a just peace.

Shortly after the President returned from Yalta I was asked to undertake a mission to London for him. The immediate origin of this assignment was a visit from Harry Hopkins, who talked rather vaguely of difficulties the President was having with Winston Churchill. Hopkins complained that neither he nor Ambassador John Winant had been able to get anywhere with the Prime Minister. Because of my close friendship with Churchill, the President wanted me to go over and confer with him.

A few days later the President called me in. Our appointment was in the afternoon, and he appeared very tired. I could not elicit any detailed instructions from him; I had the impression he was almost too weary to make decisions. I remember one point he wished me to raise in London—that it would be a grand gesture if the British restored Hong Kong to China. I told him that I disagreed, but that I would of course, convey his message.

Before departing I undertook a round of briefing sessions. Among those I conferred with were Secretary of State Edward Stettinius and his aides, Adolf Berle, Will Clayton and Dean Acheson; General Arnold, and Admirals Leahy and King. Stettinius and Acheson advised me on the state of negotiations relating to UNESCO. Clayton filled me in on British applications for loans. Admiral King asked me to sound out the British on American retention of naval bases in the Pacific. General Arnold was concerned to maintain the network of air bases that we and the British had built around the world. On March twenty-eighth I left for England in the President's plane, the *Sacred Cow*.

After a night's sleep in my London hotel, I rode with Churchill to Chequers, the Prime Minister's country home. As we drove through the English countryside, Churchill talked with admiration about the President, of whom he was very fond. To a great extent the Anglo-American alliance was based on the personal relationship which existed between Churchill and Roosevelt. In a way, the ride to Chequers illustrates how such personal relations can often accomplish what formal representations cannot.

"What's all this talk about the boys having difficulties with you?" I asked, referring to UNESCO, one of the subjects over which Washington was having trouble with the Prime Minister. Churchill explained that he didn't think such an organization as UNESCO would be effective.

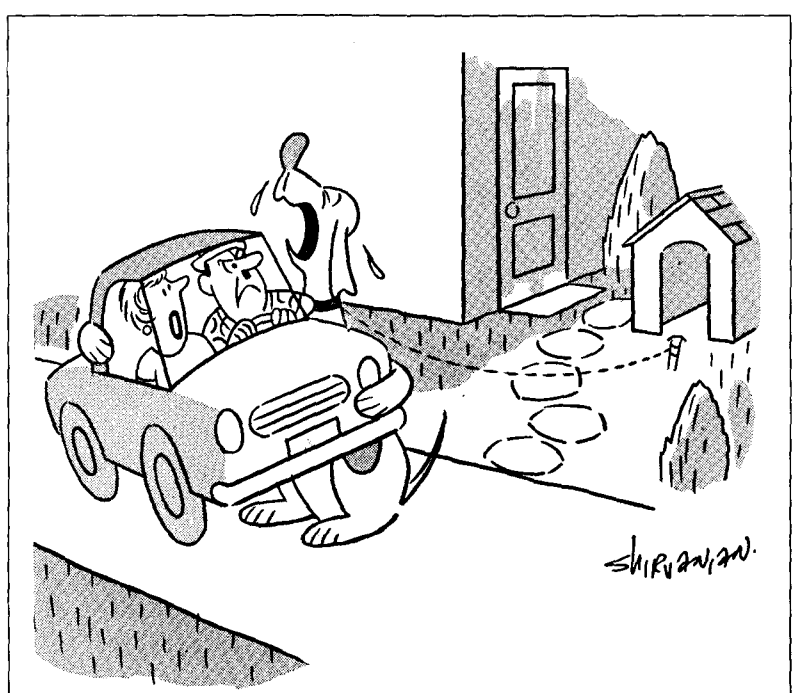
"Will it do any harm?" I asked.

"No," he acknowledged, "but it won't do any good."

"Well, if it won't do any harm," I said, "why not give the President what he wants?" By the time we reached Chequers Churchill had agreed to support the UNESCO plans. But when I raised the question of ceding Hong Kong back to China, as the President had directed me to do, Churchill's silence was more eloquent than anything he might have said.

The following days were filled with conversations with Churchill. I spent two weekends with him at Chequers; in addition, he arranged for me to attend several Cabinet sessions at No. 10 Downing Street, and to confer with members of his government.

Among those I saw were Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, Deputy Prime Minister Clement Attlee and Sir John Anderson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Labor Party leaders, Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin; the influential lords of the press, Camrose, Kemsley and Beaverbrook; leading bankers and industrialists; and Churchill's army, air and navy staffs.



"Oh, let's take him along."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The major subject of these conversations was Britain's economic future and the question of American financial aid. I found almost everyone bemoaning England's economic outlook and fearing the worst when the war should end. This pessimism, it seemed to me, threatened to rob Britons of their native self-reliance.

I knew, of course, that Britain would need financial assistance to make the transition to peace, and I believed the United States should give it. But I did not believe that America was required to provide massive financial gifts; I thought it would be sufficient to provide what I called a "cylinder-head loan."

"You know," I said to Churchill, "in the old days when you used to crank an automobile, if it didn't start you would put a little gasoline in the cylinder and it would fire up. That's what you need to start your economic machine." This analogy struck Churchill's imagination, and later he quoted it to leaders of the Commonwealth in reminding them that Britain might not need as much help as some anticipated.

But Churchill's view was not the prevailing one in Whitehall. There was strong sentiment there that the United States should provide financial assistance on a major scale.

One of my discussions on this subject took place in the underground dining room at No. 10 Downing Street, where Churchill put me figuratively into the ring with his Cabinet. When I asked Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, how much money England wanted from us, he replied, "I just can't say." Churchill broke in. "If you don't tell our friends what you want and why, how can you expect them to help us?"

It developed that John Maynard Keynes and the Bank of England officials wanted between $5,000,000,000 and $8,000,000,000, as a loan if necessary, but preferably as a gift. When I pointed out that the United States, rich as it was, could not go about distributing such sums, Lord Keynes spoke up. "What we need is some kind of a brain wave, like Lend-Lease," he said airily.

According to Ambassador Winant, the effect of my talks with the British was beneficial. He felt that I had helped dispel some of the gloom in financial and official circles. As a result, the Churchill government was prepared to do more for itself and ask less of us. Unfortunately this attitude of self-restraint was not followed by the successor government.

On April twelfth, a Thursday, I sent a cable to the President telling him that I would be arriving home on Saturday. I do not know whether this message ever reached him. That night I attended a dinner with Churchill. It was a gay occasion with much toasting of the bright future. After it was over I returned to my rooms at Claridge's. Sam Rosenman, who was in London making preparations for the Nuremberg trials, was also staying there and stopped by to chat for a few minutes. After he left, the telephone rang. It was Brendan Bracken, the British Minister of Information.

"Have you heard about the President?" he asked, his voice hushed and trembling.

"No. What's happened?" I asked.

"He's dead."

When I recovered from the initial shock, I sent for Rosenman and told him the terrible news. From the radio

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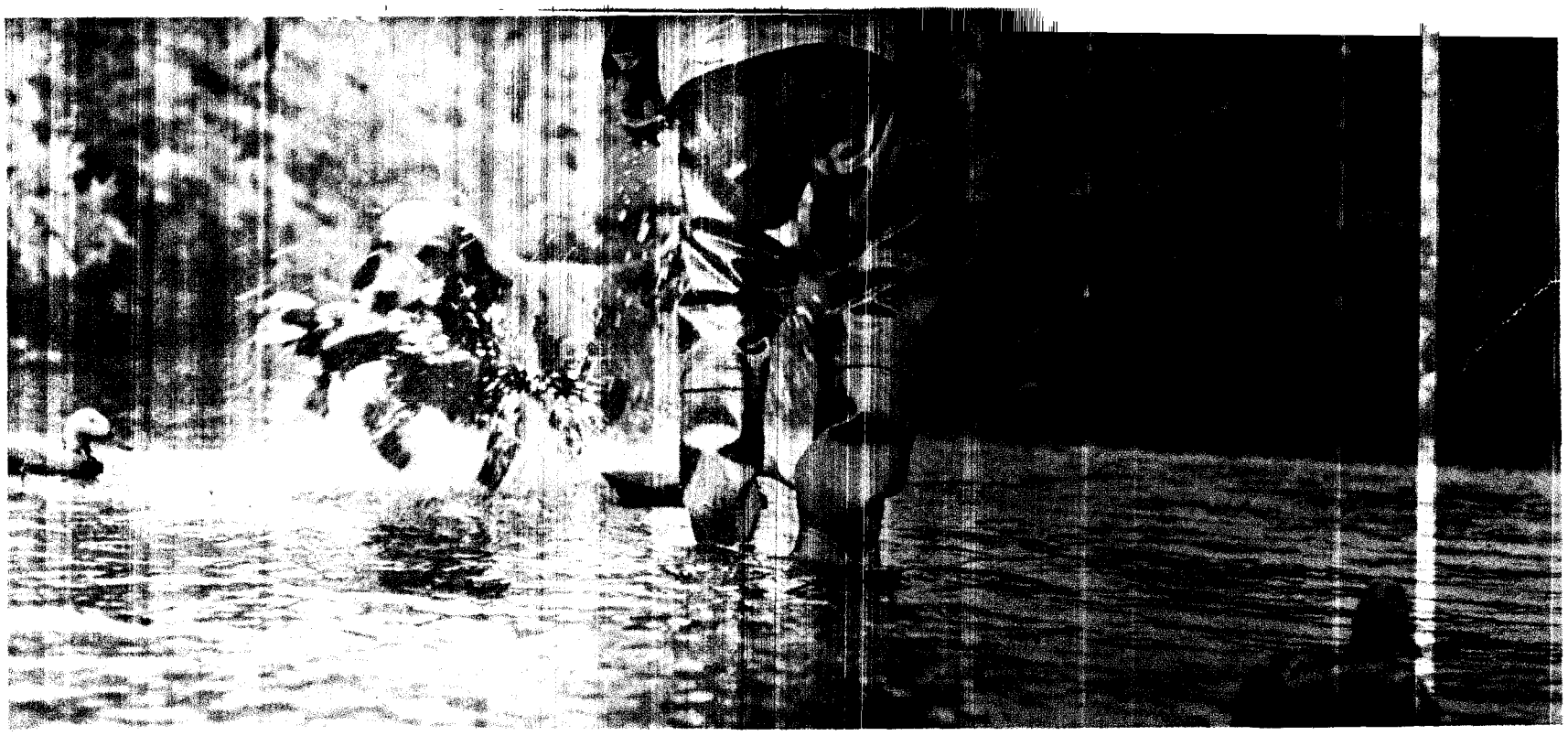

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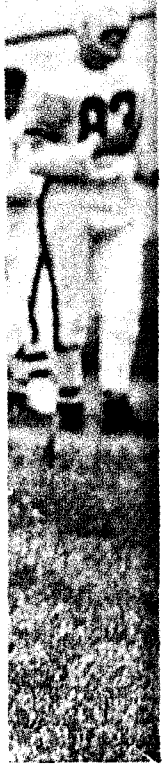

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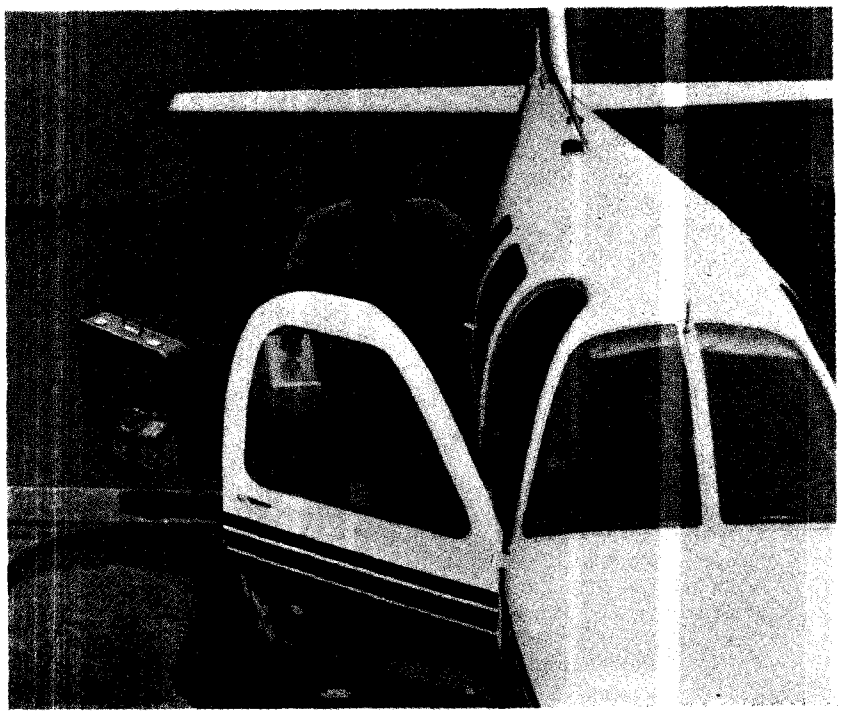

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we learned some of the details. The President had been at Warm Springs when he suddenly collapsed. "I have a terrific headache," he said as he lost consciousness. He died a few hours later.

Rosenman decided to return home with me the next day. Elliott Roosevelt, one of the President's sons, was in London; so was Ed Flynn, an old friend and political ally of F.D.R. I asked them to fly back with us in the *Sacred Cow*.

Meanwhile Churchill called; he was deeply grieved. "Do you think I ought to go to Washington?" he asked.

"No, Winston," I replied, "I think you ought to stay here on the job."

"Come by and see me before you leave tomorrow," he said.

He was still in bed when I went in to see him the next morning; he looked greatly upset. "Do you think I ought to go?" he asked again. When I reiterated my opinion that he ought to remain at the helm in London, he reluctantly agreed.

At noon we took off on the long gloomy flight to Washington. None of us felt much like talking. We were all occupied with our own thoughts and memories of the President. I recalled once again the first time I met him, in Albany in 1911, when as a state senator he was attracting attention by his audacious attack on Tammany. He was young and somewhat haughty then, but one could sense his determination and confidence. I thought of him in Washington during World War I, pushing the Navy's cause with energy—too much energy to the taste of some who dealt with him.

Even with his legs paralyzed, F.D.R. gave an impression of vigor and motion. A man's character can be measured by his reaction to adversity, and no one can fail to be moved by the courage with which Roosevelt faced his personal ordeal. I remembered the admiration which I felt, along with everyone at the Democratic convention of 1924, as he swung on crutches up to the podium to make his "Happy Warrior" speech for Al Smith.

I never heard him complain about his handicap; he mentioned his legs only once in my presence, and then jokingly. I had come to see him at his house in New York. As I came up in the elevator F.D.R. greeted me cheerfully. "Well, you see, Bernie, with these elevators and things a man doesn't need legs."

Random memories such as these flowed through my mind as we winged home to the funeral. I recalled a Christmas Day when Roosevelt sat listening dutifully while his mother gave him a vigorous lecture against the soldiers' bonus. As she turned away he winked at me. She spun around to shake a warning finger at him, saying, "And Franklin, don't you wink at Mr. Baruch!"

He was devoted to his mother, as she was to him. One day I was with him in his office discussing the German attack on the destroyer *Greer* when the telephone rang. He picked it up, and his face went grave. He said, "Yes. Yes. Yes." When he put down the phone, he said to me, "That was ma's physician. She's very sick. But I don't think I can go up to Hyde Park until her birthday. I've got to attend to this matter of the *Greer*."

"Mr. President," I said, "I am a much older man than you, but I have never ceased regretting the days I could have spent with my mother and didn't. You can just as well handle this matter from Hyde Park."

He didn't say a word, but pushed a button on his desk. General Watson came in, and the President said, "Pa, get the train ready. I'm going to see ma tonight." He got there just in time for her to recognize him in her last moments. Several times later he referred to this incident, saying, "Bernie, I'll never forget your making me go up to see ma."

Now that the President himself was dead, I remembered with particular force his zest for living. He used to enjoy the pleasures of the "children's hour," with its ritual of cocktail-making, and the convivial conversation of his friends. He enjoyed betting on horse races, and enjoyed winning his bets even more. His good cheer was unfailing. I recalled many of the amusing messages he had sent me, such as the one I received when I turned seventy-three. "Keep right at it," he wired. "Someday you will grow up."

Thinking back across the years, I recalled the times we had been annoyed and angry with each other—the times we had fought and argued—as over the Senate purge, and SPAB. But no disagreement over public issues could impair my affection for F.D.R. or sever our friendship.

Franklin Roosevelt's place in the front rank of history's great men is assured. To have been elected four times to the Presidency; to have instituted a series of far-reaching social and economic reforms; to have led the nation through a shattering domestic crisis, and then through a terrible war; to have set up a framework on which a durable peace might have been built—this is only part of the record of greatness he wrote.

What were the qualities which enabled him to meet and make so many great occasions? For one thing, he had courage; adversity never fazed him. He had confidence in himself and faith in the causes he championed; he had vision and imagination.

Whatever his defects and errors, Roosevelt believed deeply in the ideas and ideals of democracy. Because he dedicated himself to helping men realize these ideals—and because he succeeded in such great measure—his place in history and in the memory of the people will endure.

This is the second of three articles taken from *Baruch: The Public Years*, the second volume of Mr. Baruch's autobiography, to be published next week by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc. The final article of this series will appear next week. —THE EDITORS

Timber Thieves (Continued from Page 31)

"Why?" Ben said. "Why do people do that sort of thing?" Instantly he wished that he had not said it. It was a boy's question, and the need out of which he had asked it was not a man's need.

His father glanced at him sharply, briefly, but he did not answer, not in words. And his eyes reached into Ben's, searching, finding the secret of uncertainty within him; then he looked away, out the window to the north where the fields climbed away into the distance.

He had not shaved yet this morning, and the gray mingled with the black of his beard was like frost on his face. His eyes were wistful an instant as he looked out over the land, or perhaps Ben imagined it, for when he spoke the look was like frost on his face. His eyes were wistful an instant as he looked out over the land, or perhaps Ben imagined it, for certainly when he spoke the look was gone.

"I never asked them," he said, his voice deep in his chest. "I had an idea they wouldn't know. But I know what stops them." He looked back at Ben, his eyes empty of all fatherly kindness. "I know what stops them. A man." The edge of anger in his voice was unmistakable.

Ben got up and stepped close to the fire as if to warm, keeping his back turned to his father, unable to face him, the memory of his twenty-one years a moving picture hung upon the map of earth, a picture made up of fields and crops and changing seasons and the hard work they had shared, he and his father in the fields. And his father's strength was a kind of boundary that encircled all Ben's years. And his father's words were the center of time. But now. . . .

Suddenly he walked out, going through the dining room into the kitchen, resentment shaping the thought that moved in his mind, *He has no cause. I never in my life did anything against what he said.*

He found a cup and filled it with black coffee from the old pot that simmered on the stove and sipped it, thinking.

True, things had not gone the same in the year since his father had given him the land, but he had been in school, and a person could not be in two places at the same time. And the things that had irritated his father in that year—the road crews piling brush cut from the roadside onto the pasture fences, people from town starting a refuse dump by the road on one edge of the place—these were little things, Ben thought, but his father's pride in the looks of the land had made them unbearable. So Ben had come home on weekends and removed the brush and the refuse, and he had put up signs. But he had not spoken to the people who were responsible.

Then there was the matter of the rent. That first year after his father had given him the land he had rented the cropland to Dill Cabiness, entering into a share-of-the-crop rental agreement that was customary thereabouts instead of a fixed cash rent. And last fall Dill Cabiness had paid his rent.

But the way he had paid it was strange and unbusinesslike. For he had not presented an account of the crops he had produced nor any receipts for any sales of crops. Instead, one weekend when Ben was at home, Dill's twelve-year-old boy had walked barefooted over to the Hawkins place and, finding Ben by himself out near the barn, the boy, whose name was Lube, had reached a bony hand down into his overalls pocket and pulled out a roll of bills and handed them to Ben, saying, "Pa said tell you here's your rent."

Ben had known then what he should have done. He should have gone immediately to Dill Cabiness and looked him in the face and got that matter straight. He had not, however, reasoning instead that he had no way of knowing that the rent was not right, that records were after all no better than the word of the man who kept them, and as well accept the one as the other. But the final proof that he did not himself accept his own argument was that he could not tell his father what had happened. So his father did not know about that, he thought. And this year Ben had rented the land to another man.

Ben's mother came into the kitchen, went over to the sink and started running water onto the dishes.

He stood with his back to her, seeing her nevertheless as she was, girlish of figure, small. And her hair that had been auburn, now almost totally gray, would be drawn back in a ball behind her head. Her face evidenced the sixty years that she frankly admitted. But her eyes, her brown eyes reflected the spirit of sixteen, the spirit of hope and of expectation.

"Mother," he said. "Mother, what's wrong between me and dad?"

She had turned off the water and was starting to wash the plates. "He sent for you because of the timber," she said.

"No, mother," he said. "It's more than that. It's like I'd disappointed him in his pride, and he wants me to prove to him he's wrong."

"He wants to know you're a man, son, so he can admit to himself he's getting old, if that makes sense. He's heard what Dill Cabiness has said, how he beat you out of a hundred dollars of your rent."

"What?" Ben set his cup down on the edge of the stove and whirled to look at her, seeing her calm back, her hands moving methodically into and out of the dishwater, stacking the dishes on the drain.

"He heard about it, son," she said, "and that's what he keeps talking about. He keeps saying, 'Ben didn't do anything about it. Ben didn't do anything about it,' like he can't believe it."

"So that's it," Ben said. It was the first he knew of the hundred dollars, but the possibility of it he certainly had known. He walked slowly back into the living room and sat down beside his father. After a moment he spoke.

"What's the man's name?" he said.

"Which one?"

"The sawmill man."

"Gunnar Doss," he said.

"I don't believe I ever heard of him."

"He ain't from around here. Comes from up about Hayneville, they say."

"What's he like?" Ben said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, two things," Ben said. "What does he look like, first."

"Big," he said, "and thick. A blond-headed fellow, red in the face."

"How bad could he be?"

His father looked into the fire, thinking. He was not a big man, not in size. And Ben knew that he had got along in the world by knowing in advance what to expect of men, and, yes, something else that Ben was beginning to know, what was of equal importance, by letting other men know what to expect of him.

He brought his hands in front of him, leaned forward and seemed to be warming his palms. His voice was low when he answered. "He could be bad," he said, and he did not look at Ben.

"How much have they cut?" Ben said. *(Continued on Page 76)*

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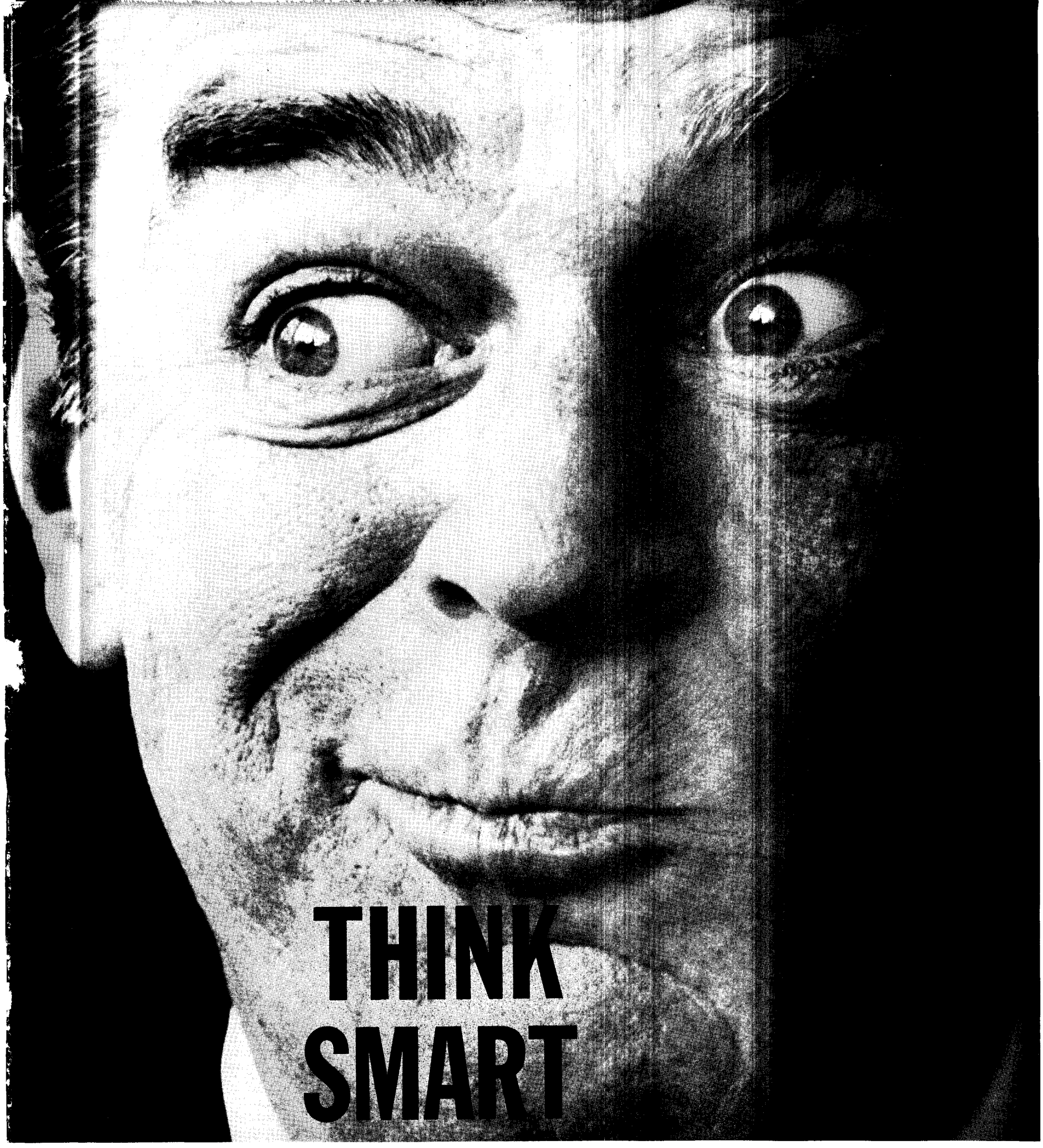

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(*Continued from Page 74*) "Ten trees. I was down there right after they started." He rubbed his hands together and stuck them into his coat pockets. "I told them to stop till you got home, you'd be home today. Told them it was your land and you'd be here. They ain't cut none since."

"Have they moved the logs they cut?" Ben said.

"No," he said, "they ain't."

So it was clear, Ben thought. Perfectly clear. With a few words his father had stopped them, could easily have stopped them permanently if he had chosen.

"Tell me, dad," he said. "Tell me two things."

His father looked at him. "All right," he said.

"Why didn't you stop them?" Ben said. "And why did you give me your land except the house and a hundred acres by it? I want an education. I didn't want you to give me the land."

It was true, he thought. He didn't want to own the land, or rather had not ever thought of owning it or not owning it. And when at his last birthday his father had given him the deed, he still had not thought about it.

It was still his father's land. It was his father who had grown up with nothing, share-cropping on other people's land, his father who had paid with his work for the thousand acres that he had. The deed was a piece of paper, but the ownership of the land was a fact, and removing from him that ownership was to Ben like restricting the boundaries of the man his father was, or, more terrible than this, admitting his mortality.

His father looked at him. "You don't want the land?" he said.

"Dad, it's not that I don't care about the land," Ben said. "I loved it without owning it."

"But I want you to want it," his father said. "While I'm still around, I want to see you feel what it means to want it, because that's the only way anything worthwhile can ever belong to you. And as to the timber, I didn't stop them because there's one thing yet I want more of a son than to have him want the land I worked for for him."

"Yes, sir," Ben said.

"I want you to make a man's choice. The world is full of older boys who spend their lives afraid to step over the boundary. I want to see you pick up decision in your bare hands. Not that I doubt you will, but I want and need to know it."

"All right," Ben said.

He got up and went out into the hallway, closing the door behind him. On a rack made of two forked limbs nailed high against the wall rested a twenty-gauge shotgun and a .30-caliber rifle. He looked at them and then left them there. He walked out the front way and down the steps.

A door opened behind him, and he felt his mother looking at his back. He knew she would ask him.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"About what?"

"You know about what," she said.

"Well, I don't know what I'm going to do," he said. He walked slowly away from the house.

Out across the road the woods began, the pine trees thick and tall. There was something in the trees that he needed. He did not know what it was, only that when he was among them he had it, and when he was away it was gone. It was something to do with rest and peace and strength, something that came from the sturdiness of the trunks and the breathing of the wind and the odor of the curing straw—and the great length of time that it took for the trees to be there.

But today he did not look at the trees. He crossed the road and walked out a trail that the cows made on their way to and from the barn.

He did not walk fast. Something in him told him not to go at all. Something stronger forced his feet along.

Beyond an old field the big timber stood thick on the slope. He walked among the trees, going quickly down the hill toward the line, toward the place where the trees had been cut, and where he would wait—wait for whoever should come. Then they would see. Just what they would see he did not know. About the timber he was still more confused than angered.

Then he passed the last trees that stood between him and a clear view ahead, and with a sudden stomach-sickening clarity he saw what had been done.

An acre of the ground that had been like a park in its perfection, tree-roofed and straw-carpeted, was stripped utterly. The big trees that had stood on it were down, the overhead looking naked where their domes had been, the tops now crashed together in green, broken heaps, and the big logs cut into lengths and scattered upon the ground. And the smaller trees were cut into lengths of pulp. Even the small seedlings were destroyed, smashed by the falling tops or axed to the ground by careless hands of men who did not love the land. And along the edge of the mangled green, like an open expression of contempt, ran a new, carelessly constructed barbed-wire fence.

Then he saw the man—a big man wearing a hat—thick-set and red-faced. So he knew it was he. It was Gunnar Doss.

He was standing leaned against a tree, his hat pushed back on his head, a big knife in his hand, and he was whittling slowly on a long, heavy stick.

He's waiting for me, Ben knew. Fear moved across his stomach and stayed there. What he did, he made himself do.

He walked straight toward Doss. Doss heard him, looked at him, then glanced behind him before he looked back at the stick and went on whittling.

There was another man standing farther back where Doss had looked, half in shadow. He moved. The early-morning sunlight shone for an instant full upon his face, and Ben recognized the heavy features, flaxen hair and sallow complexion of Dill Cabiness.

So Doss has a knife, Ben thought, *and a club, and he still needs Dill Cabiness, like Dill needs him, neither one of them willing to face it alone. Dill didn't hide too well either, so I know they planned for him to be seen.* "Bluffing," he said aloud. His fear had left him, and he was cool.

He came to the fence. It was made of green posts and old, rusty wire. It was a two-strand fence, the top strand hip high to Ben. He glanced down the wire. It zigzagged out among the trees.

He set his foot on the top strand next to a post and let his weight down. The nail that held it gave. The wire came down to the next strand, and both strands snapped in two beneath his foot. He walked on toward Doss.

Doss had stopped whittling and was looking at him. When Ben stopped in front of him, he stood up straight, and he held the knife as if it just happened to be there.

"Good morning," Ben said. "Maybe you can explain something to me." He did not wait for a reply, but turned around and walked back the way he had come. "Come up here," he said, going back to the fence, hearing Doss come after him.

"Who built this?" he said.

"What about it?" Doss said.

"I asked you who built it," Ben said.

"Look," Doss said, "if you've come down here about this timber, you can tell me your name."

"When you come on my land," Ben said, "you can tell me yours first." He sounded very polite.

"I ain't on your land," Doss said. "The fence is the line. We had it run."

"What right had you," Ben said, "to run my lines? The ones I have suit me, and we'll leave all of them where they are. And as for the fence, look at it. Tell me, Mr. Doss, did you ever see a crooked land line? Well, did you?"

"I didn't build the fence," he said. "Mr. Cabiness did that."

"You mean Dill?" Ben said.

"Yeah," he said.

Ben raised his voice when he spoke, and his anger suddenly was laid bare in his words. "Dill's hiding down there in the brush," he said, "as you well know. If he thinks he's not a thief, let him come up here and argue the point for himself. I wish he would. He's played you for quite a fool, hasn't he, Mr. Doss?"

A startled look crossed Doss's face. "I don't think so," he said, "but I think you've said about enough."

His hand was in his pocket—with the knife. And he still held the club. He glanced back toward where Dill was, as if expecting him to appear. And for an instant he did, his back turned, going rapidly away among the trees.

"I didn't have much left to say," Ben said. "I really came down here to get one thing straight. You've already cut some of my timber. Don't cut any more."

"I bought the timber," Doss said, "and I intend to cut it."

"No," Ben said, "you are not."

"And if I do?"

Ben looked at him, and when he spoke he knew that what he said was true, and it was a truth that he had not ever known before. "If you're asking me what I'll do about it," he said, "I'll do anything—anything I have to."

Doss knew it was true too. His hand came out of his pocket—empty, and he leaned the club against the fence.

"I'm in the lumber business," he said, "for what's in it in the way of money. Tell you what I'll do."

"Tell me."

"If I can get Cabiness to give me my money back, I'll agree not to cut it."

"Whether he gives you the money back is between you and him," Ben said. "Don't cut any more, and don't move what you've already cut."

"Well, what do you aim to do with all these good logs?" Doss said.

"Let them rot," he said. "Let them lie here and rot. I want people to see them. I want people to know what happened. So help me, it won't ever happen again."

He was back at the house in an hour. His mother looked at him. He wasn't hurt, so she didn't ask him anything.

His father was still sitting by the fire as if he had sat there since Ben left. "What happened?" he said.

"Nothing much," Ben said. "I had a talk with Doss. He won't cut any more of the timber."

"How did you do it?" he said.

Then Ben told him. He told him all that had happened—or almost all. He didn't want to worry him.

They sat and they talked. They talked about the question of how people treat you in the world, and his father said, "You have to decide how you're going to have people treat you in the world. With most people you can leave it up to them. But some of them you have to let them know.

"I wonder if you know," he said, "at just what point you licked him—old Doss I mean. Do you know?"

"Why, if I licked him," Ben said, "I guess it was when I told him I'd do anything I had to."

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, no. It wasn't then. I guess you don't really know."

"Well, when?" Ben said. "When do you think it was?"

"Think?" he said. "I know. You licked him when you called his bluff. You licked him when you faced him and his knife."

"But I——" He had started to say it, what he knew for certain was true. He knew. He remembered it. Then he stopped as the meaning of what his father had said became clear. "Well, maybe you're right," he said.

But he was sure. He hadn't wanted to worry his father, and he hadn't told him about the knife. And how else could he have known? There was only one answer: he had been there.

Ben got up. He had to be sure.

"There's just one thing," his father said, "and remember it. You didn't have to risk what you did. Remember it."

Ben nodded and went out. Outside he walked quickly. There were two trails to where the timber had been cut. This time he would take the other trail, and if he was right, there would be fresh tracks in it—his father's tracks.

He had been right. The tracks were there, going both directions, and far apart—the tracks of an athletic man in a hurry to get where he was going.

Ben followed them, going where he knew that they would lead—to a spot within rifle range of where Doss and he had stood.

The spot was concealed by huckleberry bushes and a dead log. He could see the marks of a shoe and a toe and a knee where his father had knelt. Some little branches had been broken from the bush, making a clear view of the fence where he and Doss had stood. And he knew that had the knife moved toward him, it would not have reached his flesh.

He remembered then what he had said to his father. He had said, "Why didn't you stop them?" and "Why did you give me your land?"

Now the memory of what he had said hurt within him. And it came to him suddenly that his mother had been right in what she had said to him in the kitchen, that his father was an old man, faced with the necessity of accepting his old age, nearing his sixty-sixth birthday. But he was a strong man, and Ben had not thought of his age in terms of years, not even when he had given Ben the land.

He had said, "I want you to want it. While I'm still around, I want to see you feel what it means to want it, because that's the only way anything worth-while can ever belong to you."

He knew now what his father had meant. And more he knew—that the earth must be protected by those who love it, for this day he had seen what can happen to it when it is not.

"It *is* my land," he said. "This is my land."

He looked out across the hills. They were something to love. They had received his father's love in a relationship as ancient as civilization itself. And for him to receive the ownership of the land from his father was to achieve unity with what his father was.

"I'll tell him," he said. "I'll go back to the house, and I'll tell him."

THE END

Oops!

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We're sorry about!

May Richstone

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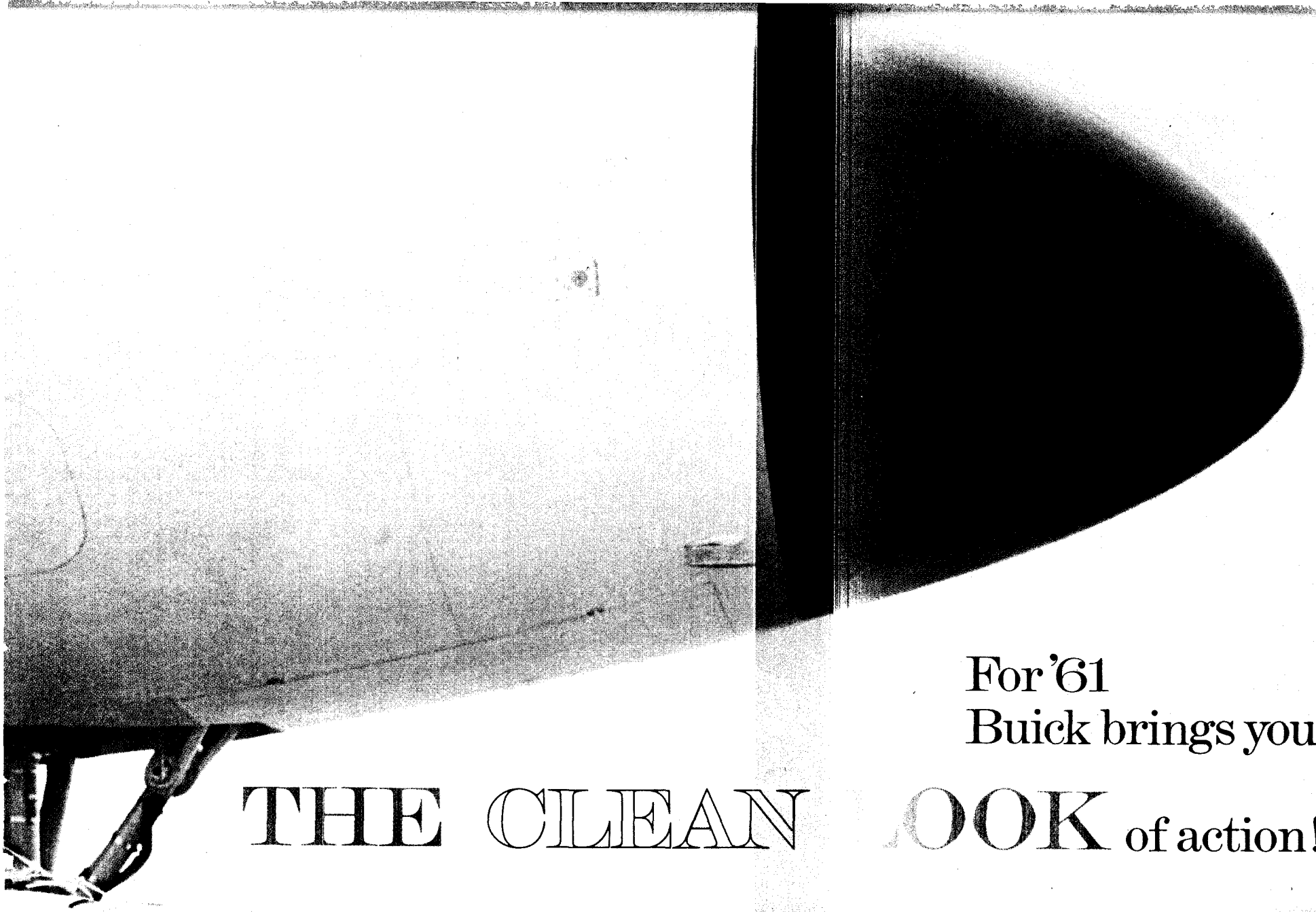

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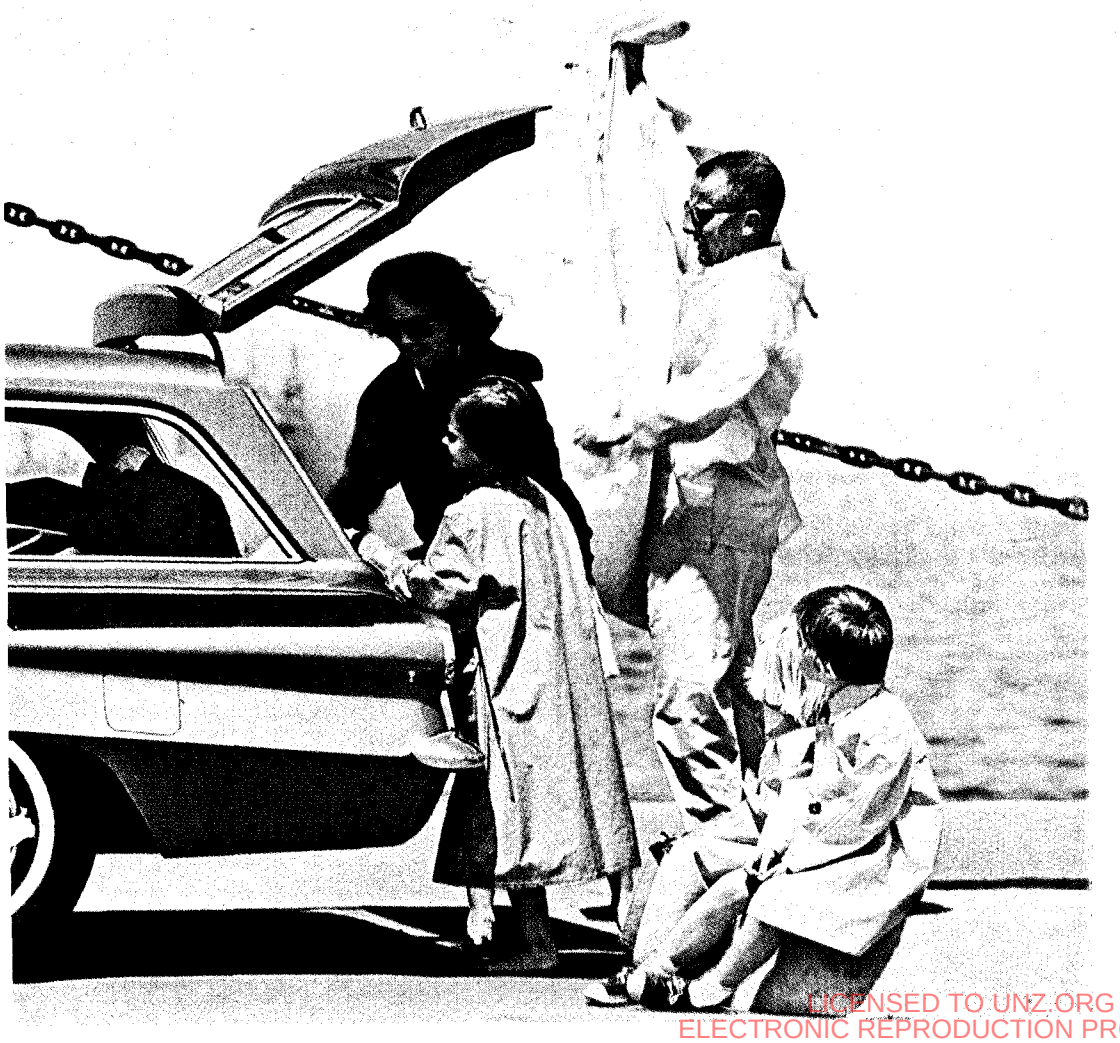

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BUICK MOTOR DIVISION—GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Wrong Kind of Girl (Continued from Page 37)

George Prescott had neither sons nor nephews, nor at seventy was he likely to have any. A month or so before Cameron's visit Prescott had had a "coronary." From his bed in the house on the hilltop he had reorganized his company. Cameron had been moved up; it was his former position as assistant manager which Eddie was to fill.

"You'll be astonished at how much information he has about you," Cameron told him. "He's talked on the telephone with a number of people who know you. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd checked on your ratings at college."

If he had, it was all right with Eddie Alexander. He had worked hard at college and done well. The year of postgraduate study in business had already borne fruit. The Prescott Paper Mill seemed to offer the perfect fruition, from the topmost branch.

In the morning he drove to the mill. Buses were letting off workers, and the cars of executives were parked or being parked in a paved area. The original building had stood there for more than a century, pale-gray granite with old-fashioned, small-paned windows. Recent additions were modernistic, but the architect—or perhaps George Prescott himself—had blended them smoothly in color and design with the old section. Ancient elms edged the driveway, and willows trailed their branches over the riverbank.

Eddie drew a deep breath of the soft air as he walked toward the executive offices. Across the stream he could see the Prescott house, more impressive from this angle, since the white stables and silos were visible on the slope behind it. Someday, he hoped, Edwin Alexander would own a house in those hills, a house with dogs and horses, a wife and children.

He paused to watch a group of young women, laughing and talking, as they moved toward the mill. Sunlight caught on the red-gold hair of one of them, and for an instant the light picked her out from the others. There was an easy grace to her walk. She wore a cotton dress of a pale-lilac color, cheap and a trifle too tight, a bit too short, though her long legs were slender and lovely. She turned her head, and across the intervening strip of grass their eyes met.

Edwin Alexander flushed and continued rapidly to the door. Staring at girls was not a habit of Eddie's.

His first day at the mill absorbed his attention. He stayed late, sitting at his desk after his secretary had gone home, familiarizing himself with details. His was the only car in the parking area when he came out, and he headed toward the town.

When she put out her thumb, standing in the road ahead, Eddie automatically stopped before he recognized her.

"Gee, thanks a million!" she said, in a husky contralto voice. "I missed the last bus." She climbed in beside him and smiled. "How crazy can a girl get? I was watching a squirrel storing a bunch of nuts somebody dropped."

How crazy can a man get? thought Eddie. He knew nothing about the social barriers in Prescottville, but he doubted whether the mill executives made a habit of giving lifts to the mill girls.

"Gum?" she was asking, holding out a package.

"No, thanks," said Eddie.

She was looking at him, interestedly. "You're the new assistant manager, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Think you're going to like it here?"

"I think so," he answered.

She had an engaging smile. "It'll be a cinch for you to get in with the country-club set," she informed him. "You married?"

"No."

Her gray eyes glinted. "Better watch your step," she advised. "There's more single girls than boys in this town."

"I'll make a note of it," he said.

She unwrapped another piece of gum and popped it into her mouth. "I could tell you a lot of notes to make," she said.

"Yes?" said Eddie.

"Yes," she repeated. "Kilts Cameron isn't Scotch for laughs. We've had three plugged drains in the girls' washroom for weeks, and while I don't speak from personal experience, I'm told that the boys' room is worse."

"So?" said Eddie. He looked at her and wished that he hadn't. She was disturbingly pretty.

"Take a letter!" she said. "You could make another note that there are a couple of boys in the drying room who in my opinion are sharpening their augers."

"I beg your pardon?" said Eddie.

"Do I have the wrong word? I'm no carpenter. Those things to make holes. Some people call it boring from within."

Eddie looked at her again. There was intelligence in her silver-gray eyes. It occurred to him that he might get some useful information from her. An assistant general manager could not know too much about his company.

"How long have you worked at the mill?" he asked.

"Only this summer. But I see things."

They were approaching the town. "Do you have to go straight home?" he asked. "I'd like to hear more of your views."

Her intelligent eyes were mischievous as she studied his face. "There's a Dine-and-Dance on the other side of town," she said. Something of his reaction must have showed in his face, because she added, "You won't run into anyone you know there."

Eddie drove to the Dine-and-Dance. Her name, she said, was Hope Thompson. When he told her his, she said, "Hi, Eddie!" and he had simultaneously a sinking sensation and a floating one.

Hope Thompson accepted a cocktail, refused a second. He had brought her here to talk about the mill, and she was not only able but willing to discuss it. Eddie was impressed by the astuteness of her observations and criticisms. They also dined and danced. The food was not remarkable, but the dancing was the best that Edwin Alexander had ever experienced, and he told her so.

Her eyes crinkled. "Fast operator?" she inquired.

"No," he denied. He was no operator at all, in the sense she had meant. The only reason he had brought her here was a business one. He was wondering how he could explain that to her tactfully when the orchestra started again, and instead of explaining anything, he asked, "Dance?"

It was nearly midnight when he drove her home.

"I was kidding about the drains," she said. "I may be dumb, but I know that isn't part of your job."

"I don't see why it isn't," he retorted. "My idea of a general manager—" he corrected himself "—of an assistant general manager is that anything that concerns the mill is his job."

"You take your work serious, huh?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I'm hoping to stay here for the rest of my life."

Her eyes slanted to his face, but she did not speak until she said, "Here's where I live." He stopped outside a shabby frame house. "Thanks for a swell time, Mr. Alexander," she said and got out.

The next day was Tuesday, and Eddie neither saw nor looked for Hope Thompson at the mill. On Wednesday he was invited to dine at the Prescotts'. Six o'clock seemed an early hour to him, but he was prompt, and after the maid let him in, a small, fair-haired woman with troubled brown eyes came into the wide hall.

"Mr. Alexander? I'm Irene Prescott. My husband is upstairs." She smiled—a warm and very sweet smile. "You're to have an hour with him before dinner. He's confined to his room, you know."

George Prescott was seated in an armchair by a window. Eddie had not thought that he had formed any preconceived picture of his employer, but he was at once startled and charmed by the man who held out his hand. He was a spare man, with thinning hair the color and texture of corn silk and shrewd blue eyes.

"Sorry we couldn't meet before," he said. "My inquiries about you didn't sound as if I were buying a pig in a poke, but I like to see a man before I hire him."

Eddie had a feeling that Mr. Prescott was seeing him now.

"You took quite a cut in salary to come to us," Prescott said. "Why?"

Eddie told him why.

"Ambitious, aren't you? No low ceilings or nepotism here. You might even become president." His laugh was pleasant. "I'm not criticizing you. You're unmarried, I believe?"

"Yes," said Eddie.

"Well, time will probably take care of that," he said. "I prefer a married executive. There's always a certain amount of social stuff connected with the job."

"I thought I'd start looking for a house this weekend," Eddie said.

"Cameron put you up at the hotel, I believe. It's not bad for entertaining. This matter of marriage," Prescott continued. "Your affections aren't involved anywhere?"

"No," answered Eddie.

"A wife can make or break a man," said Prescott. "You'd better tread cautiously your first months here. Like most New England towns, we have a preponderance of unwed young females."

There were two unwed young females at dinner. Eddie had not known that the Prescotts had a daughter.

Sheila Prescott was a silver blonde with large brown eyes like her mother's and a pale clear skin. She wore a dress of dark-red silk, and her shoes and fingernails were the same shade. Kathy Cameron was less striking, but attractive and friendly.

In the dining room Mrs. Prescott sat at the head of the table, Mr. Cameron and Eddie at either side, then the girls and Mrs. Cameron at the foot. Sheila looked at Eddie and laughed.

"What a pleasure to have an extra man in town!" she murmured. Her eyes were teasing. "You're not spoken for, I hope?"

To his embarrassment he felt himself flush. Sheila Prescott made him faintly uncomfortable. Mr. Cameron spoke to him and, listening to the general manager, Eddie was aware of her watching him across the table.

At ten-thirty the Camerons said good night. Kathy said, "We're having people for cocktails on Friday. Won't you come?"

He was walking toward his car on Friday afternoon when Hope Thompson ran up to him.

She said, "We girls have voted you a great big thank you and three rousing cheers. The drains are fixed!"

"Good," said Eddie.

She was looking up at him, smiling. The wind blew her red-gold hair about her face and whipped the skirt of her cotton dress. "I certainly enjoyed myself the other night!" she told him. "I could dance every night in the week!"

He smiled rather stiffly, aware of the curious glances of the girls on their way to the buses. He said, "You'll miss your bus again, Miss Thompson."

"Like Hitler?" she inquired. She raised an arm in the Nazi salute. "*Heil!*" she said and walked away.

There were about fifty people at the Camerons' party. Kathy greeted him and led him about, introducing him. Sheila, in a brilliant green dress, waved her hand.

"I hope you've been working very hard," Sheila told him. "There's a chill in the air that tells me I need a new fur coat."

"I'll work harder next week," he promised. "I suppose you want mink?"

She looked at him thoughtfully. "You are very conventional, aren't you, Mr. Alexander?"

"I suppose I am," said Eddie. "Is that bad?"

Sheila Prescott laughed.

He spent Saturday in his hotel room, studying graphs and charts, and ate alone in the hotel restaurant. Sunday morning was clear and sunny, with a light wind that blew woolly clouds across the blue sky. It was perfect walking weather, and he decided to explore the hill country on foot.

He crossed the river on one of the several small bridges and took a road that climbed the ridge. Winding trails, bridle paths, he imagined, crossed it at intervals. Unexpectedly he came into a clearing, a green upland pasture where cows were grazing, and, even more unexpectedly, ahead of him, he saw the sun glinting on a head of red-gold hair.

He watched her, debating whether to call out or turn back. She was wearing a skirt and a sweater, and she seemed more graceful, more charming than she had been before. She bent over, picked up a stone and flung it, with engaging exuberance, across the meadow into a thicket.

"Quite a pitching arm, Miss Thompson!" he called.

She turned, obviously startled. "Hello, Mr. Alexander. What are you doing up here?"

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm a fool for walking," she told him. "Must be my girl-scout blood."

"I'm lost," he said. "I thought I'd walk to the highest point and find out where I've been."

"There's a lovely view about a quarter of a mile farther," she said. "We can take a short cut here." She swung herself lightly over a fence, and he followed her.

"Isn't this private property?"

"It's part of the Prescott place," she said casually.

"Mr. Prescott doesn't object?" he asked, and forgot about Mr. Prescott's possible objections because two tawny animals, which he assured himself could not be lions, were hurtling down the slope toward them. In unison they commenced to bark, which proved that they were not lions, but which in no way appeased his apprehension. They wore heavy metal choke collars, and Eddie could see their powerful shoulder muscles rippling beneath their smooth coats as they ran. "Get behind me, Hope!" he ordered, looking (*Continued on Page 82*)

The most fantastic thing about the future is that then we'll be calling these the good old days.

CHARLES RUFFING

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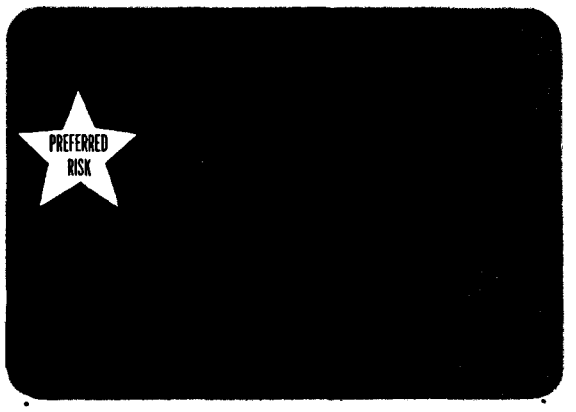

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(*Continued from Page 80*) about for a stick or any possible weapon of defense.

Her eyes lifted to Eddie's white face. She whistled. The dogs increased their speed and were upon them.

"Down!" she was saying. "Behave yourselves, you dopes!"

Eddie's forehead was wet, but his chin was still thrust forward. The dogs—boxers, he guessed—were licking Hope's hands, quivering with delight.

"They seem to know you," he murmured.

"I walk here a lot."

The boxers had obviously joined them for the duration of their walk. They bounded ahead, looking back occasionally.

"I don't know much about dogs," said Eddie. "I never had one."

Hope stopped short. "Why, you poor man!" she exclaimed. "Why not?"

He had never really had a home, and suddenly he found himself telling Hope Thompson about it. His father had died when he was seven; his mother, working in an advertising agency, had earned enough money to send him to prep schools and summer camps, but not enough to provide a house for them. Scholarships and outside jobs had put him through college. "Then, just when I was able to take care of her, she died," he said.

"I'm sorry," said Hope, and she sounded as though she was sorry. "That's why you want to stay here the rest of your life?"

Eddie flushed. He seemed to have told this girl a great deal about himself. He could not imagine confiding so in Sheila Prescott or Kathy Cameron.

They reached the ridge and sat down on the grass. The dogs stretched out beside them, their black tongues hanging from their pink mouths.

"It looks like Virginia," said Eddie. "The Shenandoah Valley."

Hope was chewing a blade of grass. She murmured "Yeah?" and smiled. "There's a swell picture next week at the Bijou about the Civil War. I saw a preview. I love those films with Southern belles and hoop skirts and all."

The assistant general manager of the Prescott Paper Mill heard himself inviting one of the mill girls to the movies. He had had no intention of doing so, and he looked at her rather bleakly.

"Gee, that would be fun!" she said. "It's on Tuesday and Wednesday."

"Shall we say Tuesday?" asked Eddie.

When they reached the rail fence, retracing their way, Hope addressed the dogs. "This is where you get off, boys! Scram!" Their stubby tails wagged slowly. "Beat it!"

They were reluctant, but they obeyed.

"You seem to have a way with dogs," said Eddie.

"I ought to," she told him. "We've always had a mutt around the house. My old man is a pushover for dogs."

On the paved road a car horn honked behind them, and a black roadster, with the top back, passed them. Eddie recognized Sheila Prescott's silver-blond head.

"You met Miss Millions yet?" Hope inquired. "She's certainly smooth-looking, isn't she?" He made a vague sound, and she giggled. "Now there's something for you to aim at—an ambitious guy like you! Why don't you marry the boss's daughter?"

Eddie was silent. He wondered whether Sheila had recognized him.

Hope's eyes slanted to his face. "Oh, heck!" she said. "I was kidding again. Me and my big mouth. I didn't mean that like it sounded."

On Monday Eddie decided to leave a note at Hope's house, saying that a business meeting had come up for the following evening. He could easily jeopardize his future in Prescottville by continuing to see Miss Thompson. When he walked toward the parking area at five, Sheila's roadster was parked beside his car, and Sheila was sitting in it.

"I've been delegated to bring you to the club," she told him. "It's Kathy's birthday, and we're giving her a surprise party."

"What time?" asked Eddie.

"Right now. Not a moment to waste." Her brown eyes looked amused. "No-one's going to dress. We'll have cocktails at the club, then we'll go to a dr-readful amusement park and eat hot dogs and ride on roller coasters and scr-r-ream!"

They were all young and well-bred and attractive, and he should have enjoyed himself, but didn't. He looked at Sheila, at Kathy, at the other girls, and he thought that with the proper clothes Hope Thompson would be more charming than any of them.

He had not asked her to have dinner with him before the movie. She was sitting on the wooden steps of the dingy, putty-colored house when he stopped his car. He got out as she came toward him, and behind her he saw the lace curtain at a window part, and the pinched face of a sallow, angular woman peered out at them. He wondered whether it could be her mother.

In the theater he sat very straight through the newsreel and animated cartoon. After about ten minutes of the main feature he sagged slightly in Hope's direction. In ten more minutes his arm was touching hers; in another ten, he discovered that he was holding her hand.

When they came out, she said, "I can walk home, Mr. Alexander. It's only a few blocks."

"I thought maybe we could go to the Dine-and-Dance for a while," Eddie suggested.

She looked at him uncertainly. "Do you really want to?"

"Yes," he said. He might be losing his mind, but he really wanted to.

They danced and they talked, and both the dancing and the conversation were easy and effortless. Hope was quieter than usual, her laughter less frequent. The street door opened, and two girls and two young men came in. One of the girls called, "Hi, Hope!" and then stared at Eddie.

Hope said, "Hi!" and frowned. "I think I'd better go home," she added. "It's getting late."

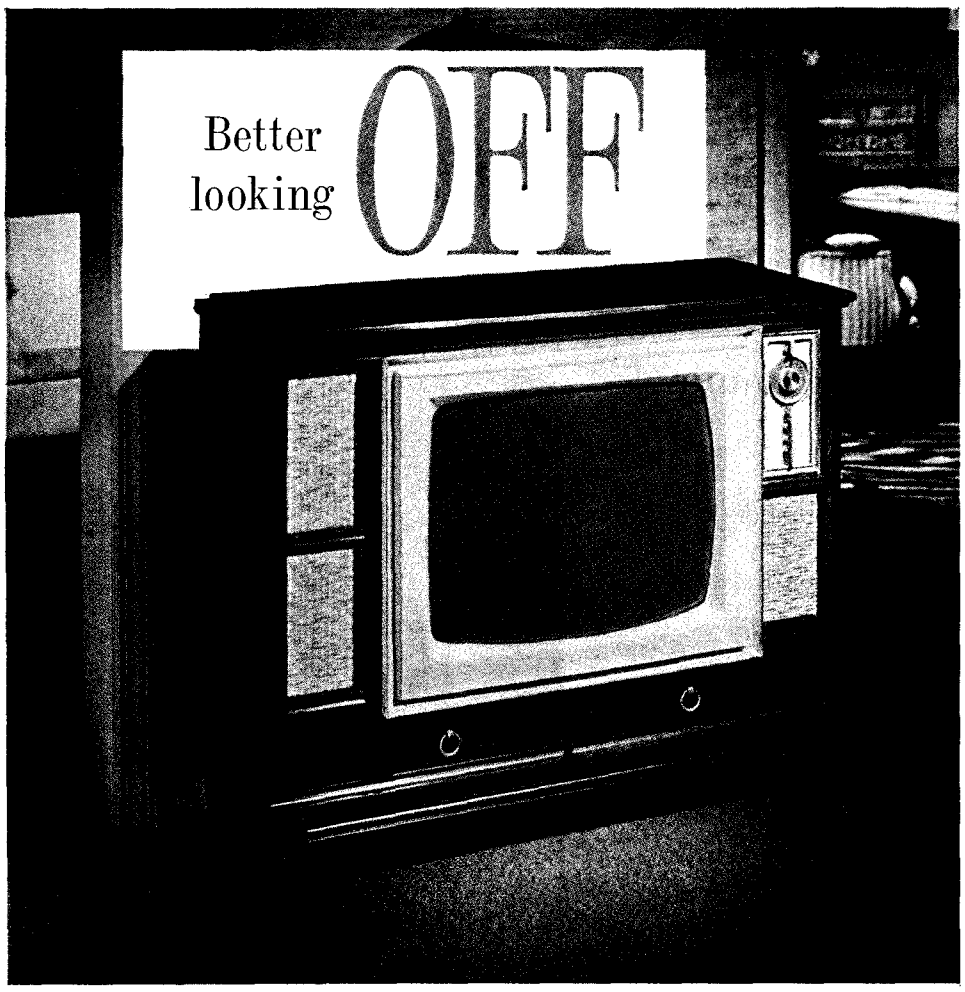
The dreary street was deserted, and there was no light in her house. She said, "I've had a lovely time," and put out her hand to open the car door. Eddie blocked the gesture effectively. His arm went around her, and he kissed her, not once but many times.

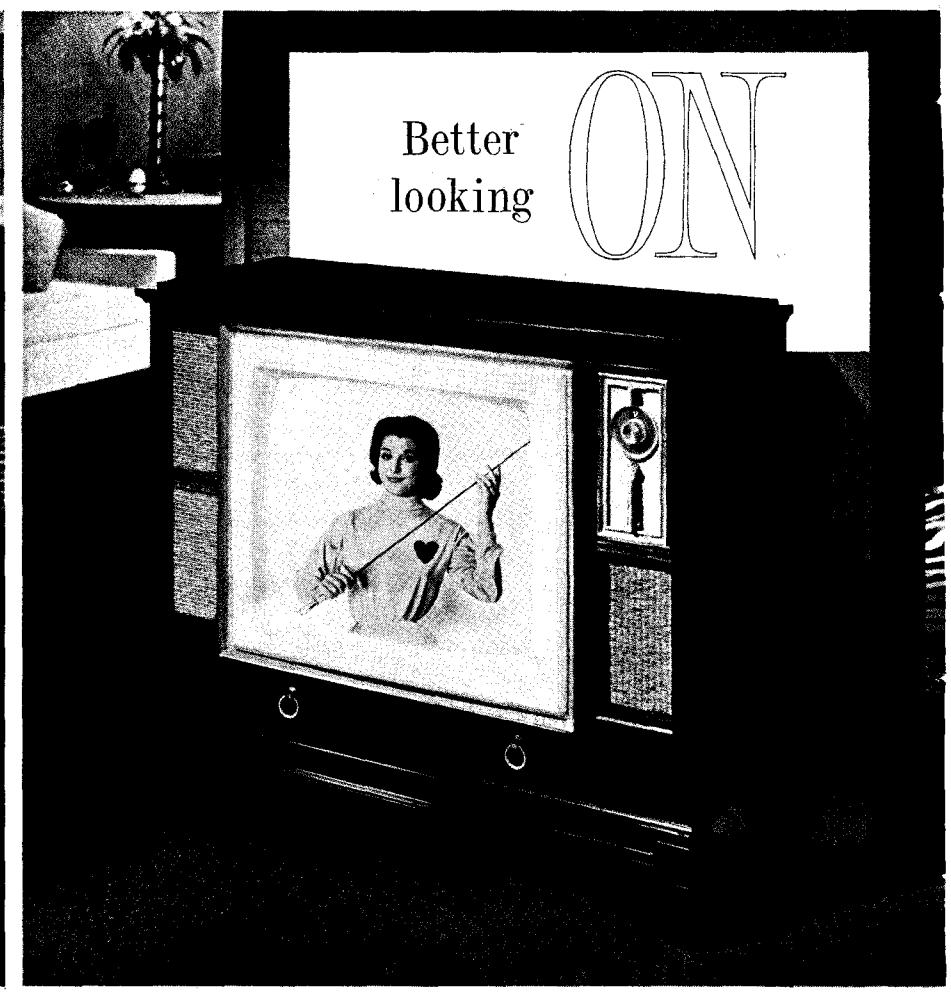
"Eddie, stop!" she said. She sat up as straight as he had sat during the newsreel. "You're crazy!"

"I'm crazy about you," he told her. "Hope ——"

"Please!" she interrupted, and got the door open and dashed up the wooden steps and into the dark house.

Eddie drove to the hotel parking lot. He walked into the lobby, asked for his key and went to his room. A week ago he had told George Prescott that his affections were not involved. It seemed like a conversation held light-years away. He recalled Prescott's advice about choosing a wife. That, too, had become completely unrelated to himself, Edwin Alexander. He had never been in love. He was now, and he knew it, knew that it was more important and significant than anything that had ever happened to him.





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The next afternoon he waited until she came out of the mill, and he stopped her. "Will you have dinner with me tonight, Hope?" he asked.

A group of girls walking toward the bus stared at them.

Hope said, "I can't. I'm sorry."

Eddie caught her arm. "Tomorrow, then?"

Donald Cameron, on his way to his car, did not stare, but obviously he saw them. Eddie could not have cared less. He continued to hold her arm. "I'm not going to let you go until you say yes," he added.

The bus driver was honking his horn.

"All right," she said faintly and ran.

"I'll come for you at seven!" he called after her.

Again she was sitting on the steps. She wore a gray-and-white striped dress, simple and becoming, and Eddie thought that she had more grace than any other girl he had seen in Prescottville. He opened the car door, and she got in silently. When he turned in the opposite direction from the Dine-and-Dance, she spoke. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"There's a rather nice place called the River House," he said. "No dancing, but I thought tonight we might just sit and talk."

Her gray eyes had a strange stillness, a watchfulness. "Aren't you likely to run into people you know?"

"So what?" he retorted.

She bit her lip. "I don't think I want to," she said.

Eddie swung the car into a turnout, a picnic area on the river's edge. He said, "Hope, I don't know how you feel about me, or how you could come to feel. I apologize for kissing you the other night. I won't again unless I'm sure you want me to. But won't you give me a chance to make you want me to?"

"We don't know anything about each other," she said.

"You don't know me perhaps," he conceded. "Perhaps I didn't know myself before I met you. All I know now is that I'd rather be with you than with anyone else in the world. For the rest of my life."

"This is—awful," said Hope Thompson.

Eddie smiled. "What's awful about it? If Mr. Prescott doesn't like it, I can find a job somewhere else." He looked across the river to the hill country, where the large houses were tinted in the late light, where he had walked with Hope and talked with her and fallen in love with her. When he looked back, she was crying, silently.

"Please take me home, Eddie," she said.

He made no move to touch her. "Mr. Prescott asked me if my affections were engaged," he told her. "Tomorrow, if he can see me, I intend to tell him that they are."

"I'm so ashamed," said Hope.

He laughed. "Of me?"

"I—I led you on," she said. "I forced you into taking me to the movie."

"I forced pretty easily," he said.

"You don't understand!" she cried. "The first time—when you picked me up on the road—wasn't on purpose. I didn't think you'd take me to dinner though. I tricked you into it."

Eddie shrugged. "I'm glad you did." Her face was averted, and he looked down at her. He wanted to stroke her red-gold hair, to touch the soft curve of her cheek. "What's troubling you?" he asked.

"You're going to despise me," she said.

"I doubt it," retorted Eddie. A dreadful thought struck him. "You're not married?"

"No." She turned her head and met his eyes squarely. "It was a bet," she said.

"What was a bet?" he asked.

"That I could get you to take me to the movies."

He grinned. "Well, you won it, didn't you?" She was silent again, and he added, "Whom did you bet with?"

"A girl," she answered. She straightened her shoulders and drew a long breath. "I feel so cheap. I didn't understand you. I thought that all you cared for was getting on and that you wouldn't dare to be seen with—a mill girl."

He laughed. "But you made the bet! You must have thought you had a chance."

"With loaded dice," she said bitterly.

Edwin Alexander was not a fool. He looked thoughtfully at Hope. "Who was the girl you bet with?" he asked.

She said, "Sheila Prescott. Now, will you take me home?"

"Certainly not," said Eddie. "Are you going to tell me about it, or do I have to work it out for myself?"

"I'll tell you," she said. "Sheila and I roomed together at Bennington. I majored in sociology, and I wanted to do some—oh, field work, I suppose they call it—this summer. Mr. Prescott arranged for me to work in the mill, and I got a room in a boardinghouse with some of the other girls." Her voice was hardly audible. "I see Sheila fairly often, and after you took me to the Dine-and-Dance she bet that you were too careful to be seen with me again." Color had risen in her face, and her silver-gray eyes were bright. "Sunday I knew that I didn't want to go on with it. It seemed such a rotten trick, and—and I liked you. I suppose I was just vain enough to try. Then—after the movie ——" She put her hands over her face.

"After the movie?" asked Eddie.

"If you knew," said Hope, "what a heel I feel like!"

"You put on an awfully good act," he said mildly.

She dropped her hands and looked at him. Her mouth was tremulous, but it trembled into a tentative smile. "You don't—hate me?" she asked.

"I don't hate you," Eddie assured her.

She opened her bag and took out a handkerchief, blew her nose and powdered it.

"Do you still want to take me to dinner?" she asked.

"What do you think?" he retorted.

Her eyes were soft. She said, "Eddie. Let's not go to River House. We'll probably run into people we know. Let's go back to the Dine-and-Dance."

"I'd already thought of that," he said. He grinned at her. "Got any chewing gum in that bag?"

She laughed. "No, I was playing it straight tonight. But we can buy some there, if you like."

"Let's go," said Edwin Alexander.

THE END

... ...

Mouths of Babes

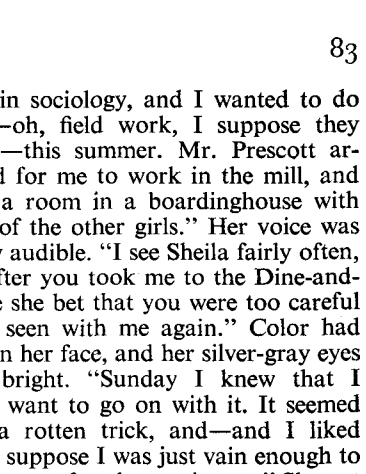
By Anita Raskin

To chomp on a chunk
  Of bubble gum
Is something adults
  Find troublesome,
From which we deduce
  Understandably—
Youth is superior.
  Mandibly.

New! Reflection-free TV

with shatterproof safety screen

plus new Woodblend HaloLight®



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The secret? Sylvania has developed a special "satin finish" safety screen that banishes distracting reflections forever! Bonded to the picture tube, this shatterproof screen also prevents picture-dulling dust from being trapped on the tube face. Result: *a brighter, sharper picture for the life of the set.*

Surrounding the picture is exclusive new Sylvania Woodblend HaloLight, a frame of gentle light that makes viewing easier on the eyes. When the set is off, Woodblend HaloLight turns off and changes to a warm beige color that blends beautifully with the new fine-furniture cabinet.

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See a demonstration of reflection-free TV at your dealer's. When you do, most dealers will give you a complimentary bottle of Lanvin "My Sin" perfume. Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, New York.

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Big Spender From the West

(Continued from Page 24)

became of it. Other people, he had heard, got along on less, but each year he got a little farther behind. And nothing much to show for it but a pile of sports equipment and some color slides of faraway places. Oh well, as Esmay said, it was only money. He was having a good time and living the good life.

He arranged with the office to take his vacation in June, got an advance on his salary and flew East to collect his legacy. Esmay came to the airport to see him off.

"Don't blow it all in before you get back," she said.

He arrived in Boston, a carefree young man looking sunburned and prosperous, and breezed into the office of Mr. Stringfellow. Mr. Stringfellow was the lawyer for the trust company which administered the Adoniram Glover estate, and he looked old enough to have been a contemporary of his grandfather. He gave Elwood a critical inspection through his steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Young man," he said, "this is the last of your grandfather's estate. A lot of care and thought went into accumulating this money for you, and I trust you intend to use it in a way the old gentleman would have approved." And he gave Elwood a little talk on Thrift and Sound Investment and Putting By for a Rainy Day. It sounded pretty quaint to Elwood, who let it flow into one ear and out the other.

Then he handed over a check for seven thousand dollars. The business meeting was over, but Mr. Stringfellow detained him for a moment. "You been up to the old homestead yet?"

"Not yet. I thought of running up there in the next few days."

"You owe that to your people. Glovers and Mitchams have been living there for nearly two hundred years. Not many of them left now. The Mitcham girls still keep it up—hard sledding at times; they must be pushing seventy. Adoniram thought a lot of the old place. You ever hear the story of how he met his bride there?"

"Yes, sir." He had heard that story not less than a hundred times.

"All right, I won't tell it again. But you go up there and see the house of your fathers."

With the check in his pocket Elwood went straight to automobile row. He looked at a Jaguar and a Mercedes sports car and was tempted by both. Then he saw a Thunderbird, loaded with extras, a dream car. Its price would leave only a thin sliver of legacy.

"Thanks a million, Adoniram," he said happily.

But they would not sell him the dream car; it was sold. There was a similar one on order; it was expected in a week.

To help pass the time, he hired a car and drove upstate. He left the main highways for winding roads and passed through quiet villages with streets of fifty-foot elms. On the outskirts of one such village he came to an old white gate standing open and a mailbox with MITCHAM on it. He got out of the car and leaned on the fence and looked at the house of his fathers.

It was a period piece, a big frame house built on the site of the original homestead, with brown clapboards and pilasters, and a coach house with a cupola on it out behind. Old trees stood around it, the turf was green and even and there were flower beds around the stumps. The house presented its flank to the road, so that the lane led up to the side door with the porch. The steps leading up the terrace to the porch would be Adoniram's.

His grandmother had been a girl here, and a bride. His father had spent his boyhood here. Elwood had been reared on stories about it and had seen its picture, but he was surprised to find the old museum piece looking so handsome.

He got back into the car and drove up the lane to the side porch. A girl was resting on the steps. She was dark and sturdy and had eyelashes as thick as brushes. She looked at him and said, "You must be Elwood Glover from California. You look like the picture of Adoniram in the East Room." She said "Glovuh" for "Glover" and "yeast" when she meant "east," so he knew that she was one of the natives.

"I'm Mallow Mitcham, a forty-second cousin." She raised her voice and called, "Aunt Tess! Aunt Bee! Look who's here."

They came out on the porch to welcome him, the Mitcham "girls," both elderly and angular, but still spry and wiry. Aunt Tess, the elder, gave him a look as sharp as a gimlet. "Well, Elwood, you've found your way home at last."

Aunt Bee, the younger, gave him a warm beam. "We've been expecting you, Elwood."

They took him in and proudly showed him over the old home. The rooms with their high ceilings had space and dignity. Pictures of dead-and-gone Mitchams and Glovers looked down from the walls. There were collector's pieces like mahogany breakfronts and lots of old butternut furniture glowing with age and use. Everything was polished and cherished. Afterward they went to the side porch to sit and chat. "I suppose those are Adoniram's steps?" he said.

Yes, those were the famous steps, descending from the porch down the terrace to the drive, and they told him again how Adoniram had met his bride, who had been Elwood's grandmother.

"Adoniram was a young man then, travelin' from town to town in the hardware business. He used to drive a spring democrat with a lively pair of black horses, a pretty flashy outfit. Grandpa Mitcham was doing some building at the time, and Mr. Benton, the dealer in town, asked Adoniram if he would drop off a keg of nails and some ironware as he was passin' the place.

"Well, the family was sittin' out on the porch after supper when Adoniram turned in at the gate, 'course he was a stranger to us then, and came spankin' up the drive. Just at the corner of the house the blacks took a notion and shied at somethin', they slammed the front wheels into the steps and the keg of nails and the ironware fell out with a noise like the Last Trumpet, and Adoniram came shootin' out of that democrat like a projectile and lit sprawlin' on the porch. 'Mr. Mitcham,' he says, cool as a cucumber, 'I brought you some nails'—then he looks up and sees Euphemia in the doorway with her eyes as wide open as they could get, and he says without takin' a breath—'and you're the prettiest girl I ever see.'"

"Oh, he was a brash young man!" said Aunt Bee.

"And Grandpa Mitcham allowed since he was so smart he'd better stay round and fix them steps which were smashed to firewood, and Adoniram, he stayed round and built the steps as good as new and courted Euphemia and married her."

"He was a mighty particular man," said Aunt Bee. "He liked to see things well kept up."

The girl Mallow said that it was time she kept up with the grass and went back to work. Elwood could see her passing back and forth mowing the lawn with an old mower. He was surprised to see anyone engaged in such unmechanized labor; he came off the porch to tell her that the slaves had been freed and they had invented the internal-combustion engine.

"Where is the motor mower?"

"It's in the coach house, but it won't start."

He went to have a look at it and found an old one, practically worn out. "This one must have come with the house. With all this grass to cut, why haven't you got one of those riding mowers?"

"Because they don't grow on trees."

She wore no eye make-up at all; she just had a light tan and a few freckles and her eyes with their thick lashes looked candid and very blue—the same color as those old-fashioned flowers growing in the borders; flags, they called them. Very interesting. He managed to start the motor, and she said, "Glory be!" and left him to mow the grass while she weeded the borders. When at last she dropped under a big elm, he went over and dropped too.

"Sure takes a lot of work to keep a place like this going," he said.

She leaned her tired back against the tree and looked at the old house with the eyes of love. "It's worth it."

Aunt Tess came out to them carrying refreshments—oatmeal cookies and a jug of cider. He welcomed the cider; a nice cool drink was just what he needed, and he took a generous swallow. Then his eyes flew open—it was like taking a swallow of forked lightning. Mallow, who was sipping hers like a lady, looked at him and winked.

"Very nice, Aunt Tess," said Mallow.

"Nothing like—hah!—nice, cold cider—ooh!—on a hot day," said Elwood.

"See that you never taste anything stronger," said Aunt Tess sternly.

She went back to the house, and Mallow explained. "Some of the old cider they put in the cellar years ago has turned into applejack. Of course, we can't let on to Aunt Tess. She disapproves of hard liquor, so we just brace ourselves."

He looked at this girl with respect. "What do you do when you aren't doing the work of two men and knocking off applejack?"

"It's vacationtime. When it's not vacation, I teach school in the village."

Sipping his applejack, which he liked better with every sip, Elwood thought the little villagers were in luck.

After supper, in the sitting room, he put his foot in it; he really scandalized his great-aunts. He was telling about the Good Life in California, where you could have anything you wanted—all you needed was the strength to point to it. There was no need to wait until you were old and gray; you could enjoy things now—you just paid something down.

Aunt Tess was not impressed. "Seems to me a grown person ought not to take what they can't afford."

"Waste not, want not," said Aunt Bee.

They hoped that in spite of this spending, he was putting by something regular. "Not me," said Elwood. "I get a good salary, but it gets away like running water. I can't seem to save a cent."

They were disturbed by this. Aunt Tess said, "Well, now that you have Adoniram's money, you'll be able to turn over a new leaf. I hope and trust you intend to put that money to good use."

"Oh, I am sure he will!" said Aunt Bee. "I'm sure he intends to invest it wisely."

"Sure, I invested it wisely," said Elwood. "I ordered a Thunderbird."

"What in thunder is a Thunderbird?" asked Aunt Tess.

"It's a car," said Mallow.

"Three hundred horsepower," said Elwood. "Electric motors to raise and lower the windows. You push a button and the top comes up."

Aunt Tess rose till she seemed to be six feet high and stood vibrating. "You mean to say you spent that money on frills!"

"Oh, Elwood!" cried Aunt Bee. "Adoniram will turn in his grave tonight!"

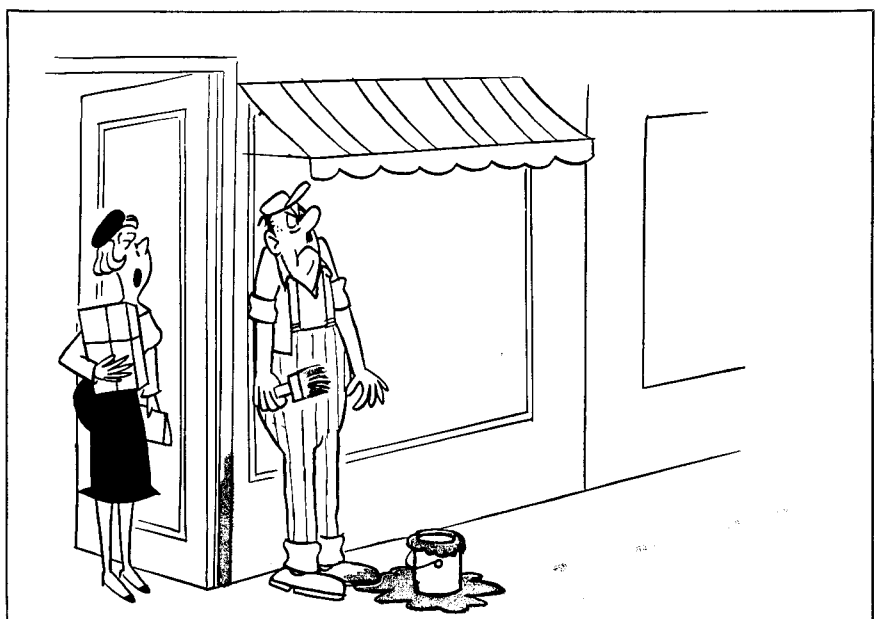
Elwood went to bed that night in the East Room; he lay awake thinking of the Mitchams and Glovers who had lived their lives here. In the atmosphere of the old house they seemed real and close. He thought especially about Adoniram, presumably spinning in his grave. When Adoniram had come up the drive and piled up on the steps, he had been a young man, probably much like himself.

In the morning after breakfast Mallow asked him if he was any good at whittlin' and tinkerin'.

She was looking as clear and bright as a pail of honey this morning, though she was wearing jeans and a shocking straw hat called a cow's breakfast. She intended to weed the vegetable garden—her idea of a vacation seemed to be one job after another.

"Because if you are," she said, "there's a shutter hanging crooked. And a window in the upstairs hall rattles, and the clotheshorse needs help."

He found a set of carpenter's tools in the coach house and set to work. He rehung the crooked shutter; he quieted the rattling window by driving a wooden pin through the (*Continued on Page 87*)



"Did you happen to see a little boy go by on a Pogo stick?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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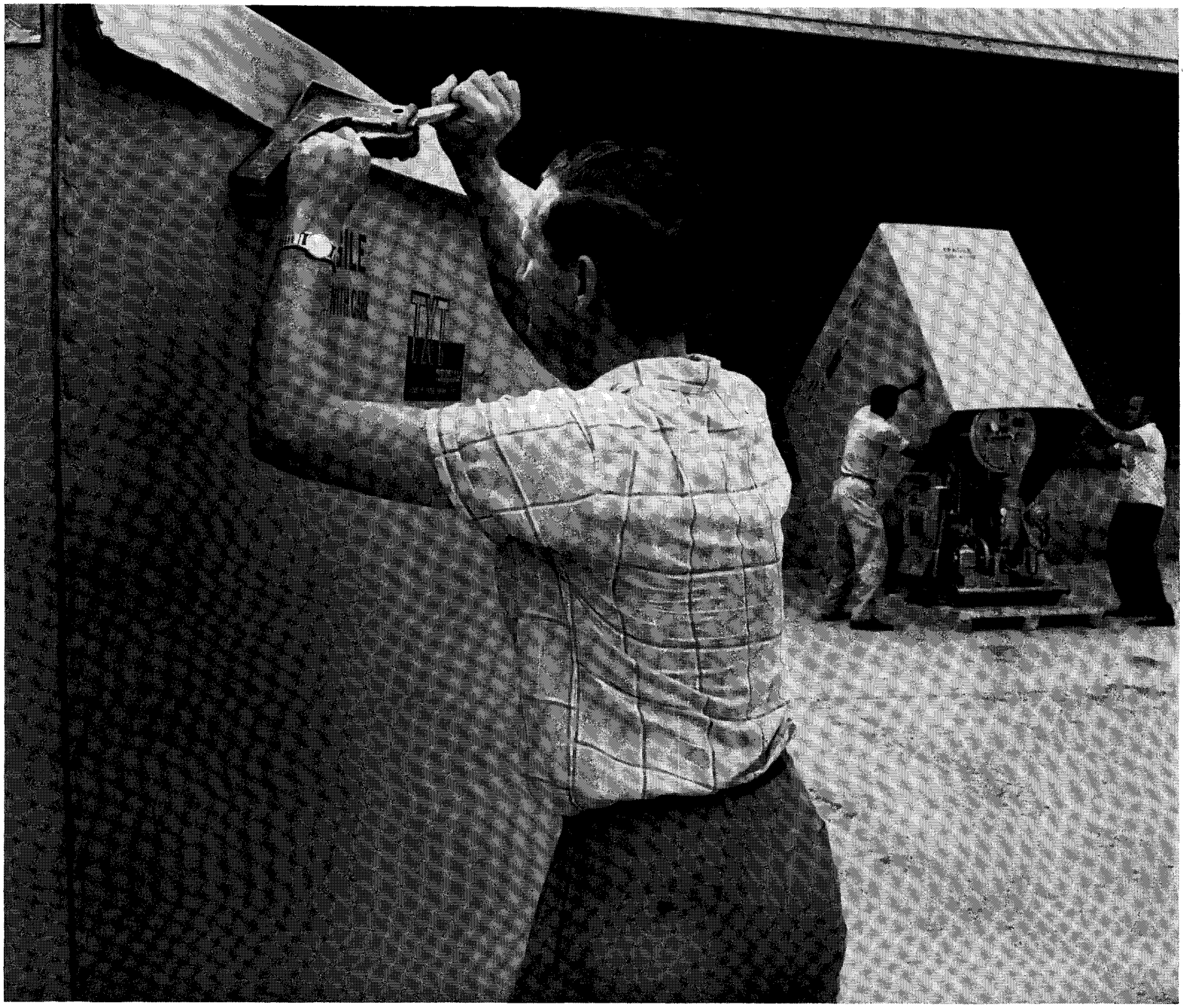

Container manufactured by Owens-Illinois

For ton-and-a-half oil heaters—

Giant Bostitch-stapled carton slashes packing costs 50%

Texsteam Corporation, Houston, Texas, used to ship 3000-pound oil heaters in wood crates. Each crate was built around a heater and was the size of a small room . . . seven feet long, seven feet high and three feet wide. Crates were costly to make and to ship. They were heavy, time-consuming to build and hard to handle. Here's how Bostitch helped.

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(*Continued from Page 84*) sash—no one told him this was the traditional way to do it; he found it by instinct. He discovered that he liked working with wood. He was fixing the clotheshorse when Mallow came along and approved the good work.

"It's a long time since we had someone around here who could hammer and saw; we certainly need someone. We should do something about Adoniram's steps—the stringers underneath the treads are crumbling. After all, they've been there for about sixty years."

"I'll put it on my list. I certainly owe Adoniram that much."

That night she took him for a walk through the back pasture to the hardwood ridge. The maple wood was full of moonlight, it was romantic and beautiful, it was all his father had claimed it to be, and he felt a stir of genuine excitement. They came out on the brow of the hill where they could look out over a peaceful checkerboard of bush and field. He had to admit that the air was as clear as crystal here.

Mallow sat on an old rail fence and remained silent. With her thick dark hair and her skin made creamy by the moonlight, she was a remarkably pretty native. Pretty natives deserve a kiss, and he moved in to give her one, but she eluded him. The natives were not only pretty, they were smart.

"This doesn't mean anything to you, does it?" she asked.

"What?"

"The old Mitcham place—where your people have lived for a hundred and fifty years."

"It's just an old house."

"Or that your great-aunts have worked so hard to keep it up?"

"I think they'd be more comfortable in a smaller place. They must freeze to death in winter. Why don't they sell it and move to a modern house?"

"Sell it!" She leaped indignantly from the fence and began to stride down the hill. "They'd as soon sell their right arms!"

He had to run to catch up with her. "I suppose I'm a big disappointment to them."

"Yes, I'm afraid you are."

"Listen, everyone wants things they can't afford. And buys them too."

"It isn't that. They know you were brought up in California, and they expected you to be flighty about money, but they figured that Massachusetts would win in the end."

"Then what's the matter?"

"If you won't see for yourself, I can't tell you."

"I suppose you're careful and prudent, always saving for a rainy day. You got a bank account?"

"Sixty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Why, that isn't much. Mallow, you've been throwing your money around like a drunken sailor."

Next day there was a telegram from Esmay. He was exploring the coach house and finding it pretty interesting. He wished he had had the luck to have had the run of a place like it when he was a boy. He began to think that country kids might have certain advantages. The telegram was telephoned from the village office, and Aunt Tess took it down in the dining room so that everyone knew what was in it. The message read, "When are you coming back with the loot? ESMAY."

"I suppose the loot is Adoniram's money," said Aunt Tess coldly. "Who is this Esmay?"

"Girl I go round with in California."

"You serious, Elwood?" she asked sharply. "You going to marry her? Who are her folks?"

He couldn't remember hearing Esmay mention her parents. "Hasn't any, I guess. She's just a beautiful windflower."

"Does she know about keepin' house? Is she a neat dresser?"

"Neat is hardly the word, Aunt Tess; it's more like sensational. You should see her rig for watching television: she wears green tights."

"Land sakes!" cried Aunt Tess, as startled as if a snake had crossed her path.

He was down in the cellar—admiring the white-oak joists that carried the weight of the house and saying to himself that when they built them in those days they really built them—when the second message came. Mallow brought it down to him; it was from the Thunderbird agency saying that they had a yellow convertible on hand.

"I suppose you'll be off in the morning," she said. "With the loot."

The fine summer weather turned sultry. He finally persuaded Mallow to take time off and go swimming. The swimming place was just a widening of their creek, where the light fell dappled through the trees; there were sunfish in the shallows and a big rock you could sit on or jump off. It was just an old, unimproved swimming hole, and there was no reason why a dip in it made him feel refreshed and relaxed and full of cheerful thoughts. One cheerful thought was that Mallow had shapely brown legs.

He came down to supper in a festive mood, wearing his best sports clothes and looking like a sunburst. Mallow pretended to hide her eyes.

"My, you look nice, Elwood," said Aunt Bee.

"'Handsome is as handsome does,'" said Aunt Tess. "There's going to be a storm."

It was interesting to find that the Mitcham girls, who were scared of nothing else, were scared of lightning. With the wind rising and the sky growing dark, they became as nervous as hens. They ran about closing windows, securing shutters, putting everything under cover.

"She's coming from the yeast!" cried Aunt Bee, "and when she comes from the yeast, she'd blow the hair off a dog!"

The storm muttered and rumbled about. Then, after they had retired to bed, it broke in fury. Elwood was surprised that a little old New England storm could be so violent. Sleep was out of the question. He went out into the hall and found Mallow in her kimono on the window seat watching the trees thrashing about in the wind and the rain.

"Do you think it's safe there with all this lightning?" he asked.

"There are worse things than lightning."

Scarcely had she uttered these rash words when the air was shattered by millions of volts of white-hot electricity, and with one yelp she was in his arms. It was a pleasant sensation, holding her close, because with each flash she said, "Ooh!" and tried to get closer. He reflected that it was pretty nice in New England once you got to know the natives.

There was a gust of wind fiercer than its predecessors; it was followed by a strange noise, a ruffle of sound like a flock of giant pigeons taking to flight. It came from just above their heads.

"The roof!" cried Mallow, breaking free and running down the stairs.

Aunt Tess and Aunt Bee came flying from their rooms. They ran out into the yard, and Elwood followed them. For a few moments he did not know what was happening—the darkness seemed to be full of pale birds circling and gliding, and the ground was littered with pieces of wood. The clacking noise of pigeons taking off came again, and this time he saw the cause of it—the wind was peeling the shingles from the roof.

Later, in the kitchen, after the great-aunts had drunk a cup of tea to help them face this disaster and retired, he said to Mallow, "Why take it so seriously? The shingles were done anyway. Aunt Bee said that sometimes the rain came right through them. The house needs a new roof."

"And how are we going to get a new roof—with sixty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents in the bank?"

"So that's where the money goes."

"They have very little left. They won't take help from anyone outside the family, but they are good enough to regard me as part of it."

They were all up at the crack of dawn next morning to drive upcountry to a sawmill where they bought a load of thick-butt cedar shingles. Then Elwood removed the remains of the old ones with a shovel, and Mallow and he laid the new ones while the great-aunts brought them praise and refreshment and worried about them falling and breaking their

Two A. M.

By Lawrence A. Perkins

We scatter brighter blazing
lights to fight
The vast and vaulted velvet
of the night,
And stick our beacons up
on higher poles
To stab the heavens full of
little holes.

But high above the
humming power line
The stars, serene and
unaffected, shine
In figures which the
navigators eyed
When Agamemnon sailed to
prove his pride.

necks. It was hot on the roof, and Elwood got a few blisters and a sliver here and there and found that he was having a glorious vacation. When at last the roof was laid and the new shingles rose firmly to the ridge, he experienced an extraordinary feeling of achievement, as if he had made a million dollars, or crossed the Alps on foot, or discovered another magnetic pole. He could not understand it—he felt absolutely recharged.

And in the glow of that well-being he discovered what he should do about Adoniram's legacy. The instant he thought of it he knew it was the right thing to do.

He sprang it on them on the eve of his departure, when they were gathered in the sitting room, which by now had become as familiar as if he had been brought up there.

"Aunt Tess . . . Aunt Bee, I've got something to say. I've canceled the order for that car. I know what I want to do with Adoniram's money, and I think it's the right thing. I want to give it to you to help maintain this house."

Life in New England is one surprise after another. They turned him down. "That's mighty generous, Elwood, but we can't take it."

"But I thought—don't you need it?"

"Oh, goodness, yes," said Aunt Bee. "We're as poor as church mice. We need a new furnace and a new ——"

"We'll get along," said Aunt Tess. "We can't take your money, Elwood; you've got obligations of your own. You're a young man with your own life to live. But we thank you kindly for the offer."

Aunt Bee beamed on him. "I knew you were a good boy, Elwood."

Afterward Mallow and he took a walk on the lawn in the summer darkness. He was puzzled and somewhat hurt. "Why won't they take it? They need it—and I'll only squander it."

"It's only money," she said.

"Why, you New England skinflint, what a way to talk!"

"Don't you see? It's you they are after, not the money. Why have they struggled for years to keep up this place? Because they hoped that one day you might want to come here to live. They know—Mr. Stringfellow in Boston told them—that your company has an office in Boston; they thought you might come East."

"Transfer from California to Boston? Me?"

"Your grandmother was a Mitcham. Your father was brought up here. You're almost the last of their kin. You belong here, to this house and all that goes with it—your heritage, if you will excuse me using such an old-fashioned word. They hoped that you would feel about it as they do, that this place was worth keeping, not as a duty, but as a pleasure."

He had no answer to that. They walked in silence. "You can't blame them for hoping," she said. "It's time to go in," she added after a moment.

In the hall before the grandfather clock she said, "You will be leaving tomorrow?"

She let him kiss her good-by. Elwood had kissed lots of girls; a kiss or two was nothing to him, but it was odd that he could not remember going up the stairs afterward. He sat down on the bed—or approximately down; he seemed to be floating—and tried to analyze things. That kiss seemed to be a reprise of the good things of his visit—working in the garden, swimming in the creek, walking in the maple bush. There was even a touch of eighty-proof applejack. It seemed to be telling him that life in New England could be a ball.

He got a grip on himself and came down to earth. He perceived where he was being led, and he took alarm. To transfer from California to Boston—what an idea! "Listen, Adoniram," he said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm getting out of here." He was going back to California and the Good Life.

On that last morning the old Mitcham place never looked better. The sun shone, the grass was green, and Mallow's eyes looked like a garden of blue flags. Everything seemed to invite him to stay, but his mind was made up and his bag was packed. The thing to do was to get going before he wavered. They came out on the side porch to see him off.

"Good-by, Aunt Tess. . . . Good-by, Aunt Bee. Thanks for a fine time."

"Good-by, Elwood," they said.

"Good-by, Mallow."

He turned to go and put his foot on the top tread of Adoniram's steps, which he had forgotten to repair, which were sixty years old and chose that moment to collapse. Elwood fell all the way down.

"Are you hurt?" cried the startled girl.

He had got a thump on the head, which was coming to him, and made things pretty clear. He lay at the bottom of the steps and looked up at her face framed against the brown clapboards and knew that it was too late to go. And the old house looked pretty good too. Well, there it was—he had come to collect a legacy, and the legacy had collected him.

All he had to do now was to rebuild the steps, court Mallow and live it up in the old Mitcham place.

"All right, Adoniram," he said, "you needn't push." THE END

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The Fancy Dans of Pro Football

(Continued from Page 25)

in the National Football League today average only slightly larger than the league's first great pass catcher, Don Hutson, who was listed at six-one and 185 pounds when he played for the Green Bay Packers from 1935 through 1945.

The passing game is, of course, a tremendous item with the pros. They gain a majority of their yardage that way. Much has been written to glamorize the artistry of the quarterbacks who throw the ball. Considerably less attention has been given to the fine art of catching it.

Says Lawrence T. (Buck) Shaw of the Philadelphia Eagles, a long-time pro coach, "I used to think the passer was eighty per cent of an effective passing attack, but I've changed my mind. I think good receivers are just as important. A great receiver can make a passer."

It takes an athlete with a rare combination of skills to maneuver clear for pass catches against professional defenders. It can be a problem for him just to go out and run his pattern; the linebacker across the way may do everything but put a hammer lock on him in an effort to hold him up at the line of scrimmage.

The pro receiver must have glue-fingered hands to latch onto passes at all speeds and angles. With the best ones, the ball seems almost to flow into their hands. Cleveland's Paul Brown, one of football's more imaginative phrasemakers, describes it as "the *liquid* catch." Brown adds, "And then a receiver has to have the courage to pay the price of being hit after he catches the ball."

This may involve having a quarter of a ton or so of defensive beef come crashing into him at the very instant the ball arrives. The wonder is that receivers never get broken in two. But the real pros customarily bounce right back up as if nothing had happened.

Most of them had comparatively little experience at passcatching in college, where the running attack has predominated in recent years. This is true of Raymond Berry, a Southern Methodist product who has become the No. 1 pass catcher on the No. 1 passing team, the champion Baltimore Colts. In 1958 Berry tied with Pete Retzlaff of the Eagles for the league lead in pass catches with fifty-six. Last year he finished out front not only in passes caught (sixty-six) but also in yards gained (959) and touchdown passes (fourteen).

Raymond Berry—in his gentlemanly fashion he is as allergic to being called Ray as jockey Bill Hartack is to the nickname of Willie—is a nice-looking young bachelor of twenty-seven. Constructed along much the same lines as Don Hutson, he is a well-knit six-two and 190 pounds. Alongside some of his Gargantuan teammates and opponents he seems almost frail. His eyes are so weak that he needs contact lenses on the field. Off it he wears horn-rimmed spectacles which give him a rather scholarly appearance. This illusion is not dispelled by the reflective manner in which he talks about his work.

Berry has a perfectionist's approach to football. In reviewing the movies of Baltimore games he grades his own performance on every play, on the basis of 100 points for perfect execution. He is a hard marker.

When the Colts won their first championship two years ago in a sudden-death overtime game against the New York Giants, Berry set a pair of play-off records by catching twelve passes for one-hundred seventy-eight yards. Many of these catches came in clutch situations. However, Berry says, "Our victory was my greatest thrill in football, but it wasn't an especially good game for me. I was bad on a number of plays. My score for the day came to around sixty. I was better a couple of weeks before when we clinched the division title against the San Francisco Forty-Niners. I gave myself a score of eighty that time."

In his striving for perfection Raymond Berry puts in many hours of extra work each week. He stays on after the regular practice with passer John Unitas and the other Colt receivers. He studies game movies of the defensive men he will oppose on Sunday. He maps special tactics to employ in the coming game. But he is at pains to debunk any notion that he has got things down to an exact science.

Says Berry, "After a game I always like to find out the reasons for things—why this worked and that didn't. A great deal of the time, when you've finished looking at the game movies, you wonder whether all the work you did the week before really helped very much. Just because some defensive back played a certain way against another team, it doesn't mean he's going to do the same against you."

> Maybe the man who's treated like a stranger in his own home should try spending more time there.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

It is an axiom of pro football that speed alone isn't enough to enable a pass receiver to break away from defenders. He must have good "moves"—fakes and feints and sudden shifts of pace and direction. Berry is not notably fast, but it is universally agreed that he has one of the best set of moves in the league. Here, too, he minimizes the importance of what he does.

"They say you can't outrun them in this league, but with some receivers that's most of it," he declares. "If you have exceptional speed, there's no point in messing around too much with getting fancy."

Another subject on which Berry departs from the accepted line is the ticklish matter of illegal tactics by defensive players. Most of the National Football League's top receivers say—whether from conviction or as a matter of policy—that there is very little of this.

The serious-minded Raymond Berry, however, declares, "There is one team in the league"—he won't name it—"that does a lot of deliberate holding. It takes you by surprise the first time. You have to develop special maneuvers to overcome it. There was a second team that began doing quite a bit of it last year. The officials weren't calling most of it. I can't believe they're that blind."

A defensive man may legally bump, jostle or otherwise impede a receiver at the line of scrimmage as long as the receiver is in front of him. The defender may get away with such things as "clothes-lining"—holding an arm out at neck height and letting a receiver run into it. Holding and tripping are illegal, of course, not to mention the use of fists or elbows. And once the receiver has got around an opponent, the defensive man is not supposed to interfere with the receiver in any way. Although premeditated fouls probably are the exception, there is little doubt that a number of unintentional ones go undetected in the heat of play.

To many an aspiring receiver fresh out of college this is one of the most disheartening aspects of pro football. He isn't used to such constant harassment in going out for passes. Many college men never do adjust to it.

This is only one of the adjustments a rookie receiver faces. He finds the pass patterns more intricate, the execution more sharp and precise. After all, the pros are making a full-time business of the game, and they follow a complete two-platoon system. Not only their pass receivers but also the pass-defense men are highly trained one-way specialists.

A college end generally has to play defense as well as offense, and perform heavy duty as a blocker. Ends who meet college requirements often aren't cut out to be pro receivers. As a result, many of the nimbler college backs are converted into offensive ends in the National Football League.

Speed-merchant Del Shofner of the Los Angeles Rams (six-three, 185) was a back at Baylor. Shofner was a first-team choice at offensive end—along with Raymond Berry—on just about every all-pro selection list last year. Young Jimmy Orr of the Pittsburgh Steelers (six-two, 195), who made the Associated Press second team, played in the backfield at Georgia. Another example is old-pro Kyle Rote of the New York Giants, a 200-pound six-footer who was an ace ball carrier at Southern Methodist.

A number of pro offenses feature what amounts to a third end, operating from either a flanker or a slotback position. Enthusiastic "little" Tommy McDonald (five-ten, 180) was an All-American halfback at Oklahoma, and the Philadelphia Eagles list him as a halfback, or flanker. However, he is strictly a pass receiver rather than a running back. Both the Associated Press and United Press International selectors ignored the halfback designation in 1959 and put him at end on their second offensive teams.

McDonald finished in a three-way tie as runner-up to Raymond Berry with forty-seven pass receptions last year. The other two at that figure were the Rams' Shofner and the Baltimore Colts' Lenny Moore. The swift and shifty Moore (six-one, 190) is a halfback who does carry the ball on running plays. In fact, when he first came into the league in 1956 he gained most of his yardage rushing. Now he piles up the bulk of it as a pass receiver. Coach Weeb Ewbank explains, "He's a fine runner, but we've come to feel that if we can give him the ball on a pass instead of at the line of scrimmage we're that much better off."

Other outstanding runner-receivers include Jon Arnett, jack-rabbit halfback of the Los Angeles Rams, and Hugh McElhenny of the San Francisco Forty-Niners—now getting on in years. Then there is Frank Gifford, currently in his ninth season with the New York Giants.

Gifford, who is six-one and 205 pounds, is short on running speed, but long on trickiness. He and his cagey fellow veterans, ends Bob Schnelker and Kyle Rote and passer Charley Conerly, have been working together for so long that they can almost read one another's minds. They do considerable improvising.

Rote says that the biggest kick he's had in pro football came during a game in November, 1958, when the Giants upset the unbeaten Baltimore Colts, 24-21, before 71,163 in Yankee Stadium. In the third quarter, when the Giants were trailing by 14-7, they had the ball on the Baltimore twenty-five-yard line, with second down and twelve yards to go.

Rote had noticed that the defensive man opposite him was charging in whenever the Giants called a certain end-run play. He told Conerly about this in the huddle, and they promptly invented a play to take advantage of it. The new play started out like the end run—with the same initial fake in the backfield—but ended up as a pass to Rote. It worked. The defensive man was sucked in, and Rote broke loose to grab a pass in the end zone.

Sometimes the unpredictable Giants will improvise in the midst of a play. Frank Gifford relates, "In our game at Pittsburgh last year the first time I went out on a pass my man played me to the inside. He seemed to figure he didn't have to worry about me cutting outside. Well, the pattern did call for me to go inside, but I cut out around him instead.

"When you change your pattern like that, you try to make your move soon enough for the passer to spot the switch. Conerly did. That play went all the way. And the second time we got the ball we pulled exactly the same thing." Those two quick touchdowns were the highlights in a 21-16 Giant victory.

Seasoned campaigners like Gifford may get away with going against the book, but in general the pros like their receivers to proceed according to plan. If one man goes off on a tangent of his own, he is likely to throw the pattern out of whack for everybody else. Quarterback Norm Van Brocklin of the Philadelphia Eagles, the No. 2 team in passing yardage last year, declares, "If your receivers keep changing patterns on you, that ball starts coming back at you with a jersey behind it."

Still, the battle-wise Van Brocklin is himself a master at making readjustments in midstream. Eagles end Pete Retzlaff testifies, "Van Brocklin tells us, 'If you see you can get past a guy, go for the six points, no matter what the pattern is. Always go deep if you have your man beat.'"

Retzlaff's colleague, Tommy McDonald, gives some specific illustrations. "In our first game against the Giants last year," he says, "there was a pattern where I was supposed to hook"—meaning to head out, then wheel back abruptly for a short pass. "The defensive man was so sure I was going to hook that he stood there in front of me with his foot planted. So I went past him and ran deep. Van Brocklin saw me and hit me for a touchdown"—one of four McDonald scored that day.

"Sometimes Van Brocklin will change the pattern himself. He's called me to run short, but he'll flag the ball—fake a throw to me, but not make it. That's the signal for me to take off and go deep."

The more familiar a passer and receiver become with each other, the more effective they get. Bobby Layne, the celebrated Pittsburgh passer, observes, "A receiver in this league must do a lot of practicing with his quarterback. I must know the moves of my receivers, and they must know when I'm going to throw. If a regular end gets hurt and a new one comes in, it may take me a while to learn his moves. He may have an extra fake I don't know about, or something like that."

Milt Plum, the twenty-four-year-old quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, makes a comparable point. "If Raymond Berry came here from Baltimore," he says, "I'd have trouble throwing to him at first. It would be the same for John Unitas at Baltimore if Ray Renfro went there from our club."

Veteran end Billy Howton, who is now with the National Football League's newest team, the Dallas Cowboys, expresses the same thought from the receiver's

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standpoint. A nine-year man in the N.F.L., Howton spent his first seven seasons with the Green Bay Packers. He recalls, "My quarterback most of the time there was Tobin Rote. I didn't realize until after he left for the Detroit Lions how much it helped to have a passer who was familiar with my moves, and vice versa. When I'd make my moves, I didn't have to worry about the ball being there, and he knew he could count on my being where I was supposed to be."

Howton, who has a typical pro receiver's build—six-two, 195—has been among the first ten pass catchers in seven of the last eight seasons. Ask another receiver to name the outstanding men at his specialty, and he is almost sure to include Howton. Billy has great moves, as the expression goes, and he never runs a particular maneuver into the ground. He continually varies his tactics against the different defensive men.

N.F.L. receivers give an equally high rating to lanky Billy Wilson (six-four, 190), a ten-year man with the San Francisco Forty-Niners. Wilson has been in the first ten for seven straight years; he topped the list in 1954, 1956 and 1957. He has "terrific moves," to quote one admirer, and tremendously sure hands.

Wilson does not, however, have much running speed. He is considered more of a short-yardage producer than a long-gaining menace. His average gain on 404 pass catches in the last nine years was 14.5 yards. Only forty-three of his receptions were for touchdowns.

There are men with less finesse and more speed who make fewer catches but are a threat to go all the way almost any time they get the ball. A prize example is Ray Renfro (six-one, 190), a flanking halfback at Cleveland, who once did the 100-yard dash in 9.5 seconds at North Texas State College. Renfro has made only 174 catches in his seven full seasons, but he has averaged 20.6 yards per reception and scored forty touchdowns.

How do moderns such as these compare with the great pro receivers of the past? To many professional football men who saw Don Hutson in his prime, Hutson will always be the master. He was notable, among other things, for the dazzling change of pace he employed to spurt past defensive men. It will be years, if ever, before Hutson's career totals are exceeded. In eleven seasons he caught 489 passes for 8010 yards and 101 touchdowns.

However, Coach Jim Lee Howell of the New York Giants, whose playing career overlapped Hutson's, reflects, "I wonder whether he was really quite as outstanding as he seemed at the time. He was a specialist in an era when they didn't have pass-defense specialists. I think some of the modern receivers may be even better. Harlon Hill of the Chicago Bears in his biggest year (1956) was the greatest receiver I ever saw. But he's been hurt a lot, and he hasn't delivered consistently over a long period of time like Hutson."

There were other stars in Hutson's day, such as Jim Benton of the Rams and Ken Kavanaugh of the Bears, who is now an assistant coach with the Giants. But the real flowering of the pass-receiving specialists has come since World War II. Standouts of recent vintage include Pete Pihos of the Eagles, Dub Jones of the Browns and Gordy Soltau of the Forty-Niners.

Some people think that the Los Angeles Rams of the early 1950's, with Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin throwing to Tom Fears, Elroy Hirsch and Bob Boyd, was the most formidable passing team of all. Their adherents call Fears the best receiver ever from the standpoint of technique, and Hirsch the most dangerous of the breakaway types.

Coach Buck Shaw of the Eagles says, "Those Los Angeles receivers made some amazing catches. They were almost impossible to cover." However, Shaw's nomination for top rank is the old Cleveland Browns combination, with Otto Graham passing and Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli catching. As coach of the San Francisco Forty-Niners, Shaw opposed the Browns both in the short-lived All-America Conference and in the National Football League, to which the two teams shifted in 1950.

"The Browns were even better in the All-America Conference," Shaw declares. "They were a little past their peak by the time they came into this league. They not only had great receivers but also a great passer in Graham, and he had great protection. To top it off, they had a running attack you had to respect, featuring Marion Motley on trap plays up the middle. So you couldn't play them just to pass."

As Shaw's remarks make clear, an effective aerial offense involves more than the passer and the receivers. On the importance of protecting the passer, Paul Brown elaborates, "If you don't have the studs up front to give you time to throw, everything is nullified. A great blocking offensive line will make an ordinary passer look good. He has time to throw, and his receivers have time to get open."

Brown has his own theories about forward passing. He has calculated that for maximum efficiency a pass should be thrown five to six seconds after the ball is snapped. If the quarterback unloads the ball sooner—or gets smeared—it's generally the fault of the line for not giving him enough protection. If he throws it later, then he or the receivers are at fault. Either he held onto the ball too long or they didn't get open quickly enough.

Like everything else in pro football, the passing game gets more complex all the time. A rookie receiver coming up to the New York Giants, for example, finds in his play book that he may be called upon to execute any of the following maneuvers:

hitch	square in
hitch and go	square out
hook	fly (take off)
hook and go	quick
turn (curl)	quick and go
zig in	slide out
zig out	acute
slant	double out
V in	diagonal in
V out	diagonal out
down and out	left and right cross
drag in	right and left cross
drag out	

A rookie not only has to master some new moves but also has to learn to make them at precisely the right time. Tommy McDonald of the Eagles exclaims, "In my first two years I was cutting my patterns five yards too soon, even ten yards too soon."

McDonald adds, "My worst fault was counting on my speed to get me open. Van Brocklin would tell me, 'You're relying too much on your speed. You'll have to learn to run good patterns.'"

In the same vein, Coach Buddy Parker of the Steelers relates, "One year we had a man in camp who could run the hundred in nine-four. But all he did was go full speed, and every defensive man in camp could cover him. By the time he finally outran them he was out of range—too far away for the passer to throw."

Although sheer speed won't do the job, Parker and many others place it high on the list of desirable attributes for a pass catcher. The Baltimore coach, Weeb Ewbank, gives the shortest and snappiest answer to the question of what qualities he looks for in receivers. "We want the biggest and fastest and quickest we can get," he declares.

In specifying bigness, Weeb is referring primarily to height. "There are a lot of good small receivers," he says. "But the general idea on a pass pattern is to reduce the defense to the point where you have a one-on-one situation. And it's nice to have a big man against a little one. When we had Buddy Young, who was only five-four, we could never find him on passes.

"But when you have an exceptionally tall end like Boyd Dowler of Green Bay, who is six-five—why, he completed passes against us last year where we couldn't blame our defense. We could only congratulate the offense. Our defensive men would cover him perfectly, but the ball would be thrown just right, and with his height he could outjump them for it."

Beef is no great asset to a receiver, although he must be durable enough to withstand the slamming around he gets from opposing tacklers. He also must handle blocking assignments on running plays. He can't be a complete zero in this department, but the average coach is resigned to the fact that gifted receivers seldom make outstanding blockers.

In most pro offensive formations there is a spread end and a tight end. The spread end, who is split as much as fifteen or twenty yards away from the interior linemen, does most of his blocking downfield, although he sometimes will double-team with a back against a big tackle. The tight end, in contrast, frequently is called upon for hard-nosed body-blocking at the line of scrimmage.

"A good receiver who can block well enough to play a tight end is about the hardest thing to find in football today," declares Pittsburgh's Buddy Parker. One of the good ones is Baltimore's Jim Mutscheller. Jim is not only husky—six-one, 215—but also much faster than he looks. Along with contributing a number of solid blocks to the Colt offense, he tied with Billy Wilson of the Forty-Niners for fifth place among the pass receivers last year, catching forty-four for 699 yards.

The receivers have much in common with the secondary-defense specialists who oppose them. With pass-defense men the emphasis also is on swiftness and agility rather than heft. They run to about the same average dimensions as the receivers—six-one or six-two, 190 to 195 pounds. Some men have successfully switched from one specialty to the other. Del Shofner, who was the third-ranking N.F.L. pass catcher in 1958 and No. 2 in 1959, played in the defensive secondary his previous season with the Los Angeles Rams.

Receivers often will charitably say that the defensive man's job is tougher than theirs. Jimmy Orr of the Steelers sums up, "I know where I'm going, and he doesn't." The rule of thumb in pro football is that a good receiver should always be able to outmaneuver a single defender. Therefore the object on defense is always to have somebody available to drop off and help out against the ultimate receiver. A particularly outstanding receiver may have two men covering him on every pass play the entire afternoon.

There are endless defensive variations against passes. A team may use a man-to-man setup one time, a zone defense the next and then a combination of the two. Coaches say that a receiver should be able to identify the defensive pattern the moment the defenders take their initial steps.

As many as seven men may drop back on pass defense—the four men in the secondary plus the three linebackers. Or one or more of the linebackers may rush in at the snap of the ball in an attempt to smear the quarterback. This sort of "blitzing" has become increasingly popular.

Correspondingly, the offensive team may send out anywhere from one to five receivers on a pass pattern, depending upon whether it wants to concentrate on spreading the defense or giving the passer extra time for pinpoint accuracy. With the rise in blitzing tactics, teams seldom risk deploying more than four receivers. Often only three are used.

Receivers develop extensive "books" on the opposition's defensive men. They also study closely the tactics of their fellow receivers, in hopes of picking up useful new "moves." The veteran Gern Nagler of Cleveland, who was previously with the Chicago Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Steelers, says, "In a game against Pittsburgh last November, Ray Renfro scored three touchdowns for Cleveland. He got them all on the same pattern. He ran a slant-in, and along the way he threw in a couple of stutter steps that put the defensive man offstride. Well, game movies get shown all around the league, and within a week you could see some of the other receivers trying that same move."

In its niceties of footwork, pass-receiving almost resembles ballet dancing, but it is a considerably rougher form of exercise. Fancy dans who shrink from violent body contact need not apply. The going is especially rugged on quick passes over the middle, when the receiver darts headlong across an area congested with burly linebackers. On this type of play it is easy to spot the man who is a bit gun-shy. "He's hearing footsteps out there," other players will say.

All in all, pass-receiving is a demanding specialty. Those who can excel at it usually reap a fair measure of public acclaim. However, they tend to feel that the average fan has little real conception of the fine points of their craft.

Raymond Berry, the Baltimore ace, had a depressing experience at the Pro Bowl Game in Los Angeles last January. "I went out of the game in the first half with a pulled leg muscle," Berry related afterward. "I watched the second half from a seat in the stands. I was amazed to find that the people around me expected a receiver to hold any ball he could touch.

"Once a quarterback was hurried and threw over the wrong shoulder of a receiver running at full speed. By the time the receiver got his head around, the ball had bounced off his hands. Yet people were saying, 'He should have had it! It was right in his hands.'"

Berry went on, "If the receiver had managed to hold onto that ball, the fans would have taken it for granted. They wouldn't even have realized they were seeing a remarkable catch." Raymond Berry shook his head sadly. THE END

... ...

Short Division

By Irene Warsaw

Eight hours for work,
Eight hours for play,
Eight hours for sleep—
Oh, split-level day,
Those three ample sections
Are out of my reach.
I need extra time
To get ready for each.

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Unbelievable But True

(Continued from Page 30)

of destruction and helpfully suggested that we should use lithium hydride, rather than tritium, as fuel for the bomb, because the latter would be too expensive and difficult to handle.

In 1952 the United States exploded its first hydrogen device, but used tritium because our scientists "proved" mathematically that lithium hydride would not work. To make the tritium, a $2,000,000,000-plant was built at Savannah River; and this, plus other expenses ran the cost of developing the hydrogen bomb to about $3,000,000,000. Not long afterward the Russians exploded their hydrogen bomb. They used lithium hydride, having found a way to make it work. With the cheaper material—lithium hydride costs only about twelve dollars a pound—their test is said to have cost only $20,000,000. Since that time the United States also has switched to the same material, although it did not reveal this until a year or so ago.

It is easy to understand the enthusiasm of a Campbell fan who declared, "The AEC should have listened to John in the first place. If they had, it would have saved the taxpayers $2,980,000,000!"

Naturally, not all of Campbell's predictions come true as spectacularly as this one. Nor does this particular financial hindsight prove any monetary shrewdness on his part. A few years ago, for example, he sold one of his stories (*The Thing*) to the movies for a flat fee of $500. The film netted a profit of more than $2,000,000—of which the author got none. However, Campbell isn't plagued by sad fiscal memories. He dislikes having anything to do with money and makes Peg, his wife, handle the stuff. He even insists that she talk to the income-tax people, when necessary.

Perhaps because of his inability to cope with money and other related earthly problems, Campbell takes a less exalted view of himself than many of his fans do. In fact, he's apt to be offhand about it. Despite the fact that he's been chosen guest of honor three times at annual world science conventions—the only person so honored thrice—he describes himself merely as a fellow lucky enough to have a professional license to be a crackpot. "My job," he explains genially, "is to sabotage the American way of life."

His idea of sabotage is to stir up orthodox science by lighting a fire under those practitioners whose thinking, in his opinion, has become too rigid and earthbound. This, of course, can lead to complications. And occasionally he has been singed by his own bonfire.

For example, not long after one of our eminent Nobel Prize physicists had told him that although atomic energy was theoretically possible, it would not occur for at least 250 years, Campbell encouraged one of his writers to do a story about an enemy atom bomb. At one point the author, Cleve Cartmill, got stuck and had to turn to Campbell to find out how such a bomb might be disarmed, a point on which the story hinged. Campbell, who studied physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but can talk equally well on chemistry, medicine, sociology, philosophy or literature, tossed off a description without hesitation. It was a highly detailed one.

Unfortunately this erudition was displayed at a fateful moment: we were in the middle of World War II! When the story hit the newsstands, certain sections of the Pentagon all but blew up. The biggest secret of the war was the Manhattan Project, and it looked as if it had leaked.

Military-intelligence officers swooped down on Campbell's office in New York City, ready to confiscate copies of the magazine and, if necessary, Campbell as well. The latter, who had never heard of the Manhattan Project, blandly told them that atom bombs were old hat to his readers. "I've been manufacturing them for years," he said. He showed them a story published several years earlier which predicted that the war would end *with the use of an atomic weapon.* It also asserted any major technical nation could produce such a weapon and that the situation required the formation of a United Nations. Finally he told his visitors that to withdraw the issue from the stands, or even to stop printing similar stories, would arouse suspicion, as such things were the magazine's stock in trade.

Eventually the anxious officers agreed with him. "O.K.," they said, "but don't be so damned specific in the future!"

He was careful to observe their wishes. By now he had more than an inkling of what was up and it scared him. Like most nuclear physicists at the time, he was not absolutely certain that a chain reaction could be stopped. And more than most people, he realized what an atomic era would bring.

Women's clothes seem less ridiculous when you consider that woman herself was designed to wear a fig leaf.

RUSSELL NEWBOLD

When the bomb was finally dropped on Hiroshima in 1945, it was a bad day for him. "His face went chalk white when somebody telephoned him the news," says his secretary, Kay Tarrant. "It stayed that way for a long time."

The effect of the bomb was even more dire on Cartmill, the writer who'd caused the Pentagon uproar. By some psychological quirk he wondered if he hadn't helped bring about the bomb. He was unable to write another story for eighteen months.

Campbell's writers, incidentally, are not exactly like other writers. Many are well-known scientists who like to stretch their imaginations on paper as a change from the daily routine of their laboratories. Among his contributors are such people as Dr. Isaac Asimov, Boston's well-known biochemist; Dr. R. S. Richardson, the solar specialist at Mount Wilson Observatory, and Dr. John R. Pierce, the Bell Laboratory head of electronic research, who invented the traveling-wave amplifier and is one of the country's leading authorities on communication.

Doctor Pierce, incidentally, writes under the name of J. J. Coupling, which in itself is one of those private little jokes that only the initiated can enjoy. A "JJ coupling," it seems, is a kind of binding force in crystals. Unlike Doctor Pierce, however, some scientists and engineers are opposed to science fiction. They feel it's a lot of nonsense. And because of this attitude, an amusing situation took place one day at a convention of the Institute of Radio Engineers. In the morning, Doctor Pierce was scheduled to give a talk on traveling-wave amplifiers. In the afternoon J. J. Coupling was slated to lecture on science fiction. When he walked onto the platform for the afternoon lecture, many of his learned associates were amazed to find that Coupling and Pierce were one. And some who hadn't attended the talk, but merely read the announcement for it, actually went so far as to protest to the program committee that it was an insult to a scientist of Doctor Pierce's standing to have to appear on the same program with a fantasy writer like J. J. Coupling.

But although many scientists needle their colleagues with "Do you really *read* that stuff?" the real buffs are not bothered by such scorn. They feel they're in good company. After all, Albert Einstein was one of Campbell's subscribers. Enrico Fermi, the late great physicist who helped create the atom bomb, was a science-fiction fan, and Herman Muller, the Nobel Prize winner in genetics, and Wernher von Braun, the celebrated rocketeer, are others. In fact, during World War II, when Von Braun headed Germany's rocket development, he arranged to receive regularly copies of Campbell's publication by way of Sweden.

Recently the Russians have taken up science fiction with their usual zest—but with unusual humility. Several years ago, after a solemn literary conclave in Moscow, Soviet writers were ordered to get their feet off the ground and soar. The hint was that American writers, who produce 80 per cent of the world's science fiction, had left them far behind in this field. By way of encouragement the writings of such great early science-fiction writers as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells have been circulated and printed widely in the U.S.S.R., as well as those of many modern American writers.

The Soviet regard for this kind of literature may be gathered from the fact that they recently paid Mitchell Wilson, an American science-fiction writer, $15,100 in royalties. This is all the more startling in view of the fact that not long ago Adlai Stevenson went to Moscow to try to get royalties for eighty top American authors, and failed.

Horace Gold, editor of *Galaxy*, a leading science-fiction magazine, and one of the men trained as a writer under Campbell's editorship, attributes the sudden interest of the Soviets in this kind of writing to its recruitment value.

"The Russian leaders are not reading science fiction purely for escape," says Gold. "They realize that from the time of Jules Verne down to the present day it has been one of the prime recruiters of young people to the cause of science."

Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that science fiction is a growing field, attracting readers of high literacy and I.Q.'s. A recent survey revealed that an astonishing 85 per cent of Campbell's readers have a college education, and one look at a copy of his magazine will tell the reader why. In a recent story, for example, the author described the scientist hero's reaction to a message he'd just received as follows: "The emotions felt in the throbbing thalamus were permitted only to form a sensuous obbligato for the cold flame of cortical activity."

Simplicity is not one of science fiction's virtues, but in this type of writing, style is not important. It's the idea that's paramount. The boy-meets-girl approach is practically nonexistent. In fact, sex rarely rears its head unless it's part of a scientific idea. One recent story featured sex only because the author wanted to illustrate what could happen if man learned to control heredity by an ability to select genes. The plot involved a brilliant woman, who was an alcoholic but wanted to marry an equally brilliant man, who happened to have homicidal tendencies. By isolating and eliminating the genes that caused alcoholism and homicide, the couple was able to produce a child without their undesirable traits but with a genius mentality.

In the case of John Campbell's publication he does not rely on fiction alone. Each month he offers his readers some brain-cracking idea to explore, as well as a lengthy editorial on one of his pet theories. He always writes the editorials and occasionally the articles too.

Much of it is controversial, provided one has the background to know what he's talking about. In the last twelve months, for example, he has stormed into many a sacred preserve, with all guns firing. One of his favorite subjects is what he considers our present tendency to pervert democracy by overdoing it.

"Our present cultural pattern is dominated by the concepts of 'togetherness,' conformity, hyperdemocracy and a general nitwitted 'everybody's-equal-to everybody' philosophy," he wrote. "In the evolution of organic life—a billion years ago—there was a real, honest-to-God, egalitarian organization of individuals. We call them slime molds; every cell was equal to every other cell. They continue to exist, of course, in out of the way places, under damp and rotting logs, and so on. But they do not appear to have achieved any notable accomplishment."

Another pet Campbell idea is the importance of the amateur. Orthodox scientists and engineers are, in his opinion, too apt to think along established lines to make important contributions in their fields.

"The amateur always has been and always will be the major source of breakthrough ideas," he editorialized recently. And to prove his point he cited Pasteur, a chemist and not a doctor, who gave us the germ theory of disease, Copernicus, an expert in medicine and canon law, who founded modern astronomy, and Edison, who had no formal training as a scientist at all, but managed to give the world a whole series of important scientific inventions.

The idea, however, that is dominating Campbell's thoughts more than any other at the moment is the need for a breakthrough in our thinking about space. He believes a new kind of space drive is drastically needed, something based on a wholly new principle. Rockets, he's convinced, are only an interim tool; he believes they're hopeless for really opening up the planets to us, especially on a commercial scale.

Against this background of thinking, Campbell last December received an electrifying letter from an amateur Washington, D.C., inventor by the name of Norman Dean. In it Dean said he believed he had found just such a space drive, but hadn't been able to get any government official to come and take a look at it.

"It is my personal belief," wrote Dean sadly, "that we are in this country in danger of an inflexibility of thinking that can cancel our position in the world."

Such a letter, Campbell noted with satisfaction, might have been written by himself. He hastily took a trip to Washington, met Dean and listened to his amazing story.

A fifty-eight-year-old mortgage expert working for the Federal Housing Administration, Dean is a leisure-time inventor and physicist. About a dozen years ago he got an idea for a space drive based on centrifugal force—a "rectified" centrifugal force which he claims converts rotary motion into motion *going in one direction:* up, down or sideways. Seemingly it violates several laws of physics, including Newton's third law of motion, that is, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Spending approximately $100,000 of his own money over the years to build

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models, he gradually created a device weighing fifteen pounds which, when put on a bathroom scale and powered by an ordinary hand-drill motor, apparently lifts itself sufficiently to cancel out its weight.

Four years ago he felt he was ready to exhibit it. He wrote to Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense, offering to co-operate with the government if the device had any military value. He received a polite note from a secretary saying the matter would be looked into, but he never heard another word. The Senate Space Committee, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Office of Naval Research also failed to respond to his invitation to have a look at the device. The N.A.S.A. and the O.N.R. said, in effect, that a study of his plans convinced them that the thing wouldn't work because it violated known principles of science. "Do you realize that if your theory is correct, we won't *need* rockets any more?" asked an indignant N.A.S.A. official.

A year ago Dean, fully as frustrated as Galileo when he couldn't get anyone to look through his telescope, got a patent on his work and took his plans to England. There, as in Switzerland and Germany, he found more willingness to listen to his ideas. In fact, one British manufacturer offered to produce it, but Dean, a Bostonian by birth, was determined it should be produced in this country. While in England, however, he explained his space drive to an engineer in charge of a factory. Two weeks later the engineer quietly disappeared and has not been heard from since. Dean fears the man may have slipped behind the Iron Curtain.

When Campbell had heard the Dean story in full, and even before he'd studied the device, he was convinced that the mild-mannered mortgage expert, whether he had anything or not, should have been given a careful hearing by those responsible for our national defense. Moreover, after studying the device and watching the crude model perform, he came to the conclusion that Dean might have hit on something. And even if the drive, in later tests with models bigger and more expensive than Dean has been able to finance, should fail to perform exactly as Dean prophesied, Campbell is convinced that it would take this kind of experimentation to solve our space-propulsion problems.

Returning to his office, Campbell did an unusual thing. For the first time in his life he devoted the entire magazine, except for fiction, to the Dean case. Conceding that if the Dean idea works, it will pull the rug out from under modern physics, make scores of factories now working on rocket propulsion obsolete, and upset a segment of our economy, he nevertheless called for a full-scale investigation of the device.

Reminding his readers that the stakes were nothing less than "full, free, practical access to the entire solar system," as well as our very survival, he asserted that if the Government scientists had looked at Dean's space drive when he asked them four years ago, "we'd have a man on Mars by now!"

And if the Dean idea came to nothing at all, he declared that the present critical state of our defenses necessitated a thorough investigation of all such ideas, however far-out they appeared to be to orthodox science.

Campbell, a born crusader with overtones of both preacher and professor, has had the urge to solve problems of one kind or another as long as he can remember. It has made for an interesting, if bizarre, personal life.

Born in Newark, New Jersey, fifty years ago, he came by his science interests early. His father, an electrical engineer, interested him in physical science at the age of three, and his grandfather, a congressman and lawyer, got him interested in philosophy at six. His mother introduced him when he was eight to the science fiction of Verne, Wells and Kipling.

"I wasn't too popular as a kid," he recalls. "I was a spoilsport in the neighborhood because I treated everything as a problem and solved it." This included even hide-and-seek. Young Campbell organized a standard naval-search pattern—a spiral moving out from the center. "That loused up hide-and-seek," he says. "It wasn't a game any more."

When it came time to go to college Campbell went off to M.I.T., where he majored in nuclear physics. But after a time he flunked out because he couldn't master German. He transferred to Duke, where he got his B.S. in physics.

Being graduated during the worst of the depression, when there wasn't much need for physicists, he took a series of jobs selling cars, trucks and air conditioning. Meanwhile, he'd started to write science fiction and soon became one of the most proficient in the field. In fact, when the publishing firm of Street and Smith went looking for an editor in 1937 for their magazine, *Astounding Stories*, they decided to tap Campbell. Almost immediately he changed the name to *Astounding Science Fiction* later changed to *Astounding Science, Fact and Fiction*, and has been its editor ever since, tripling its circulation over the years to its present level of approximately 100,000. With the current (October) issue, the magazine underwent still another change of name and now calls itself *The Analog*.

It was apparent to him from the start, of course, that he'd fallen into the perfect job—for him. He could be a "constructive crackpot" or "saboteur" to his heart's content, with nobody to answer to except his readers and his understanding boss—Street and Smith's bright young lawyer-president, Arthur Z. Gray.

Today Campbell spends only about two days a week in his New York office, talking with writers, artists and printers. The rest of the time he is home, reading manuscripts or conducting experiments in electronics or photography. Although his income as an editor is not lavish, it is sufficient to indulge the luxury of an expensively outfitted electronics laboratory in the basement.

The outward appearance of his home life is conventional. The Campbells live in a typically pleasant suburb (Mountainville, New Jersey) on a typically pleasant thoroughfare (Orchard Street). But behind this tidy-lawn-and-neat-hedge façade lives one of the most unusual households in America.

While other married couples argue over whether to buy a new car or whether to send their children to camp, John and Peg Campbell have intense, four-day discussions about the reasons for the fall of Rome or the real significance of the word "need," as opposed to the word "want."

"John's not exactly the ordinary husband," Peg commented cautiously to a visitor one day. "I knew that early in our marriage when one morning he appeared for breakfast at seven o'clock with the opening words, 'Now about the matter of the difference between slavery and serfdom ——'"

As her husband sees it, problems have got to be solved or they get in the way of one's life. His personal view of marriage is that it's a kind of nutcracker in which man is one jaw and woman the other. Love is the link at the top, and the problem, of course, is the nut. "If love isn't strong enough," he explains, "the link breaks, rather than the nut."

This in brief—or rather in a nutshell—is what happened to his first marriage. "My wife couldn't stand grinding out a problem until it cracked, and I couldn't stand a lot of unsolved problems lying around on the floor," he says.

After the marriage broke up, Campbell met Peg, the sister of one of his writers, Dr. Joseph Winter. They were married eight years ago. Peg had two children of her own, Jane and Joseph (the latter was killed in an automobile accident three years ago), and Campbell has two daughters, Leslyn and Philinda, by his first wife. Today, the last two are the only children living with them in Mountainville.

From the very beginning it was apparent that his second marriage was going to work. Peg, a plump, gray-haired lady with twinkling blue eyes, is a gifted conversationalist, and her wit can more than match her husband's. When she attended her first world science convention after their marriage and listened to a series of speeches extolling her husband for his pioneering in science fiction, she observed, "I seem to have married a national monument built entirely of cornerstones!"

Teen-agers are fascinated by Peg and John Campbell. The more ardent junior science fans, many of whom don't know the Campbells, collect back copies of his magazine as avidly as other kids collect pictures of baseball players or movie stars. One sixteen-year-old boy recently cut lawns to earn ten dollars to buy an early issue of *Astounding Science Fiction* and complete his set. In fact, the house on Orchard Street is one of the few households in which young friends of the Campbell children come to call on the parents rather than their offspring. Not long after she married John, Peg opened the door to admit a young student who'd been away at a Texas college. Without a word he sighted her husband in the living room, brushed past Peg, and said, "John, I've been thinking about what you said—and just how does that differ from the Nietzschean doctrine?" The young man was picking up the conversation where it had been interrupted three months earlier, and Campbell, who recalled precisely what it was, carried on immediately without further preliminaries.

The level of discussion is generally high, and occasionally stratospheric. Last Thanksgiving, for example, there were twenty-two college students to dinner, and twenty-one of them were Phi Beta Kappa. It is small wonder that after the meal when they all played charades and one of the guests acted out one of the chief canonical books of Hinduism, the youngsters guessed it in exactly one minute and forty seconds.

One of the marathon discussions which the Campbells had when they were first married was the difference between torture and punishment. Eventually it was decided—after considerable nut grinding—that punishment was pain applied to induce learning, and that torture was pain that did not induce learning.

"That," declares Campbell, "is important to know when you're bringing up children. There's a lot of nonsense these days about not punishing children for fear of damaging their egos. One of the great things about mammals is they punish their children. It's a process that's been going on for four hundred million years and it can't be too damaging."

His idea of punishment, naturally, has unique aspects. One summer, when Linda (Philinda) had cracked up one of the family cars and was forbidden to drive, she sulkingly took a job as a salesgirl in a nearby discount house. Campbell surreptitiously went into the store one morning to see how things were going, and took a lot of telephoto shots of her at

NEXT WEEK

THE CASE FOR
THE DEMOCRATS
By Senator Henry M. Jackson

TO CHICAGO WITH LOVE
By John Bartlow Martin

1961: MORE "COMPACT" CARS
A POST EDITOR REPORTS

FORTY-MINUTE BAIL-OUT THROUGH A THUNDERSTORM:
I RODE THE THUNDER
By Lt. Col. William H. Rankin, USMC

BERNARD BARUCH:
THE TRUMAN YEARS

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work. He carried them home and blew them up. The resultant photographs of a very sour-faced girl were then placed around her room. Each was captioned: "Would you want to buy anything from a face like this?" Linda got the message, and from then on she began to perk up. "It was like *The Taming of the Shrew*," says her father. "We brainwashed her in a nice way."

Campbell has a photographic mind, reads 1000 words a minute, and retains almost everything he reads. He gives the same minute attention to punishing a child, buying a camera, or picking out a bracelet for his wife as he does to trying to solve some interstellar problem. He is also apt, like many scientists, to become absorbed in the problem at hand to the virtual exclusion of everything else. In fact, the criticism leveled at Campbell most often in his field is that he is too monomaniacal. He gets "crushes" on subjects and bears down on them in editorials and fiction. "In this sense," says a rival science-fiction editor, "his magazine is propagandistic for his beliefs."

"Psionics," a word invented by Campbell, represents a subject that is being given a big play in his publication at the moment. "Psi," as it has come to be called, deals with those phenomena which cannot be explained by ordinary science. In other words, the supernatural. This includes everything from dowsing with a willow branch to voodooism. Campbell likes to point out, a bit sadly, that ours is the only age that hasn't believed in magic. "He used to ride dianetics hard," says a rival editor. "Now it's psi. I wonder what it'll be next."

Even his detractors, however, pay tribute to the breadth and scope of his knowledge. They especially admire his ability to wear the mantle of an Old Testament prophet with becoming accuracy. In fact, the majority of people find him most stimulating when he takes one of his speculative journeys into the future, because Campbell has definite ideas about how man will eventually live. For one thing he doesn't believe that man will colonize the planets, but will prefer to live in space where he can create his own world exactly the way he wants it. Specifically, he believes we'll live in the asteroid belt. There are plenty of these bodies there—from 1 to 500 miles in diameter—just waiting for colonization.

According to Campbell, the process will be something like this. After a nice, medium-sized asteroid is decided upon, the next step will be to create a solar knife to carve it to specifications. This can be done by blowing a plastic bubble one half mile in diameter (cost: $100). This bubble is then silvered, and a thermite bomb is set off in the middle. The result is that the bubble is split into sections, like an apple, creating a powerful set of solar mirrors. These mirrors can then concentrate a beam of light so intensely that they can cut a twenty-mile core out of an asteroid with no trouble at all. Allowing for walls at least five miles thick, this hollow asteroid will make a cozy little space city. An air lock will protect it from outside. Inside, man can have all the air-conditioned blandishments of home—gardens, farms, houses, apartments, theaters and playgrounds. "There would be little basic difference between living in an asteroid and living in New York City," says Campbell.

As to the kind of people who will settle there, he believes they will be essentially the kind of people who first settled America—the dreamers, the restless, the pioneers, the rugged individualists. They'll be polyglot too: Russians, Germans, Americans, Chinese and others. In essence, they'll be people who want to change things, who want to make their own laws, who may want to get rid of income taxes and other things.

Back on earth, on the other hand, will remain all those who are satisfied with the status quo, who like established cities and the rapidly growing cradle-to-grave security. In fact, he sees earth as sinking more and more into what he calls "a kind of serfdom," with the freer and more daring citizens moving into outer space.

It should be explained, of course, that to Campbell "serfdom" is any life which becomes static, however pleasant. In his opinion, the citizens of a complete welfare state are in reality serfs. He also believes that the greatest danger to America is not the Russian one but the possibility that we will become satisfied with what we have achieved and refuse to grow or change.

In view of this, we can assume that Campbell, to whom change is like oxygen, will be among the first to substitute life in an asteroid for life on Orchard Street. If and when that day arrives, it's probably safe to predict that he'll go right on "sabotaging" the new way of life lest the asteroidal scientists settle back into any fixed way of thinking. In fact, his very first editorial in the new sphere will probably be a clarion call for man to stop thinking in terms of conquering just one tiny solar system but to get busy on the others just around the corner.

"The secret of John Campbell," said a friend, "is never to let the scientists quite catch up with him. He works hard to keep the carrot just a few inches ahead of their noses."

Dangerous Game in Afghanistan (Continued from Page 43)

Afghanistan is the anteroom to the Indian subcontinent, the easiest route from Russia proper to the cities of India and Southeast Asia. It is a key, a corridor, a safeguard—the buffer state par excellence. To the south and east lies Pakistan, by way of the Khyber Pass and the ferocious frontierlands of Baluchistan and Waziristan. To the west, across savage deserts, is Iran. To the north, along 700 miles of wild border, stands Soviet Russia, long since mistress of Bukhara and Samarkand.

And at one howling point in the northeast, high and blizzard-swept, where the vast white Pamirs sweep away into the Karakoram—at one inaccessible map reference, scarcely trodden by man all through history, the easternmost tip of Afghanistan meets one of the westernmost points of China.

More than any other Asian country, Afghanistan is a staging post and crossroads on the way to somewhere else. The armies of innumerable champions have marched through its gloomy defiles, from Alexander the Great himself to Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Assyrians, Greeks, Scythians, Arabs and Mongols have all brought their cultures to Afghanistan, leaving behind them the golden accretion of history—bowls, steles and elaborate jewelry, and exquisite images.

It is here that the men of India meet the men of Turkistan. And through the guts of Afghanistan rides the gigantic mountain barrier of the Hindu Kush—"the Hindu Killer"—the 20,000-foot stockade that separates Central from Southern Asia.

In this distant punch bowl, ribbed with formidable mountain ranges, inhabited by fierce, squabbling tribes, embittered by xenophobic religion and isolated by fearful wildernesses, Arthur Conolly saw the setting for his Great Game, in which Imperial Britain would parry Czarist Russia. And today, across this same dark touchline America-in-Asia faces the new Russia—new, that is, but little changed; young, but immeasurably old; a great power of Europe, but still irrevocably, unmistakably, enigmatically Asian.

For all its trampled situation, few countries on earth are more testily independent than Afghanistan. This has long been so. Internally she has often been in a turmoil of internecine feuds and twisted rivalries, her leaders constantly at one another's throats. During long periods of her history, indeed, she has not been a state at all, but a loose assembly of chieftains, now acknowledging the suzerainty of one ruler, now of another; now loading a grandee with florid honors, now putting his eyes out.

Factions of fluctuating power and intricate confusion stagger through the Afghan chronicles. An ethnical map of the country shows it still crisscrossed with racial strains, from the slit-eyed Uzbeks to the tumbled, turbaned Pathans. And though all this has fostered a robust and admirable individualism, it has not always been conducive to national unity.

One circumstance, though, has repeatedly solidified this ramshackle comity: the threat of alien domination. Almost all the Afghans are practicing Moslems, and they have inherited that profound suspicion of infidel foreigners that was, especially in the nineteenth century, encouraged by old Islam. They violently resent the very thought of foreign control—"God forbids it!" as a scowling sage observed to me only the other day, when I asked him if he thought the Russians might one day rule his country.

The British, in three successive wars against the Afghans, were invariably discomfited in the end by this passionate resolve. In the first Anglo-Afghan war, rashly launched in 1839, a British Army of 16,500 men triumphantly occupied Kabul. They no sooner had settled down to the business of occupation than the Afghans rose to smite them savagely. As the British retreated through the passes toward the Khyber and the British lines in India, they were slaughtered in droves by Afghan tribesmen on the way. Literally only one man—an Irish doctor, I need hardly say—got through to safety at Jalalabad in 1842.

The Persians, the Sikhs and the Pakistanis—all have been rebuffed by the prickly Afghans. Even the Russians, who have been trying to slide into the country for at least a century, have been fobbed off by sweet, airy promises or fazed by the hazy maze of Afghan methods. The climatic atmosphere of Afghanistan is clear, brisk and extreme; but the political atmosphere is blurred, inconstant and soggy. Afghanistan is like the fairy wood in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and many a confident diplomat, striding briskly into its groves, has come out with a donkey's head.

The background to the Great Game has thus always been the internal condition of Afghanistan. Both the Russians and the Western Powers would, in their hearts of hearts, dearly like to control the country for themselves—the Russians as an advance station of Communism and a probe toward India; the West as a barrier protecting Southeast Asia. Both antagonists, though, have been perpetually restrained by the character of the Afghans and their formidable country. To this day Afghanistan remains a sort of no man's land, answerable to neither ideology, living a life that is most peculiarly her own.

The key to understanding her is her geography. She is a landlocked state, and the progressions of history in a maritime era have left her high and dry among her mountains. She has lost the wide territories of her old empires, which gave her access to the Indian Ocean, and is skirted by the major trade routes of our time. She is, to be blunt, extraordinarily backward: one of the harshest, remotest, least-known and most-stunted states of the modern world.

The vast majority of the population is illiterate, and the money economy is still groping toward coherence. The flavor of Afghanistan is still crudely primitive, charged with taboos, ignorances and inherited prejudices. Here there is only the nucleus of an educated class, only the wriggling larva—since Afghanistan never was swallowed into the Indian Empire—of a civil service. This tribal country is spared the cruelties of feudalism and the degradations of a landed society—no blatant gulf of wealth divides the tasseled pasha from the cringing peasant. But it is not so many years since there were slaves in Afghanistan, and retired Afghan bandits are two a penny.

Afghanistan, nevertheless, has been welded into a recognizable national unity. It is only thirty-one years since the notorious bandit Habibullah Ghazi was able to storm Kabul, topple the monarchy and proclaim himself a kind of harum-scarum vagabond king. But since 1933 King Mohammed Zahir Shah has sat firmly enough upon his regained throne, and his family has also provided, in effect, the Government of Afghanistan. There is a National Council in Kabul and a Senate and a Council of Ministers. But the royal family really does the ruling. The prime minister, the foreign minister and several other key figures of state—all spring from the royal clan, and they run the kingdom with a tight family hand.

Afghanistan is a police state, sustained by an iron regime, a strong police force, a tough little army and a web of informers and ambitious sycophants. In Kabul you are never quite sure of anyone's intentions, and you are left, for all the singular charm of the Afghans, with a sour taste in the mouth.

But by these means the rulers of Afghanistan have, by skillfully and shamelessly exploiting foreign issues, kept flaming the assertive sense of Afghan nationality. They have vigorously suppressed banditry and tribal skulduggery, and made it as safe to wander through this brutal place as it is to ramble through the countryside of Connecticut. They have, a little late in the day, vigorously encouraged the spread of education; the scholars of Kabul are unexpectedly impressive, combining the best of Moslem tradition with a genuinely humanist love of knowledge.

Alcohol is still forbidden in Afghanistan, but women are freed from the grotesqueries of purdah, and bold citizens may smoke, converse with infidels, wear western clothes and even go to the cinema—if the film is politically suitable.

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The foreigner will not be spat upon if he enters a mosque in Kabul, and it is many a long year since the gravestones in the Christian cemetery, mud-walled and fragrant with oleanders, were defaced by hairy fanatics.

All this the rulers of Afghanistan have achieved by two principal means. First, by being tough. They have *forced* their reforms through, against all the resistance of Moslem conservatism. Only a few months ago there was a reactionary uprising in Kandahar, and an American was cruelly knocked about as an unwitting agent of modernism. And you have only to talk to the older country folk to sense how angrily they resent the new official values.

The Afghan leaders are inspired partly by the belief that modernism must come, that challenging the momentum of progress is like resisting the irresistible. But they also have in mind, no doubt, that if they do not sponsor reforms themselves someone else will—and anybody else's measures might well include the abolition of the monarchy. They must use force to parry force, exploit change to prevent change, set a thief to catch one.

This is a dangerous game, but riskier still is the Afghans' second method of self-improvement. In this they follow an old tradition. The people of this country have long been skilled in the art of playing off rivals, milking each side for benefits, and cunningly encouraging each aspirant to competitive feats of generosity. In the 1830's they set Lord Palmerston in London against Count Nesselrode in St. Petersburg. In the 1960's they have one astute eye upon the Kremlin, the other upon the State Department; and miraculous indeed are the benefits that result, like a flow of emeralds from some legendary cornucopia. Now, as always, it is playing with fire; but the Great Game can still be a profitable pastime, at least for the ball boy.

Since World War II the Afghans have received from the Soviet-bloc countries about $215,000,000 worth of economic aid. By next June they will have received from the United States more than $127,000,000. They have received much smaller but still sizable contributions from the United Nations, France and West Germany. But the world-weary British, who burned their fingers in Afghanistan long decades ago, sit smugly on a hill in the most resplendent of the Kabul embassies, offering nothing at all.

This is big money, and Afghanistan is a museum, or laboratory, of economic aid, where you may compare the various techniques of altruism, study the methods of the rival Croesuses and estimate what—if anything—the Russians and the Americans are getting out of it all. Afghanistan is a member of the United Nations, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund. But, in practical essentials, this is virgin ground for capital investment, and pouring money into Kabul is like backing an unpredictable, cranky, possibly crooked, certainly self-centered, inventor.

Afghanistan was neutral during the Second World War, as in the First. Though there were some spasmodic attempts at modernization in the '20's and '30's, the material renaissance of the place has really occurred during the past fifteen years. The Americans have been generously active since 1950, the Russians since 1958, and in their efforts to outdo each other, they have demonstrated the cold war at its starkest and silliest.

Each party feels that to abandon the competition, which has to it distinct elements of knock-about farce, would be an unthinkable admission of failure. Each apparently believes that any improvement of the Afghan condition will contribute to the success of its own system of government. Each professes, hand piously on heart, that the "advancement of human welfare" is all it cares about. In this Great Game, as in Captain Conolly's, the motives of play are often murky. But as that officer perspicaciously observed, urging the British Government to do all kinds of doubtful things between Peshawar and Merv (renamed Mary in 1937), many an incidental benefit accrues to the local inhabitants—changing their destinies, as he put it, "from turmoil, violence, ignorance and poverty to peace, enlightenment and varied happiness."

Nobody knows the precise objects of the Russian programs in Afghanistan, but their methods and their achievements have alike been striking. They have concentrated on big projects, boldly conceived, swiftly executed. They are building the big new civil airport at Kabul and two important north-south highways. All the proper bread in Kabul is made at the Russian bakery—Russian-financed, Russian-built and Russian-staffed. The macadam streets of the capital were surfaced by the Russians. Most of the gasoline is Russian. And so are the best of the buses and half the trucks and much of the army's equipment and some of the aircraft.

In Kabul the Russians are omnipresent. They keep much to themselves, eat together, play together, live together. But if you get up very early at the Ariana Hotel, one of the more austere Kabul hostelries, you may sometimes fleetingly glimpse a thickset covey of technicians, huggermugger four to a bedroom, or slopping toward the bathroom in baggy-trousered red pajama bottoms.

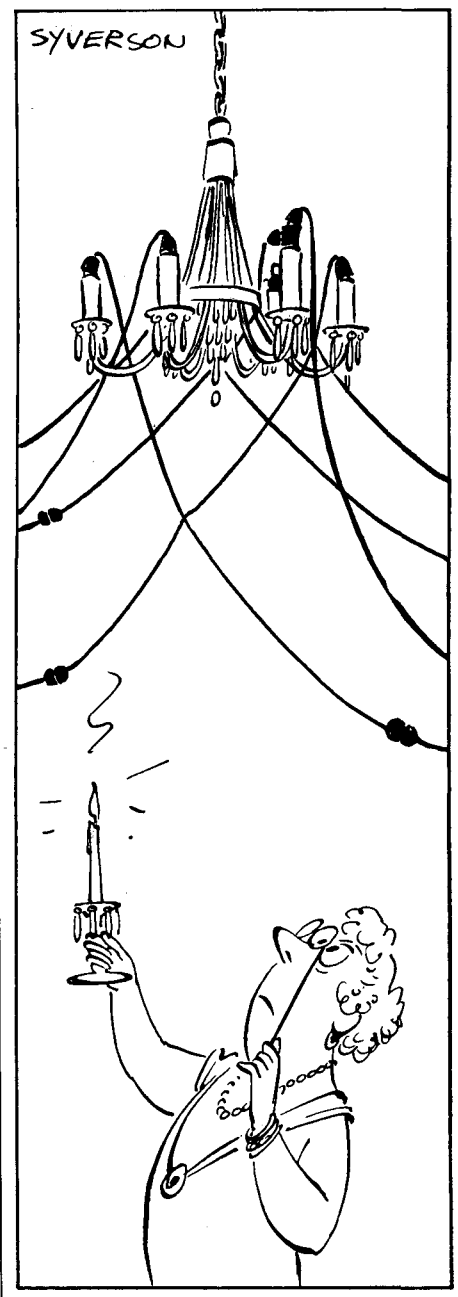
These men live in slovenly congestion and eat starchy Russian foods in dingy messrooms. They represent one great advantage Russia has over the United States in this Great Game—the advantage of proximity. In the nineteenth century the protagonists were almost neighbors, for in those days Britain was mistress of India, and her frontiers marched with Afghanistan and practically touched Russia herself. Today Russia is still just over the hill from Kabul, but America is 8000 miles away. Afghanistan is to the Soviet Union as Mexico is to the United States. The technicians at the Ariana Hotel are probably Central Asians themselves—they have come from just across the frontier, from Mary or Bukhara, like Texans seeping into Chihuahua across the Rio Grande. They understand the Afghan mind better than any American can, however liberal and understanding his sympathies. They live cheaply and roughly, as they live at home, without home freezers, fin-tailed convertibles or canned pineapples. They work for low wages, sleep in scruffy hotels and blend easily into the countryside like deer melting into a forest.

The Russians in Afghanistan do much of their work themselves—down to the foreman level. The people doing the job are reliable Russians, not flighty and often half-understanding Afghans. The Russians contract for a job, send in a highly equipped, pre-organized construction unit, do the work quickly, make a great song and dance about it and withdraw, benevolently bowing. Their projects are often chosen for their instant popular impact, and they have established an enviable reputation for swiftness and efficiency. They do not seem hamstrung by the red tape of diplomacy. They have stuck to the elementals of aid. They are the road builders, the bakers, the Good Neighbors—and perhaps, as some would have it, the Big Brothers too.

The American approach, though often snarled up in the sticky tangles of bureaucracy, has been more sophisticated. The International Cooperation Administration, the principal agent of American aid, does not enjoy a gleaming reputation in Afghanistan—least of all, perhaps, among Americans themselves. It is accused of easy living and extravagance, bumbleheadedness, insensitivity and lack of common sense. It has been unhappily embroiled in some expensive, half-cocked projects, notably the Helmund Valley irrigation (*Continued on Page 96*)

"I have nothing against you in particular, Fidgely. . . . I despise all my employees."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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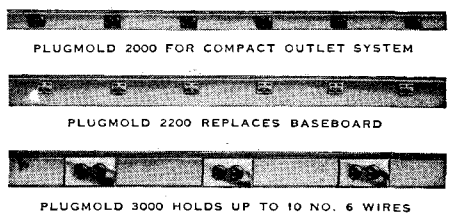

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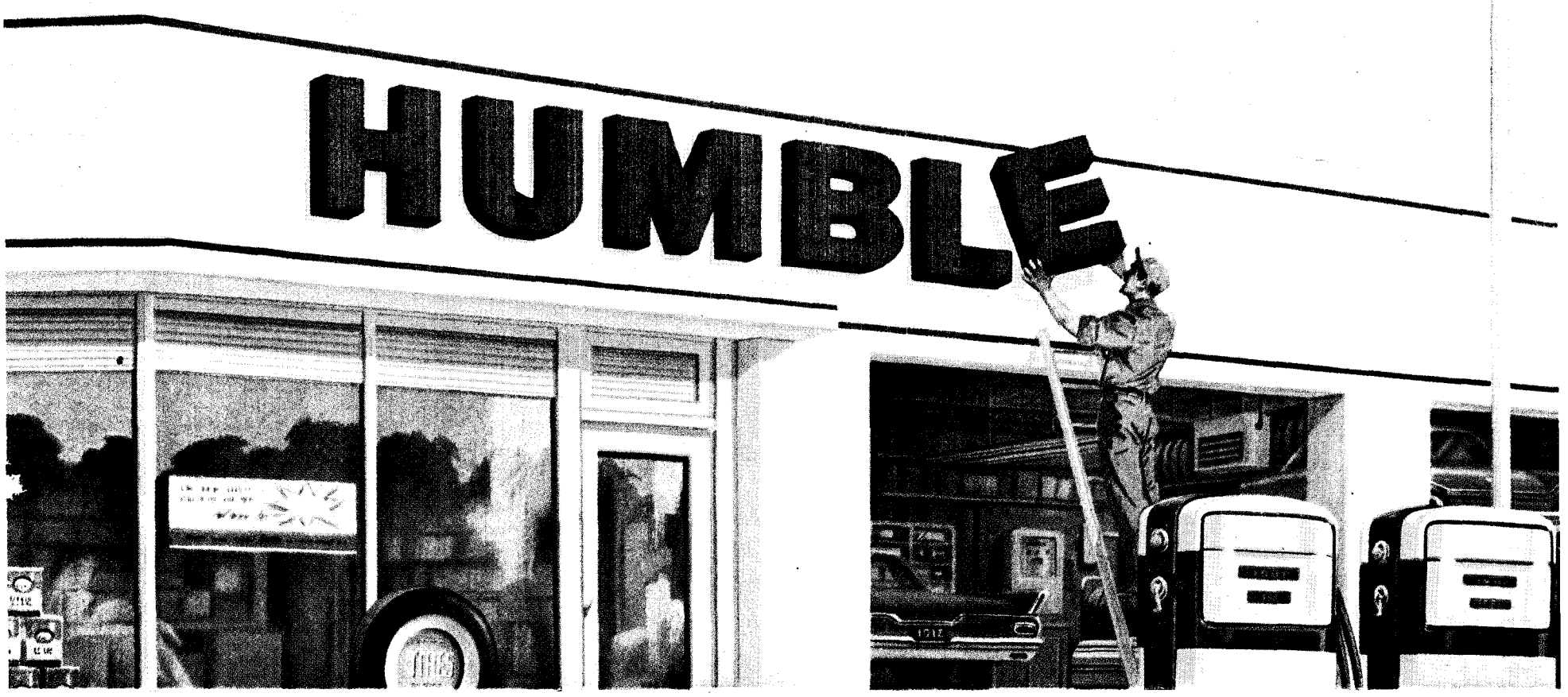

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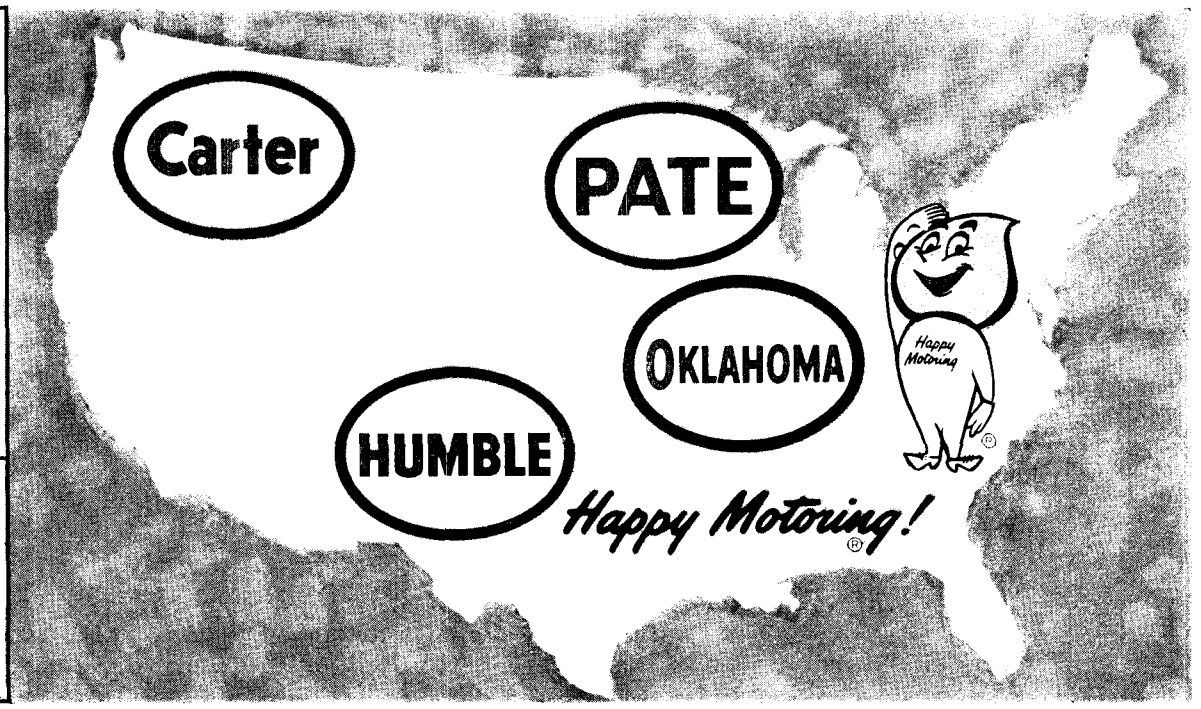

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(*Continued from Page 93*) scheme, which began in fact as a private enterprise, but has long been linked—with a snigger and a sneer—to the vagaries of ICA.

In the public mind at least, ICA seems to be perpetually floundering in muddy and undrinkable water. The vast international airport at Kandahar, one of the most dramatic of the American projects, is a case in point. It is a splendid affair, equipped to take the biggest jets and designed to be a major staging point on the air routes to the east. But so far hardly anybody uses it. Its magnificent runways lie glittering but forlorn, and its high-falutin terminal buildings, all curves and concentric arches, remain no more than a propagandist's pipe dream. A big road from Kandahar to Kabul is another embarrassment—it has been years in the gestation, but is still delayed by "difficulties of contract and negotiation." The Americans have acquired a name in Afghanistan as misfiring go-getters and faintly comical efficiency experts.

This is, though, unfair. In many ways the American programs have been far more imaginative than the Russian. But their impact is gentler, and their propaganda value less immediate. The Americans exert a profound influence upon educational progress. They have revolutionized the training of teachers here, through the American-organized Institute of Education. They have established an entire new faculty—of agriculture and engineering—at the University of Kabul and have generously backed the new Afghan Institute of Technology. The Americans have provided advisers, teachers and specialists galore, and are financing the new premises both of the university and of Kabul's principal secondary school. I never met a pro-Communist scholar in Afghanistan, but nearly every intellectual I met was an admirer—albeit sometimes reluctantly—of *la vie Américaine*.

The Americans have implanted themselves, too, as one official put it to me, "in the guts of the Afghan Government." Their advisers are ubiquitous throughout the rudimentary civil service, working side by side, if not always eye to eye, with Afghan colleagues—a system which the Russians are only now trying to emulate.

The Americans may not have achieved the spectacular successes of the Russians in Afghanistan. It is, though, worth remembering this: Never in the modern history of Afghanistan has any Western Power gained such a position of influence in this fiercely independent country. The British three times invaded the place. The French and the Germans were both active there between the wars. But the Americans are far more firmly established than any. Many a good American dollar has gone down the Afghan drain and many a sly giggle has been directed at American prestige. Time will tell. The bear seems rampant now, but the eagle may crow last.

On the other hand, perhaps the Russians, when the winds are right and the omens propitious, will grab Afghanistan for themselves. It may be that Khrushchev will maintain his present policy toward the kingdom, displaying it to the world as a show place of disinterested Russian vision—aid without strings. It may be that, like his Czarist predecessors, he has decided to take no risks with this spiky little state. But it may be that one of these days the Russians will decide to convert Afghanistan into yet another satellite, seize the fortress wall of the Hindu Kush and make themselves masters of the high road to India.

Strategically they could do so at the shrug of a generalissimo's epaulets. The new Afghan motor roads, both Russian- and American-built, would make an invasion from the north easier than ever before. The Russians supply most of the Afghan Army's equipment and have a strong training mission in the country. Transport, fuels and ammunition are already stock-piled. When the Afghan Army goes swinging through Kabul, with its Nazi-like steel helmets and its young officers lithe as brigands on their ponies—when the Afghan soldiers march by, the monotonous, melancholy rhythm of their military band already seems to obey a Russian drumbeat.

Afghanistan could be Russian in a week. Although the Afghans might resist with all their traditional guile and duplicity, can anyone see the western world going to war for Kabul?

A more likely danger is a political coup. The Russians undoubtedly have infiltrated agents into Afghanistan. There is a constant flow of traffic across the northern frontier, and nobody doubts that among the battalions of Russian technicians who have worked in the country there has been a dedicated quota of politicos. The creed of Communism is still rigidly proscribed in royalist Afghanistan, despite Kabul's cordial relations with Moscow. But it is possible that sympathizers may already be at work within the regime, or that a Soviet ambassador might be able to manipulate the tortuous and rancid rivalries that still bedevil Afghan affairs. It would not be surprising to wake up one morning and find a subservient pink administration fawning before Lenin's portrait in the royal halls. Some of the more nervous western diplomats, indeed, expect it any day now.

And if there is not a proper coup—say these despondent prophets—at least there will be an economic arm twist. The loans, grants and barter deals contracted by Moscow with Kabul have directed the Afghan economy sharply toward the north. At the same time the Afghans are deep in a running squabble with their southern neighbors, the pro-Western Pakistanis, concerning their claim for the frontier territories known as Pakhtunistan. This dispute, which is astutely fostered by the Russians, has willy-nilly withered Afghan commercial intercourse with the West. Karachi is Afghanistan's nearest port, and twice, when the quarrel has reached one of its perennial crises, its facilities have been denied to the Afghans.

More and more the life line of Afghanistan runs across the rough frontier into Russia. Some say the Afghans have already mortgaged their independence. Some believe she very soon will, unless the Pakhtunistan issue is settled. Many think that the prime purpose of American policy in Central Asia should be to reconcile Afghanistan with Pakistan, thus restoring her trade links with the West.

Any day now, the pessimists say, we are approaching a significant climax. The Russians, we are told, loom over Afghanistan all ready to pounce.

For myself, though, I take this thesis with a cheerful pinch of salt, for I have great faith in the deterrent powers of the Afghan morass. "Don't be alarmed," the Afghans themselves will tell you, accepting a Russian loan with one exquisitely manicured hand and an American grant-in-aid with the other. "Don't be alarmed, my dear fellow, we know just what we are doing."

If the Russians decide to use old-fashioned force, of course, Afghanistan is lost. But short of war, I do not believe they will easily gain control of the place. I believe the Afghans will stay clear of political commitments and accept help from all comers—there's one born every minute, as any Afghan knows. I believe in the foggy efficacy of Afghan diplomacy, and I suspect that the old national gifts of dissimulation, ambiguity, equivocation, flattery and delay will baffle the Soviet Russians as completely as they baffled the Imperial British.

I think they do know what they are doing. I strongly suspect that whoever loses the Great Game of the 1960's, the ultimate winners will be the irrepressible Afghans. And who knows? Perhaps the ghosts of all the Conollys, wiser now, and shorn of their imperial humbug, will be encouraging them from the sidelines with creaky spectral cheers. THE END

"Pretend we don't notice them!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Something Light (Continued from Page 20)

But considering the average run of independent, self-supporting modern women ——

Here Louisa broke off to consider the case she knew best: her own. The way she individually supported herself was as a photographer of dogs. A nation of dog lovers obviously wouldn't let her starve; but she noticed Number Ten's yoghurt on her milk bill. She was certainly independent, she hoped intelligent, and had only five pairs of stockings, two laddered.

Considering the average run of independent, self-supporting modern women, Louisa honestly believed they'd all be better off with rich husbands.

And I'm one of the average, thought Louisa. This obviously, given her special temperament, wasn't strictly accurate, but Louisa was in no mood to split hairs; the general proposition stood.

Her eyes traveled to the row of photographs adorning the mantel. As though summarizing her career, they showed about two dozen men, all broke, and in pride of place was My Lucky of York, champion greyhound 1956 to 1958, the best provider Louisa'd ever struck. Besides photographing him, she backed him regularly at short but safe odds. Or used to; My Lucky had been retired after the last season.

I need my breakfast, thought Louisa. She always had breakfast. She instinctively agreed with the essayist Hazlitt, whom she'd never read, that only upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal could one muster courage to face the day. She now turned on a tap, filled a kettle, lighted a gas ring, laid the table and reached down the coffee tin, all without moving her feet. Such are the advantages, to the long-armed, of a kitchenette-dinette.

Louisa's domain offered several other advantages; it was actually a divan-bedroom-bathroom-kitchenette-dinette. Except in very coldest weather, fumes from the penultimate area warmed all dependencies. There was a flap that let down over the bath, very convenient for ironing or making pastry on, and plenty of room in the bottom of the hanging cupboard for such essential stores as shoe polish and sardines. Some tenants found it a nuisance to be perpetually carrying down paper bags of tea leaves, potato peelings, and other organic matter besides, to be deposited in one of the communal dustbins by the area steps; but such was the *genre de la maison*, and by a civilized convention they never recognized one another when so engaged, particularly if on the way out in evening dress.

The table itself was gay with brightly striped oilcloth, china of several patterns and paper napkins advertising cider. It was also, comparatively speaking, laden: marmalade and margarine elbowed a whole untouched loaf, and there was even a half slice of toast left over from the day before, which Louisa intended to tidy up first. The cream was merely an extra.

Louisa looked at it uneasily. *What am I doing with cream, anyway?* thought Louisa. *I can't afford it, it was sheer greed.*

By a fortunate coincidence, however, she had promised to look in that afternoon on a producer of offbeat plays recovering from bronchitis. She took just one spoonful, neat, and set the jar on the window ledge outside to keep cool for Hugo.

The kettle boiling, she made her coffee and sat down. How good the bread and marmalade, how good the taste of coffee, enriched by an aftermath of cream!

"You know what?" Louisa addressed the absent milkman. "I'm actually on velvet."

She chewed with conscious deliberation, making each mouthful last as long as possible. There was no hurry; she had no professional engagement that morning—or indeed that afternoon. A nation of dog lovers obviously wouldn't let her starve, but the whole week was in fact a bit of a blank in the dog line.

"I'll take it easy," Louisa consoled herself.

On the thin party wall Number Ten rapped again. "Miss Datchett?"

"Outside the door," called Louisa.

"Thank you; I have found it," called back Number Ten. "Thank you very much. Just to say, Miss Datchett, I have the box quite ready!"

With sinking heart Louisa recalled one of her rasher promises: She was going to try to peddle some of his horrible beechnuts for him at an art-and-craft *boutique*.

She recalled also Hugo down with bronchitis, and a Hungarian sculptor for whom she was finding a studio. Dogs might be lacking, but never men to keep her busy. *I feel jaded*, thought Louisa.

At that moment the milkman yodeled again. On top of everything else she had a histrionic milkman. She opened grudgingly, while her coffee cooled.

"Hope on, hope ever," said the milkman. "There was a letter for you below; I've brought it up."

Louisa didn't often get letters—she got telegrams or picture post cards. She examined the envelope with what she afterward believed to be prophetic interest.

It was large and expensive, and the writing was unfamiliar, for F. Pennon had never written to her before. Indeed, Louisa didn't even know, till she read the letter inside, that his initial was F.

Upon large, expensive paper, headed Gladstone Mansions, W. 1., she read:

My dear Louisa: I hope you may remember me from Cannes last spring—the lonely old bachelor you were so kind to? I remember you very well indeed, and would very much like to see you again. Will you come and have tea with me? I remember your saying you enjoyed a good tea, and scones and honey shall await you here any afternoon you choose to name. I telephoned you several times during the last few days, but you were always out—though not, I sincerely trust, out of town.

May I say, *à bientôt?*
F. PENNON.

Prophetic interest or no, Louisa had at first some difficulty in placing F. Pennon at all. That week at Cannes had been hectic; it was the single burst of luxury her career had ever brought her, when an Italian film star whose poodles she'd photographed in London summoned her out to the film festival to photograph them again with additional publicity. In gratitude for the gesture Louisa cooperated wholeheartedly—even to the extent of faking a RESCUE BY POODLES IN ROUGH SEA. But she'd also enjoyed herself. How she'd enjoyed herself! Among so many breathtakingly beautiful women, each *soignée* to the last eyebrow, Louisa's harum-scarum looks seemed to bring many a cameraman comfort. The likenesses of Bobby and René and Kurt still hailed her from the mantel, affectionately dedicated in three languages. With Bobby and René and Kurt, Louisa, whenever off poodle duty, had for a week made such carefree *fiesta*, the details were naturally blurred. Thus when, after a little thought, F. Pennon's image finally emerged—like a weak negative in the hypo bath—it was merely as that of the man Bobby hit with a roll.

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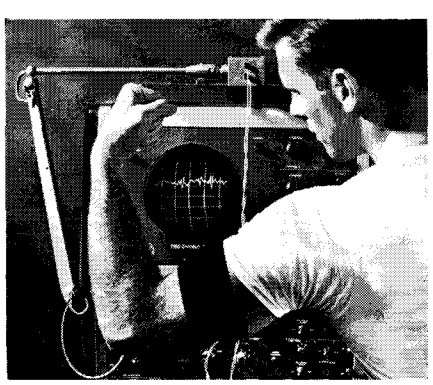

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And who'd been so nice about it?—the image became more precise. They asked him over to their table—at the Poule d'Or, at the Moulin Vert?—and who'd afterward rather strung along with them, picking up the bills. Which he invariably paid by check.

Louisa found herself remembering this quite clearly—and indeed it was a circumstance to excite general admiration: absolutely anyone in Cannes took F. Pennon's checks.

At this stage in her recollections Louisa carried the letter back to the kitchenette, and there dissected it like a biologist dissecting a frog.

"My dear Louisa. . . ." He knew her Christian name. But then men always did.

"I hope you may remember me. . . ." Louisa had. With an additional effort, however, she now recalled something of F. Pennon's appearance—he resembled a Sealyham. Whether it was because of this that she also recalled him as elderly—all Sealyhams looking elderly from puppyhood—or whether it was the other way round, she wasn't quite sure.

". . . would very much like to see you again. . . ." He'd liked seeing her at Cannes. A certain shy attentiveness had been unmistakable; it was upon Louisa, they all agreed, his benevolence was chiefly directed—the others just cashed in. She herself, having such a good time, merely scooped him up into her all-embracing bonhomie without learning so much as his initial. His address was indeed peculiarly stiff—like a Sealyham's. "Come on over, this is Uncle Bobby apologizing!" shouted Bobby." The name is Pennon," said Mr. Pennon; and Mr. Pennon he'd remained to them throughout the week. But attentive he'd certainly been, in a cagey way, and Louisa seemed to remember him more than once providing her with aspirins.

Her eye traveled on. ". . . I remember your saying you enjoyed a good tea. . . ." What meal didn't Louisa enjoy? It was a pity she hadn't said a good dinner, or even a good lunch; even so, F. Pennon plainly recalled her slightest word. At this point Louisa opened the window, reached in the cream and poured a good dollop into her coffee.

"I telephoned you several times. . . ." Yes, but why only *during the last few days?* A year had elapsed since Cannes; it was now May again. In any case, *several times*—he was eager enough now!

"May I say, *à bientôt?*" *The more* bientôt *the better!* thought Louisa warmly.

Then she read the whole letter through again and came to a swift decision. Her first impulse was to telephone; on second thought she sent a telegram. She felt that a preliminary, disembodied conversation would somehow take the dew off their meeting—and wasn't the day hers to name? "With you four-thirty. Louisa," dictated Louisa confidently. She very nearly made it a greeting telegram, only none of the forms suggested by the operator seemed quite to meet the case.

As has been said, she had no professional engagements; and she could easily take round Hugo's cream in the morning instead of the afternoon.

"You seem to have had a whack at it already," said Hugo ungratefully.

He was sitting up in bed, his thin little neck protruding from a dirty turtle-neck sweater, under a counterpane littered with play scripts. These, however, were so maculate already with tea, cocoa and gin that the addition of a drop of cream wouldn't make much difference.

"I had good news," apologized Louisa. "I took it, quite honestly, for you—at least my subconscious did—then I had good news, and a spot somehow got into my coffee. Eat it up, it'll build you."

Hugo fished a teaspoon from under his pillow, dipped and licked. The lenient gulletful improved his manners. "What sort of good news?"

"I'm going to get married," said Louisa.

It is remarkable how swiftly, once seeded, the idea of matrimony burgeons in a woman's mind. When she opened F. Pennon's letter, only half an hour had elapsed since her conversation with the milkman and her subsequent meditations on the lot of the independent modern woman and her final conclusion as to the desirability of rich husbands all round; when she finished reading, her decision was as swift as if she'd been trained in a first-class finishing school. She was going to marry F. Pennon.

She was even slightly annoyed that Hugo should now regard her with evident astonishment. "And why not?" inquired Louisa coldly. "I'm not a hag yet."

"My dear! No reason in the world," exclaimed Hugo, genuinely shocked. "You're very attractive. I mean, that's why I was surprised—you have such a good time knowing such dozens of men."

Louisa looked at the stack of dirty plates on the floor beside his bed; in a few minutes she supposed she'd be having a good time washing them. Quite possibly Number Ten imagined she'd have a good time peddling his beechnuts. *And whose fault is it?* thought Louisa honestly. *It's not men's; it's mine. I've asked for it, I've made a hobby of it; I've been the original Good Sort.* She was damned if she'd wash Hugo's dishes, but neither would she do him injustice. As he suddenly coughed like a sick sheep, she hadn't the heart even to disillusion him.

"Of course, you're right," agreed Louisa. "I've had a marvelous time. Particularly with you, Hugo dear. I still think I'll get married."

"I suppose it is the modern thing to do," coughed Hugo, recovering aplomb. "I'm so old-fashioned; I just live in sin."

Louisa cast an understanding but expert eye over the traditional attic. There wasn't room, between peeling wall and unwashed window, to swing a cat; but love—or sin—Louisa was aware, in the circles in which Hugo moved rather throve on squalor. Not a stocking, however, hung up to dry.

"I know you'd *like* to ——" began Louisa sympathetically.

"My dear good girl," snapped Hugo, now annoyed in turn, "I assure you I slept with Pammy actually last night."

"Then when you've still got bronchitis it was very silly," said Louisa. She paused and looked round again. Not a stocking, not a flower—and not a thermometer. "What I mean is," said Louisa, "if you were really *living* in sin with Pammy, she'd be here now, looking after you in sin."

"Actually she's got a rehearsal," said Hugo sulkily.

"Which is precisely the point," said Louisa. She paused again, suddenly and surprisedly aware that if F. Pennon had bronchitis, she, Louisa, wouldn't be out photographing poodles! Nor was the idea unwelcome; in fact, she desired such claims—on her time, on her affection—*but from a husband.*

Louisa looked at Hugo thoughtfully. She was very fond of him. He was a brave little twirp. Not one of his offbeat plays had ever succeeded. He currently stage-managed at an Outer London repertory; and though it was there, in the drafty wings, he caught his bronchitis, so dedicated was he that he crawled from his bed and went back into the drafts each night. Louisa was not only fond of Hugo; she admired him. All the same, she felt suddenly extremely tired of him.

It's time I had some proper claims made on me, thought Louisa, *before I turn into the original mother figure.* She stood up.

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"Darling, you aren't going?" protested Hugo incredulously.

"I've got to look in at the shop," said Louisa.

"But you haven't told me about your intended. I'm all agog, honestly I am! Who is he?"

"Someone I've known for quite a while," said Louisa.

"Has he any money?"

"Quite a lot," said Louisa rather sharply. "But that's not only why I'm marrying him."

By now, strangely enough, it was true. Who had been more mercenary than Louisa, as she dissected F. Pennon's letter and sent off her wire? During the intervening hours she had grown fond of him. She now thought of F. Pennon with genuine affection and thoroughly resented, on his behalf, Hugo's tone.

"What a lucky girl you are!" congratulated Hugo, all unconscious. "I suppose he isn't by any chance interested in the theater?"

"Not that I know of," said Louisa—at the door.

"Because if he should be," called Hugo, "you might just drop a word—at some tender moment, you know—about my Aristophanes in modern dress. . . ."

"And when's it to be?" inquired Mr. Ross interestedly.

"Well, I'm not quite sure yet," said Louisa. "But I can't see why we should wait."

"Just give the word in good time," said Mr. Ross, "and me and the boys'll have a whip round. Congratulations again, though I must say the place won't seem the same without you."

It wasn't much of a place, Louisa's shop. Fortunately as a photographer of dogs she had no need of any chichi studio. Her subjects posed either *en plein air* or in their own homes; in fact, she hadn't a studio at all, but merely rented a darkroom space off Mr. Ross at a highly unchichi address in Soho. Mr. Ross's subjects, though anthropoids, were also photographed *en plein air:* on the pavement outside Burlington House. The accommodation suited Louisa very well, however, and she and Rossy had shared many a companionable cup of tea, as they were doing now, by the gas ring on the back landing.

"Not that we'd expect," added Mr. Ross delicately, "to be *asked* ——"

"Good heavens, why not?" exclaimed Louisa. "You don't think I'm going to drop all my old friends?"

"If you're wise you will," said Mr. Ross.

Louisa looked at him as she'd looked at Hugo; he stood up better to her scrutiny. He wasn't so very much the elder, and his sharp-cut suit and pointed shoes were as much of a group uniform as Hugo's dirty sweater and duffel coat; but his eyes were the sagacious eyes of the Jew, and he was genuinely concerned for her.

"When embarking on a new life," said Mr. Ross earnestly, "make a clean break. You're marrying a well-to-do man, you're going to have a nice home; so O.K., don't clutter it up with old pals. Take my advice—give 'em the go-by. And don't fret about me missing the champagne," added Mr. Ross humorously; "just pour me another cup of tea."

Before so momentous an appointment Louisa naturally returned home to embellish her appearance—and met Number Ten on the stairs. Without a pang, Louisa mentally gave Number Ten the go-by.

Without a pang, she felt, she could give Hugo the go-by. She could give them all the go-by, gladly—the whole shiftless bunch of men she was used to being fond of.

Rossy's dead right, thought Louisa. *It's time I made a clean break.*

There could still be no stronger proof of her special temperament than the fact that she could enter Gladstone Mansions not only without dismay, but with exhilaration. Most women got the willies.

The first impression produced by the interior was of being underground. Seen from without, eight massive stories reared; once past the great oak and ground-glass doors the catacomb illusion was complete. A cautious use of electricity left in shadow the high, coved, cavernous ceiling; on the walls a paper originally representing marble now looked like wet granite. Only the specialist eye of a British clubman—and Louisa's—at once recognized the entirely appropriate threshold to the most expensive flats in London, single gentlemen only.

An ancient clock coughed the half hour. She rang for the lift and in the lift shaft something happened. Iron vitals rumbled; machinery shuddered, ropes strained, wheels ground; it was like the birth of the Industrial Age. Rudimentary yet effectual, a great iron cage descended, groaned to a halt and gaped. Louisa stepped hardily in.

"F. Pennon, third," said Louisa.

Up they labored. An eye attuned to the cavern below instinctively sought, between the probably hand-forged bars, some daubing of elk or mastodon on the lift shaft's naked brick. But it was bare as a pothole. To be ejected, at the third, into civilization nonetheless came as a shock, even though one was still unmistakably in Gladstone Mansions as well. The long, narrow corridor still gave the impression of being underground, if only as in a mine; upon the walls hung steel engravings, each commemorating some disaster to British arms—*The Charge of the Light Brigade*, the *Loss of the Royal George*, the *Retreat from Corunna*. Louisa passed appreciatively between them, identified the door she sought and used the *Death of Nelson* as a mirror to repowder her nose.

"F. Pennon?" inquired Louisa, when the door opened.

"Miss Datchett?" inquired the old manservant. Behind him stretched a typical Gladstone Mansions sitting room—furnished apparently with sarcophagi, carpeted apparently with churchyard moss, the whole gloomy vista closed by curtains not absolutely black, but nonetheless suggestive of a first-class French funeral. The only points of brightness were the silver tea set ready on the tea table and the eager gleam in F. Pennon's eye as he hurried toward her out of the circumambient gloom.

Louisa scrutinized him with natural interest. Her memory had been generally accurate: like a Sealyham he was broad through the chest and rather short-legged, but though not tall he was at least as tall as she was—and she could always wear flat heels—and his graying hair had exactly the springy roughness of a Sealyham's coat. Louisa could easily imagine herself dropping a kiss on it at the breakfast table. In age she judged him about sixty, and though she could have wished him younger, he looked fit as a fiddle.

"My dear Louisa," exclaimed F. Pennon, "how good of you to be so prompt!" He had her hand even before the manservant stepped back, clasping it enthusiastically between his own. Where now was his reserve, his peculiar stiffness of address? All swept away, thought Louisa happily, in his joy of seeing her again!

"It's a pleasure," said Louisa sincerely.

Indeed it was, to see him not only so spry and so delighted but also, quite obviously, nervous. He was far more nervous than Louisa; but then she already knew his fate. He fussed. He fussed over finding her the most comfortable chair and over the disposition of the tea things. There were the scones, there was the honey, also a plummy cake shaped like an Edwardian toque. He asked her to pour out. The weight of the teapot almost sprained her wrist, but how gladly she bore the slight twinge! *Family plate*, thought Louisa. Merely to handle the solid-silver sugar tongs, good for at least half a guinea, Louisa took three lumps.

"This is just," sighed Louisa, "what I like."

"You used to take lemon," said F. Pennon anxiously.

There was lemon, too, sliced wafer thin in a silver shell. Not to disappoint him, Louisa added lemon. F. Pennon himself spooned honey onto her plate, beside the hot scone. Then he sat back with an expression of rapture and watched her eat.

"How well I remember that week at Cannes!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, so do I!" said Louisa.

"We did, didn't we, get on rather well? D'you think you could call me Freddy?"

"Easily," said Louisa. She was only too glad to find it wasn't F for Ferdinand.

"You attracted me at once," continued Freddy, in happy reminiscence. "I don't mind telling you I was a bit annoyed—being hit with that roll. Then I saw you at the table, and that's why I came over. What a thundering piece of luck it was!"

"For me too," said Louisa.

"You really mean that? I don't live here regularly, you know," said F. Pennon. "I've a house as well, outside Bournemouth."

The transition was abrupt—how nervous he was, poor F for Freddy!—but Louisa grasped the implication at once. Wives being obviously taboo in Gladstone Mansions, he wanted her to know about the house.

"I can't imagine anything nicer," said Louisa encouragingly.

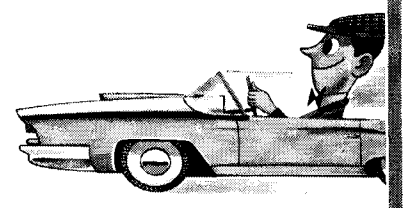
"I hope you'll think so when you see it. That is, if you do see it. I want you to see it. But (*Continued on Page 104*)

Come Quickly, Night

By Bessie Butler Newsom Allard

Come quickly, Night,
And blot out the latening
afternoon.
I can not bear twilight to
take me unaware.
The heart cries, "Soon, now
soon,
He will be here!"
The heart will never quite
Believe the mind which
knows
He can not come,
And sends my flying hands
to close
The blind. (No blind so
tight
It can shut out the sound,
the sight
Of all men going home.)
He can not come. He can
not come.
Oh, quickly, Night,
Hush the heart's joyous cry.
Muffle its drum.

LUBRIPLATE LUBRICATION



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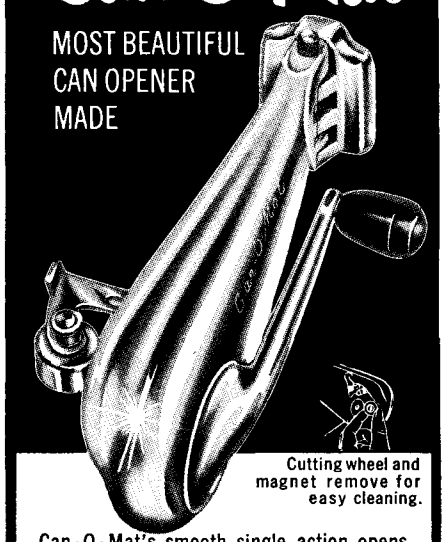

Cutting wheel and magnet remove for easy cleaning.

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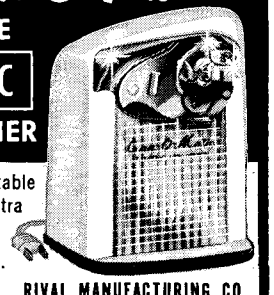
PORTABLE ELECTRIC CAN OPENER



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RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City 29, Missouri
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

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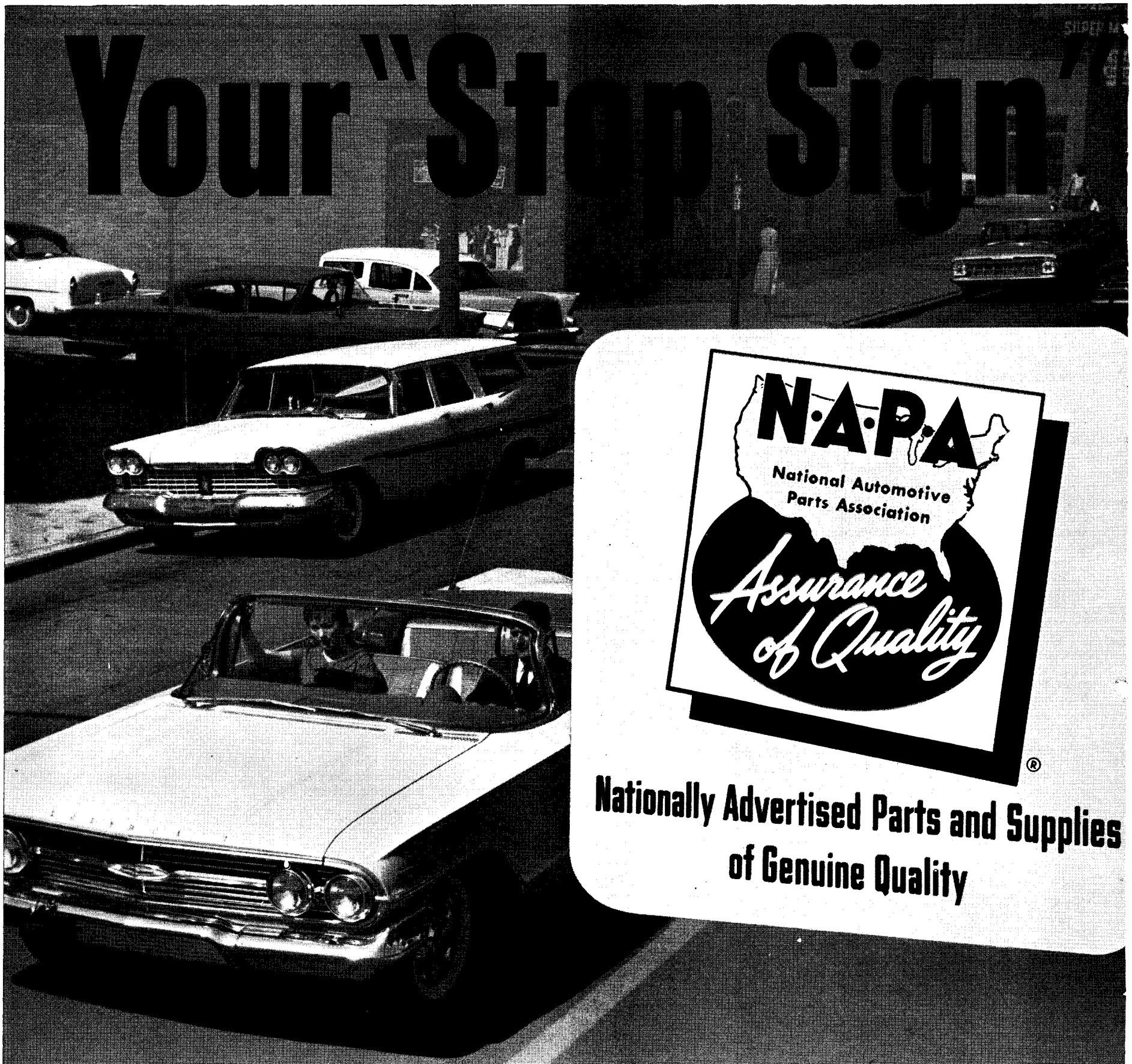

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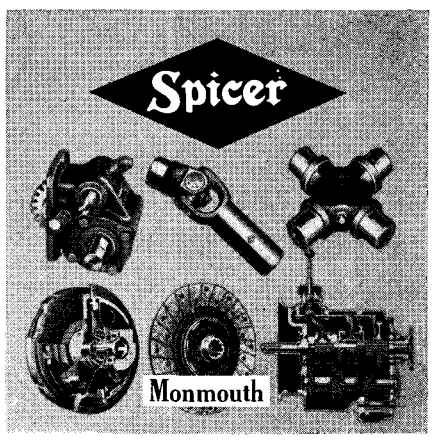

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DANA CORPORATION
TOLEDO 2, OHIO

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Hydraulic Brake Wheel Cylinder Cups must withstand severe heat and pressure every time your brakes are applied. That's why UNITED makes the Cups of special HHR (High Heat Resistant) rubber, which meets or exceeds all Government and SAE specifications as to quality and performance. Be safe—insist on UNITED Brake Parts.

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THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY
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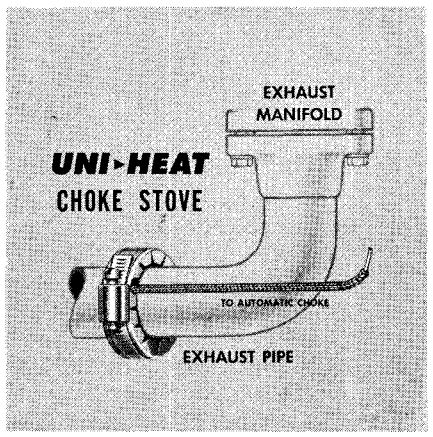

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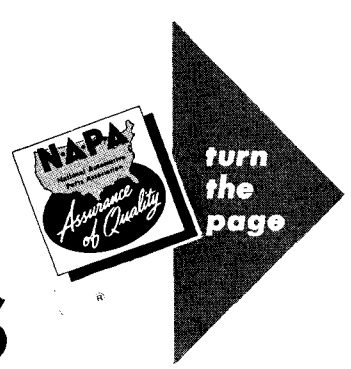

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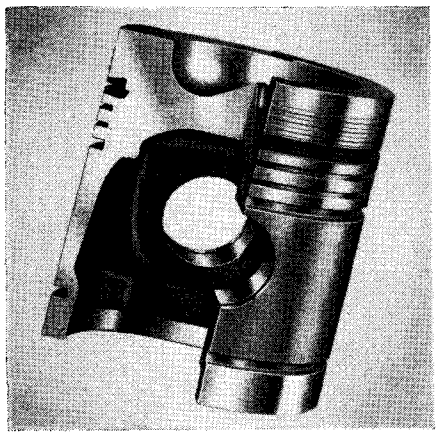
N·A·P·A "Parade"



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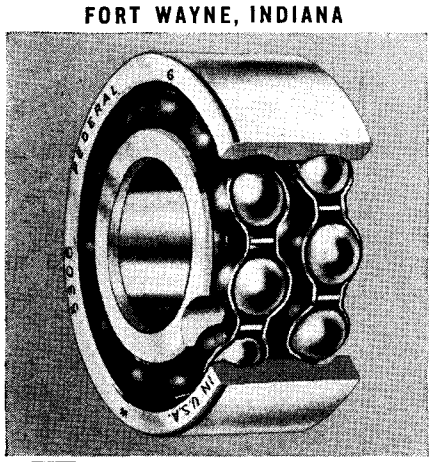

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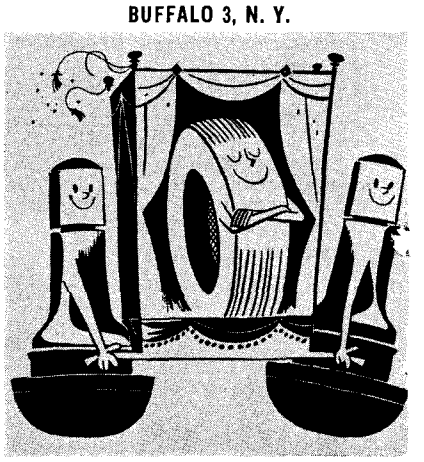

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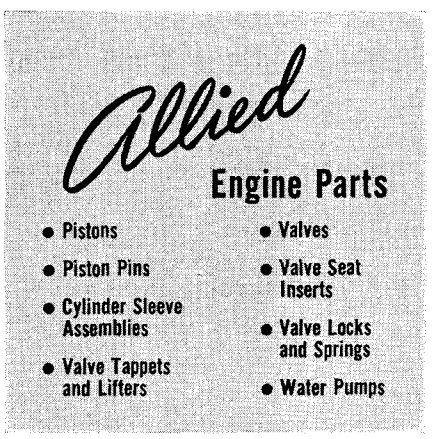

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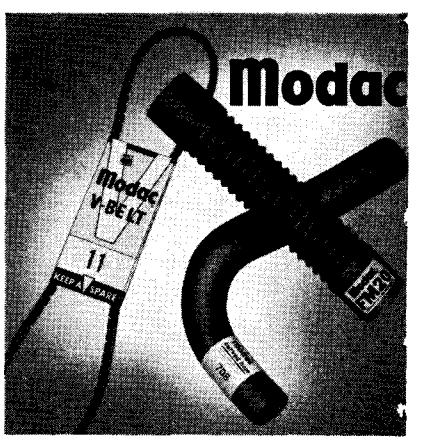

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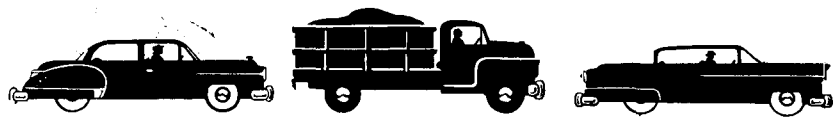

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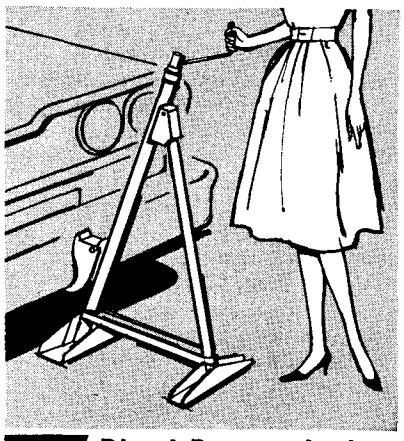

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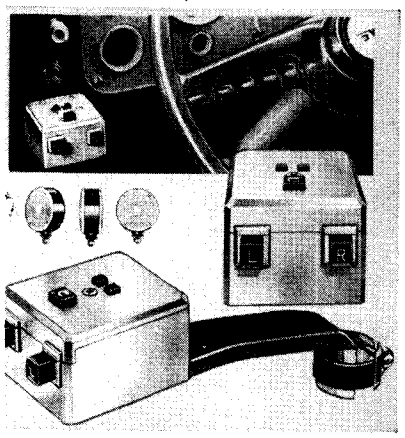

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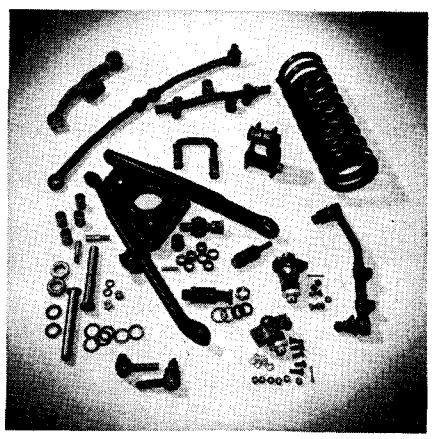

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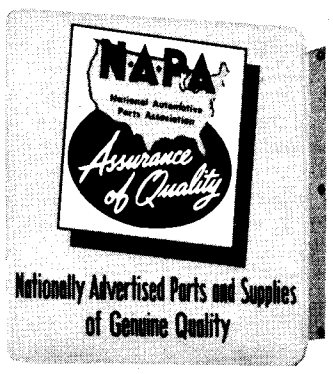
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Assurance of Quality
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National Automotive Parts Association, Chicago, in behalf of the thousands of independent

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who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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(*Continued from Page 99*) I'm going too fast," said F. Pennon anxiously. "I'm rushing things. Have a slice of cake."

Though she hadn't finished her scone, Louisa accepted it willingly. His nervousness was beginning to be infectious, and eating always steadied her.

"Not that I don't like it here, too," added Freddy, with a touch of wistfulness. "I do. I like it uncommonly."

At the thought of all he was giving up for her Louisa's heart quite melted, particularly as Gladstone Mansions was just the sort of place she liked herself. Even its gloom was tranquilizing, like a thoroughly wet day when there is no question of going out. If Freddy's eye was wistful, so was Louisa's; but no one was ever less of a dog in the manger.

"Why not keep it on?" she suggested kindly. "Then you could pop up to town on your own."

"You really think I might?" exclaimed F. Pennon, brightening at once. "It wouldn't cause—misunderstandings? My dear Louisa," cried F. Pennon enthusiastically, "how right I've been about you! I knew I was right, even on so very brief an acquaintance as ours was at Cannes! You're the only woman, I tell you frankly, I've been able to think of ——"

Louisa swallowed fast. She didn't mean to receive his proposal with her mouth full.

"—— to turn to," finished F. Pennon, "in a jam."

For one moment—and alas, for one only—incredulity numbed Louisa's brain. The moment passed. After but the briefest pause, during which she resisted an impulse to dash the scone to the floor and grind it into the carpet, Louisa thought resignedly, *Here we go again!*

Resignedly she composed herself to listen. She also put another scone on her plate, beside the slice of cake, to make sure of supplies. Though where were now her rosy hopes; if she ate enough at tea she could do without supper, and so be at least a meal up. "Fire ahead," said Louisa.

It was encouragement of a sort. At any rate, it was encouragement enough for F. Pennon. He drew a deep, already assuaged breath.

"I don't suppose even you can realize," began F. Pennon earnestly, "how a man feels—a man of my age—when the woman he's worshiped for twenty years is at last free to marry him."

Louisa sat perfectly still. The words were a final blow, and in the circumstances a shattering one. Yet what fidelity they exhibited! Twenty years! How different, such true devotion, thought Louisa, from the untidy amours of her familiar circle! Chagrined as she was, she felt her heart melt again. "Perhaps not," she said kindly. "Tell me."

"He feels terrified," said F. Pennon.

Another moment passed. As though upon some emotional switchback, Louisa had scarcely time to alter her expression—in fact, she was still looking reverent—before it was necessary to speak.

"I thought you said you'd worshiped ——" began Louisa.

"Yes, but from afar," said F. Pennon.

"How far afar?"

"Argentina. For the last eighteen years she's lived in the Argentine. She married a man in business there—a splendid chap," said F. Pennon warmly. "Now he's dead."

"You mean you haven't seen her for eighteen years?" marveled Louisa.

"That's right. His business rather went downhill, d'you see, and they couldn't afford to come home. But, of course, I've written to her. We wrote to each other," said F. Pennon, warming up a little, "every month ——"

"Love letters?"

"I suppose you might call 'em so. I know Enid told me they added meaning to her whole existence. So they did to mine," said F. Pennon. "I'd no other attachments, never wanted any; but once each month I'd turn aside from—well, money-grubbing—and just give myself up to sweeter things. I used to keep a special evening, settle down at that desk with perhaps a spot of brandy ——"

"And a dictionary of quotations?" suggested Louisa.

"Just to refresh my memory," said F. Pennon simply. "Enid liked me to put in poetry. She's particularly fond of Tennyson. One way and another, taking all my letters together, I dare say you'd find the whole of *Maud*. And then, of course, there'd be a letter each month from her, and I kept a special evening for them too. It was ideal."

Louisa could see that it had been. Now that she wasn't going to marry him herself, now that she regarded him dispassionately, she could see it was the very thing for him: a sentimental attachment—a long-distance attachment—neatly compartmented from, not interfering with, the solid comforts of Gladstone Mansions.

"Go on," said Louisa, beginning to eat again. "Where do I come in?"

But Freddy was still gazing nostalgically toward the writing desk. "I'd just bought a new seal, an agate," he mourned. "It had *semper fidelis* on it. Now the poor chap's dead!"

"And I suppose Enid expects you in Buenos Aires?" prompted Louisa, not quite patiently. "I still don't see where I ——"

With an effort he jerked himself back to the present. "Actually her boat docks the day after tomorrow," said F. Pennon. "She's come ——"

Though still eating fast, Louisa met his desperate eye with renewed sympathy. Who wouldn't, thought Louisa, in such a situation, be terrified? To worship afar for eighteen years, and then to have one's idol all at once within reach! And not only within reach, but positively, so to speak—and soon now, indeed, without metaphor—in one's lap! For Louisa had no doubt in the world, she read it in F. Pennon's every agitated glance, that in those monthly letters he had absolutely committed himself. Enid had come home to marry him.

"Congratulations," said Louisa, "and cheer up. When does she get to London?"

"She isn't coming to London," said F. Pennon. "She's coming straight to my house at Bournemouth. What else can she do? She hasn't a penny, poor girl—and I can hardly pay her hotel bills! So she's coming to Bournemouth. That's where we're going to meet. And that's where I want you to come, too," said F. Pennon rapidly, "dear Louisa, just to help me over the hump."

Louisa swallowed the last crumbs of plum cake. At least she had had a good tea. "Dear Freddy," said Louisa, "not on your life."

Just as Hugo when she left him on his sick bed, Freddy stared incredulously. "But, Louisa ——"

"I quite see why you've been telephoning me," said Louisa more kindly. "I even see that it wasn't a bad idea. You've still, so far as I can judge, got to marry her."

"Of course I'm going to marry her!" cried F. Pennon, with belated fervor. "Dammit, I want to marry her! Only I can't, I tell you I positively can't, be left alone with her for the first few days. There's got to be a—well, a buffer. Come to Bournemouth just for a week."

"You could hardly introduce me as a buffer," said Louisa coldly.

"Of course not. I shouldn't think of it. You'll be a friend I have staying with me. Probably she'll take it for a delicate piece of chaperoning. I dare say she'll expect chaperoning ——"

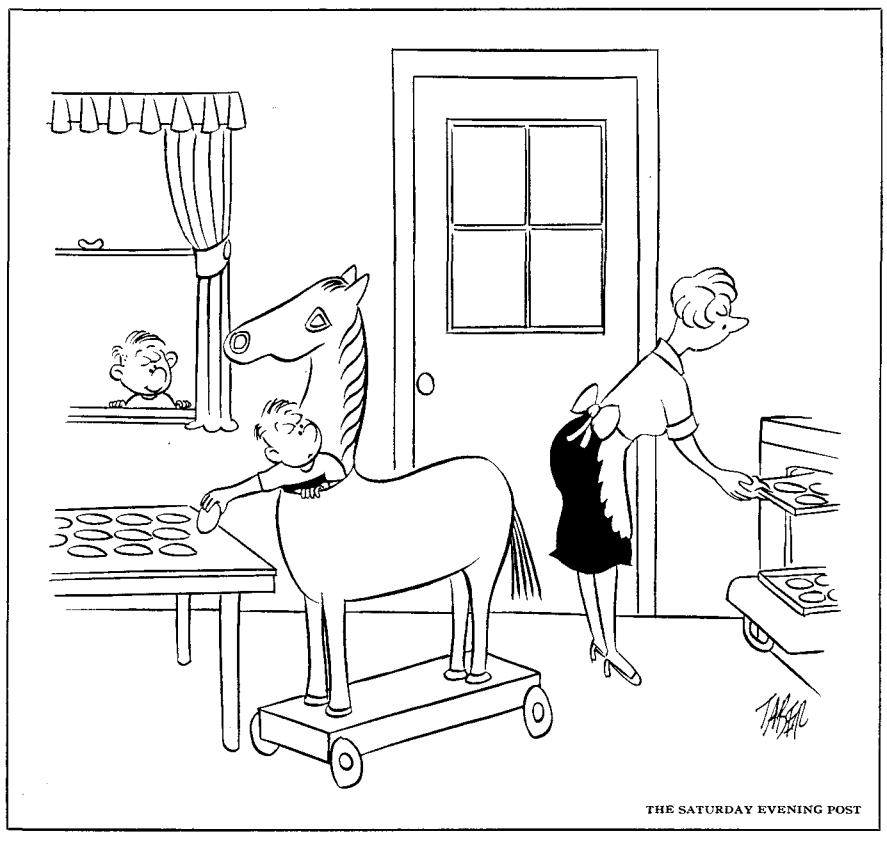
"Duennas, in Argentina, are probably still all the go," agreed Louisa, "Haven't you any female relatives?"

"No. I tell you you're the only woman I've been able to think of—you with your wonderful understanding of a man, you who're such a thorough good sort ——"

"Listen," interrupted Louisa. "Listen carefully. I know that's my reputation, but I'm through. I've had enough of being a good sort. I've had enough of being man's best friend. From now on they'll have to take Airedales. I'm sorry to disappoint you, and thanks for my tea."

She brushed the cake crumbs from her fingers and rose. (She really felt adequately fed until next morning.) She powdered her nose standing and moved definitely toward the door.

"Louisa!" cried F. Pennon desperately.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She knew better than to turn. He would be looking too much like an abandoned Sealyham.

"It's not only on my account," implored F. Pennon desperately; "it's on Enid's. I know she's a married woman ——"

Louisa paused. It suddenly struck her how extraordinarily few married women she knew. Freddy's Enid had married not only once, but within the first months of widowhood was about to marry again. Louisa's own aim now being matrimony—if not with F. Pennon, then with another—it struck her that from a woman so eminently nubile she might well pick up a few tips.

"Oh, O.K.," said Louisa. "When do we go?"

"'You know what?" said the milkman. "That chap Ibsen's dead."

"I know," said Louisa.

"I didn't; my auntie told me," said the milkman. "Also, while never chaining herself to railings, she did once black a gentleman's eye."

"Those were the days," said Louisa.

The milkman considered her with more attention.

"Since you mentioned it yourself, you do look a bit jaded. What about another spot of cream?"

"No, thanks," said Louisa. "In fact, you needn't leave anything for a week."

"Saving money or going on holiday?" inquired the milkman.

"Neither," said Louisa. "Summer school."

She hesitated. Whether as a buffer between old Freddy and his beloved, or as a picker of that beloved's brains, she was pretty well assured of a week's good grub. She was still resolved to give Number Ten the go-by; she simply recognized that the idea of his peering fruitlessly outside the door each morning might spoil her appetitie; and on second thought ordered yoghurt as usual.

"And this," said F. Pennon, "is Miss Datchett, who's staying with us for a bit."

Was he flushed with triumph or merely feeling the heat? The afternoon was so warm, Louisa couldn't decide—and indeed spared him but the briefest glance, so eager was she to observe the woman he'd worshiped for twenty years and whom he'd just been to fetch from Bournemouth West station.

Enid Anstruther was small, blond and faded. Her age was more difficult to be precise about. On the facts, Louisa had worked her out at about forty, at which age a woman today is still young, and Mrs. Anstruther in manner at least was positively girlish; but this girlishness had the effect of making her seem older. As she jumped out of the car and ran up the loggia steps, Louisa, observing these pretty, girlish movements, had to tell herself not to be a cat.

"But how nice!" cried Mrs. Anstruther warmly.

At least it was big of her, or at any rate she was a very quick thinker. A small, gloved hand flew out and patted at Louisa's in a kind little gesture of acceptance.

"Name's Louisa. You'll get on together," promised F. Pennon optimistically. "Now then, Enid's had a long journey, she'll want to lie down."

Mrs. Anstruther turned to him gratefully. She turned, and Louisa saw her profile.

No tropic heat, so ravaging of skin and hair, affects the profile. Enid Anstruther's had remained exquisite—low, straight forehead; straight, delicately cut nose; short upper lip and delicately rounded chin. It was a profile out of a Victorian keepsake—Grecian softened to prettiness.

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It was a profile, there was no denying, for a man to remember with devotion even after eighteen years.

Lying down being apparently the order of the day, as soon as Mrs. Anstruther had been shown her room, Louisa went and lay down too. The bedspread, which she carefully turned back, was of pink brocade. Upon the floor a deep-pile carpet, slightly darker in tone than the quilt, fitted from wall to wall. Curtains patterned with enormous pale-green leaves framed a view of pine trees and sea. It wasn't even the best bedroom—that had Mrs. Anstruther lying down in it—but it was still so very different indeed from Louisa's room in Paddington that when she woke in it that morning she felt like the chimney sweep in Buckingham Palace.

Freddy had driven her from London the day before—in his custom-built Rolls; his own luggage stowed in matching suitcases, Louisa's in a variety of airline giveaway bags. Actually Freddy didn't drive himself, there was a custom-built chauffeur. Louisa enjoyed the trip thoroughly, even though Freddy grew progressively more and more taciturn. *And why the devil not?* thought Louisa sympathetically. What a lapful awaited him! She sympathized—but not so acutely that she forgot to loll; novel though the experience was, in Freddy's Rolls-Royce Louisa discovered that she could loll as to the manner born. Halting for coffee halfway through the morning's run, she didn't even descend, but let a cup be obsequiously carried out to her. Halting for lunch at a famous and fabulously expensive inn, she just accepted the necessity of putting foot to ground. Then they had everything most expensive on the menu.

"I could, don't you think, make a woman comfortable?" suggested F. Pennon.

"Unless she's off her head," said Louisa warmly.

They reached Bournemouth about six; the big house above a famous chine awaited them in apple-pie order. "Evening, Karen," said Freddy casually. "Got any cocktails for us?" A large and smiling Swede indicated the tray. *What she must be paid!* thought Louisa. Some sort of understrapper of the chauffeur's carried in their bags, and a dinner to recruit arctic explorers was served at eight. Freddy was still taciturn, and what slight conversation took place concerned the desirability, or otherwise, of Louisa's accompanying him to meet Mrs. Anstruther's train.

"Just to break the ice!" pleaded Freddy.

"Not I," said Louisa. "You've got to take the plunge."

"I tell you, I've told you, it's exactly just at first I'll want you there."

"Yes, but not just at first as all that," said Louisa. "Not on the platform."

As has been seen, she won her point, and Freddy went to the station alone.

Louisa pummeled the pillow into a sausage under her nape. It was an uncommonly warm afternoon, but she couldn't sleep. To sleep at such an hour was unnatural to her; naturally, or customarily, she'd have been developing film in Rossy's basement. Louisa put the thought of Mr. Ross aside; as she saw now she'd been overimpulsive in her confidences to him. She had also been overimpulsive in her confidences to Hugo and was only thankful she hadn't said anything to Number Ten.

All the same, thought Louisa uneasily, *I'm going to have a deuce of a lot of explaining to do.*

She pummeled the pillow again. Its linen slip was pale pink; so were the sheets and blankets. Impulsively Louisa stripped down the nearest corner for a look at the mattress. It was pink too. *At least I'm on velvet for a week*, thought Louisa. It struck her that a week seemed to be the natural term of any luxury for her. It had been for a week that she'd luxuriated at Cannes.

Her thoughts veered to Mrs. Anstruther. Brief though their meeting had been, in Louisa's opinion it sufficed to form a judgment.

She's nothing, thought Louisa; *she's a nonentity. She just happened to be born with a profile.* But just that profile, that echo from a Victorian beauty book, was going to put Enid Anstruther on velvet for the rest of her life.

If Louisa had been thinking about Mrs. Anstruther, so, evidently, had Mrs. Anstruther been thinking about Louisa. It was only natural, as it was only natural that she should have cut short her siesta to stroll with Freddy on the broad gravel walk under the bedroom windows.

"Freddy dear, who exactly is Miss Datchett?" murmured Enid Anstruther.

Louisa had no scruples about eavesdropping in such a case as this, but sat up to listen better.

"Girl I've known all my life," said Freddy. "That is, knew her people all my life." There was a slight pause.

"I don't remember any Datchetts at Keighley?" mused Mrs. Anstruther.

"Came from Leeds," said Freddy instantly. "After you deserted me and went to Argentina. It's eighteen years, y'know."

"You've changed so little, I forget," sighed Mrs. Anstruther. The next moment she rippled with pretty laughter; she was very volatile. "And I feel just a slip of a girl again," confessed Mrs. Anstruther, "with my chaperon! Kind Freddy, to take such care of me! I wonder what made you ask Miss Datchett."

"Convalescing after mumps," said Freddy. "Thought I'd kill two birds with one stone."

Louisa's outraged ear caught a delicate babble of alarm. Then Freddy said, "No, of course she ain't infectious. I told you, she's convalescing. Building up."

"Well, now you've seen her," inquired F. Pennon, "what d'you think of her?" He and Louisa were waiting in the spacious, galleried entrance hall for Mrs. Anstruther to come down to dinner—Freddy in black tie, Louisa, to keep her spirits up, in toreador pants.

"She's got the most beautiful profile," said Louisa sincerely, "I've ever seen off an Afghan."

"She has, hasn't she?" said Freddy eagerly. "She hasn't changed in the least. She says I haven't either."

"In fact, the water was quite warm," said Louisa.

He looked at her suspiciously. "What water?"

"The plunge. In off the deep end, up with your pockets full of fish," said Louisa, who was feeling rather disagreeable. "Why the devil did you have to give me mumps?"

"It just came into my mind. D'you mean to say you were listening?"

"Naturally, in this heat, I had the window open. You should be more careful on that path," said Louisa.

"Well, what would you have liked me to give you?" inquired Freddy sulkily.

"Appendicitis," said Louisa. "If you had to give me anything, appendicitis would have been classier. I suppose I'm lucky you didn't think of pinkeye."

"You haven't much regard for my feelings," said Freddy, "if when I want to talk about Enid you start talking about pinkeye."

Absurdly, they were almost quarreling. With genuine remorse, for she really was fond of F. Pennon, Louisa pulled herself up. "O.K., let's get back to her," said Louisa. "Her profile's smashing, and I'm only too glad, Freddy, honestly I am, everything's gone so well. In fact, if you'd like me to leave any sooner"—it cost her a slight effort to say this, a week's velvet being always a week's velvet, but she said it—"I've a kennel of dachshunds on ice, and you've only to give me the word."

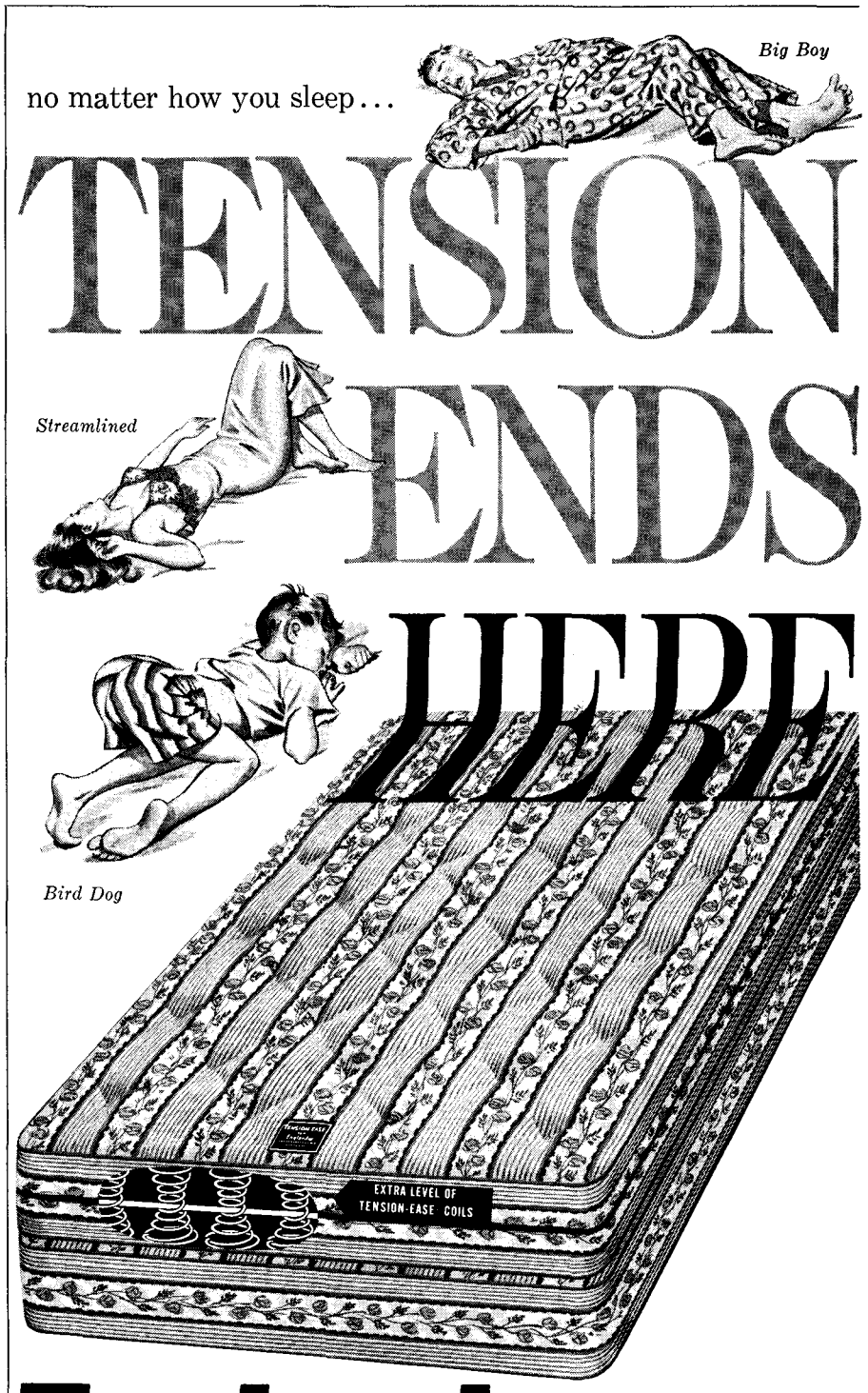
There was a slight pause. On the gallery above a door opened.

"Don't think of it," said Freddy hastily. . . . "Enid, my dear, are you ready for dinner?"

Mrs. Anstruther, wearing gray lace, flitted mothlike down the stair and came to rest at Freddy's side like a butterfly on a Buddleia. Her soft, gray glance flitted momentarily toward Louisa's pants, and as swiftly flitted away again. Louisa acknowledged a possibly justified criticism, and at the same time diagnosed short sight and a reluctance to appear in glasses.

Stop being a cat! Louisa adjured herself.

But it was almost impossible not to be a cat, Mrs. Anstruther being so like a moth, or a bird, or a butterfly; for of all three, it was plain, did her nature



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every family needs

partake. As Mrs. Anstruther slipped a hand through Freddy's arm, Louisa saw their common destiny inevitable; and the presence of a temporary buffer as much a luxury as—a pink mattress.

During the days that followed, this opinion was confirmed. How Mrs. Anstruther and Freddy behaved when alone together Louisa, of course, didn't know; in public Enid had certain possessive little ways with him—the hand slipped through his arm, occasionally she straightened his tie—but Freddy accepted such attentions rather warily, and Enid was discreet enough to go no further. The most overt sign of their relationship, and in the circumstances a conclusive one, was the way she at once slipped into place as mistress of the house.

She did it so neatly, so smoothly, an earlier judgment of Louisa's had indeed to be revised. There was a brain behind that profile—or at least there were formidable instincts. Mrs. Anstruther immediately perceived that the woman to make an ally of wasn't Louisa, but Karen; and she directed upon the latter the full force of what could only be called her ladylikeness. Within forty-eight hours Louisa saw with admiration a new routine established: At ten o'clock each morning there was Karen with the day's menus—for Mrs. Anstruther's approval.

"My dear, I'm used to having servants!" explained Enid mildly. "In Argentina, even when poor Archy's business went so downhill, I always had at least three!"

It appeared that Karen, in Sweden, had been used to having a mistress. Within forty-eight hours Karen added to her duties as housekeeper those of lady's maid. Louisa, furtively, washed her own gloves and stockings; not so Mrs. Anstruther. Karen washed for her.

Only a woman used to having servants—and Enid, a rarity in the England of her generation, was so used—could have pulled it off. At the same time she could have done so only in the full consciousness of Freddy's backing; and her handling of Karen betokened this so complete, any other sign of her empire over him would have been superfluous.

In point of fact, Mrs. Anstruther and Freddy weren't alone together very much. Unexpectedly it was Mrs. Anstruther and Louisa who were alone together.

Immediately after breakfast Freddy went for a good long walk. "Too hot for you girls!" declared Freddy, stepping briskly forth. The girls stayed behind in the shady garden, under the pine trees, turning over the daily papers. Mrs. Anstruther also embroidered. Louisa sometimes did a bit of weeding. The siesta occupied the afternoon, and when the girls descended for tea, Freddy would be found to have gone off again; then they simply waited for him to come back. It was an extraordinary sort of life to Louisa, but Mrs. Anstruther seemed to find it quite natural, and stitched away, or did nothing at all, with every appearance of content.

"I suppose you weren't ever in a harem?" asked Louisa impulsively.

"My dear, what things you think of!" exclaimed Mrs. Anstruther. "Of course, I know you're only joking."

In theory, of course, Louisa was at perfect liberty to go for a walk herself—or go for a swim or go into Bournemouth to look at the shops. Unfortunately she was also, in theory, convalescing, and Enid Anstruther, now firmly in the saddle as hostess, was as strict as kind. "Freddy would never forgive me," explained Mrs. Anstruther earnestly. "I've promised him faithfully to see you take a proper rest! To think," she added, "to think—you poor dear—of having appendicitis as well!"

Louisa was only half appreciative of Freddy's well-meant addendum: after mumps and appendicitis combined, caution was obviously sensible.

Her function as buffer came into play chiefly at meals. F. Pennon took his food seriously, but Mrs. Anstruther pecked like a wren; it fell to Louisa to praise, discriminate, and tuck in.

"But aren't you terrified?" exclaimed Mrs. Anstruther uncontrollably.

"What of?" asked Louisa.

"Putting on weight."

"I don't seem to," apologized Louisa.

"Take some more sauce," said Freddy.

It was Cumberland sauce, on baked ham. Louisa took some, also another roll.

"My dear, you really shouldn't!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "I knew a girl in the Argentine, every bit as thin as you are, who thought she could eat anything she liked, and quite suddenly, at about thirty, she became simply enormous!"

"What happened to her?" asked Louisa.

"Well, in the first place, she couldn't ride any of her horses."

"That won't bother me," said Louisa. "But, of course, you're quite right. I've seen it myself: one day a woman looks like a string bean, the next she looks like a cantaloupe."

"But she needn't!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "If she's on her guard! Oh, see what kind Freddy's got for me!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "A pineapple!"

After dinner Freddy liked to play chess. Enid—how confident she was!—at once proclaimed her incapacity; but Louisa, grateful for so much good grub, admitted to knowing the moves. "That'll do, give you a queen," said Freddy; so after dinner he and Louisa played chess. Of course, Enid sat beside them. Also beside them was a tray with brandy, ice and soda, cigarettes and cigars, for F. Pennon believed in making himself comfortable. Mrs. Anstruther had her own little table with lime juice and peppermint creams. Louisa was free of either.

"You wouldn't play badly," said Freddy, "if you concentrated."

"I think Louisa's very clever to play at all!" declared Mrs. Anstruther.

Actually Louisa rather enjoyed these sessions. Both she and Freddy played hard; dogged as an old Sealyham, he bent his hairy eyebrows above the board—having given Louisa a queen, he gave her no quarter—while Louisa, concentrating, could sometimes force a draw. Sometimes they were both so absorbed they forgot Mrs. Anstruther altogether. She for her part always let them finish a game before rising to go to bed; generally she let them have two.

Louisa always went upstairs when Mrs. Anstruther did, because Mrs. Anstruther was her hostess. The time was usually no later than eleven, but Enid emanated such a force of feminine conventionality that Louisa went up too.

On velvet as she was, Louisa, idle and alone for the chief of the day with another woman, could soon have become extremely bored; fortunately their long tête-à-têtes offered her the very opportunity she sought, to pick Mrs. Anstruther's brains.

"Freddy tells me you've such a fascinating career!" mused Mrs. Anstruther, under the pines in the grateful shade. "How I should have liked one too! But then I married straight out of the nursery."

"How did you manage it?" asked Louisa interestedly.

Mrs. Anstruther rippled with gentle laughter. "My dear! I didn't *manage* it, it just happened! Of course, I was rather pretty."

She paused automatically for Louisa to say, "Oh, but you still are!" Louisa

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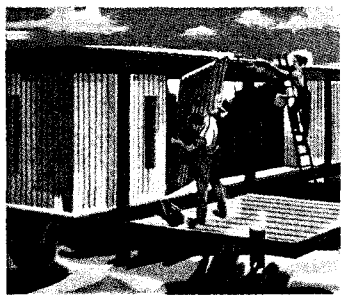

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said it. It wasn't her nature to want something for nothing.

"And when poor Archy came home on leave, he simply put me in his pocket! That's how poor Freddy missed his chance," explained Mrs. Anstruther. "He thought of me as still a child. I shall never forget his tragic face when I told him I was engaged."

"Yes, but go back a bit," said Louisa. "What were you doing when you met Archy?"

"Why, I was just at home," said Mrs. Anstruther, surprised. "I was an only daughter. I just stayed at home."

"Where?" asked Louisa.

"My dear, in the depths of the country. Keighley! But, of course, you know it," added Mrs. Anstruther. For the moment, however, Louisa was too absorbed to take the reference.

"And Archy just came along like one of those radar-fitted moths?"

"His people were neighbors," explained Mrs. Anstruther. "Of course, we knew several families. And really, looking back, it seems quite strange; so many of the daughters had careers and went off to London and so on, that quite often when the sons came home I was the only girl left! Archy had to stand up to quite fierce competition!"

It was an exchange to leave Louisa discouraged. How early, it seemed, had she missed the way to matrimony! There were, of course, disparities: Louisa's original home was a strictly nonrural London suburb, and none of the neighboring youths had people—they just had mum and dad. With some Louisa skylarked about the roads on bicycles; the meeting place for intellectuals was the Free Library. Nor could Louisa have stayed at home if she'd wanted to; she'd been apprenticed to a local photographer not as any gesture toward a career, but for the sum of the pound or so a week she brought in. To set up on her own—to cut and run and set up on her own—had been a positive achievement. Mrs. Anstruther's next remark brought her sharply back to the present.

"You must have come quite soon after I married?" remarked Mrs. Anstruther. "I mean, to Keighley. I wonder if I know the house?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Louisa. "It was new."

If Freddy could improvise, so could she; evidently this was a lucky hit.

"One of those they were building on The Ridge?" asked Mrs. Anstruther.

"That's right," said Louisa.

"And was it nice? I remember what an interest we all took," said Mrs. Anstruther, "because some were going to be quite hideously modern—all glass and concrete roofs. Oh, dear, I hope yours wasn't one of the modern ones?"

"I'm afraid it was," said Louisa, happy to see a way of quitting Keighley as soon as possible. "I simply hated it. In fact, it was that horrible modern house that drove me from home."

"How you do put things!" cried Mrs. Anstruther, laughing. "You mean you were impatient, just like all the other girls. But if you'd stayed, who knows that an Archy mightn't have turned up for you too?"

On the side, as it were, during these conversations, Louisa learned something more about F. Pennon. His money derived originally from coal; when Enid Anstruther first knew him he still lived at Keighley, outside Sheffield, in an enormous Victorian-Gothic mansion known locally as Pennon's Pile. Freddy himself enjoyed the joke as much as anyone, recalled Mrs. Anstruther; he always had a splendid sense of humor. Why he sloughed off both Keighley and coal together she didn't quite know—perhaps because the place seemed so empty without her, or perhaps it was something to do with nationalization? In any case, the year the Labor Government got in found Freddy shifted to London and with a seat on the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Anstruther personally rejoiced, Freddy seemed to be doing very nicely on the Stock Exchange, and a house outside Bournemouth appealed to her far more than Pennon's Pile.

"What became of Pennon's Pile?" asked Louisa curiously.

An old-timer is one who can remember when it cost more to operate a car than to park it.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

"I believe Freddy sold it rather well," said Mrs. Anstruther, "to some sort of agricultural college. One still can't help feeling a little sad, remembering all those lovely tennis and garden parties."

Louisa saw the picture easily—the tennis and garden parties at Pennon's Pile, Freddy the industrial squire of the community hospitable to, amongst others, an Enid in white linen and her first bloom.

She was still much more interested in picking, as far as possible, Mrs. Anstruther's brains. The trouble was that they each started out with such different preconceptions.

"Did you always expect to get married?" asked Louisa, under the pines in the grateful shade.

"Why, just as all girls do!" smiled Mrs. Anstruther.

But in Louisa's experience all girls didn't. Pammies, for instance—to employ a convenient group term—she honestly believed thought of nothing beyond their artistic careers, on the stage or as painters or as novelists, and took any love affair primarily as an enrichment of artistic experience or as an insurance against sexual repression. Of course, Pammies as a genus were very young, but didn't that put them all the more in Mrs. Anstruther's category of girls?

"What about the ones you knew yourself?" objected Louisa. "The ones you told me about, who left Keighley and went off to London for careers?"

"They were impatient," explained Mrs. Anstruther calmly, "just as you were. They couldn't wait quietly at home. Of course, no one took their careers seriously! Though I must admit that for a plain girl, training to be a vet or an architect was a very sensible idea. The men students outnumbered them by, I believe, about twenty to one. Of course, I couldn't help knowing I was pretty ——"

"You still are," said Louisa.

"And besides," added Mrs. Anstruther, with a touch of roguishness, "I was always very fond of men!"

Louisa absolutely started. How extraordinarily different, again, their angle of vision! To Louisa, being fond of men implied unpaid nursing and the peddling of beechnuts; to Mrs. Anstruther, apparently, marriage and being supported for life.

"I'm fond of men too," said Louisa, "but it hasn't got me anywhere."

Mrs. Anstruther considered the point, and Louisa, with ready interest. She enjoyed, Louisa realized, talking shop.

"Now I wonder why that is?" meditated Mrs. Anstruther. "You've certainly an appearance, though rather dashing. Probably an older man ——"

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"Would be less likely to be scared off?" prompted Louisa.

"—— would be more suitable," corrected Mrs. Anstruther. "A young man, with his way to make, doesn't want a dashing wife; he wants a wife who'll just make herself agreeable and let herself be taught the ropes. I learned that at once," said Mrs. Anstruther, "when I first went out to the Argentine. Luckily it came very naturally to me—I'd never been anything but a daughter at home! Whereas you, my dear, have such a strong personality ——"

"You mean it's the boss or nothing?" said Louisa uneasily.

"Perhaps," admitted Mrs. Anstruther. "To anyone at the top, I believe you'd make a very good wife indeed. You'd keep all the other wives in order! And, of course, marrying an older man, you could get a better settlement."

The very word was novel to Louisa, as her look betrayed.

"Pin money," glossed Mrs. Anstruther. "Say ten or twenty thousand ——"

"What, *pounds?*" demanded Louisa, startled.

"My dear, I hope we're not on the dollar standard yet!" cried Mrs. Anstruther patriotically. "I admit I got nothing from poor Archy, but then I was so young and so much in love! Some women get a great deal more."

It was all news to Louisa. In fact, the notion that a woman should get a lump sum down, for marrying a man who probably would keep her for the rest of her life, struck Louisa as really almost immoral. Possibly her look betrayed her again.

"A man rich enough to make a settlement," instructed Mrs. Anstruther patiently, "doesn't want his wife to be continually asking him for money. You surely see that!"

"He could give her an allowance?" suggested Louisa.

"Yes, and suppose something goes wrong?" retorted Mrs. Anstruther sharply. "Suppose he loses his money? Then what would she do?"

"Well, I suppose she'd give it back to him," said Louisa, a trifle behind, her mind still occupied with the idea of settlements.

There was a slight pause. Then Mrs. Anstruther said, "Exactly. Which makes it a kind of insurance as well!"

Louisa went off and did a bit of weeding with much to digest.

"I told you you'd get on together," said Freddy complacently. "Enid was always full of chat."

Chat didn't seem to Louisa quite the right word for Mrs. Anstruther's purposeful theorizing; perhaps her converse with Freddy was on slighter topics. For the moment, indeed, he seemed rather noticeably ready to forgo it, at least for any stretch of time.

"After eighteen years I should have thought you'd want to be chatting to her yourself," observed Louisa.

"Don't worry about that," said Freddy self-sacrificingly. "There'll be plenty of opportunities. You go ahead and enjoy yourself."

About midweek Louisa telephoned Mr. Ross. She had left unposted, in the hurry of departure, a set of proofs of My Handsome of York, sired by My Lucky out of My Winsome, possibly apt to follow in My Lucky's victorious tracks and therefore by no means—now that Louisa's prospects had changed again—to be treated with any casualness.

"Listen, Rossy," called Louisa, "those proofs of My Handsome ——"

"Now, that's what I like," said Mr. Ross warmly. "Not giving a client the go-by just because you're in the money. I've sent 'em. All going well?"

"Fine," said Louisa, "and thanks a lot. What was the postage?"

"Sevenpence-ha'penny," said Mr. Ross. "It can wait. I just thought there was no sense your leaving an unintended poor impression."

Even over a telephone the kindness and knowledgeableness of his personality were wonderfully marked.

Naturally Louisa's conversations with Mrs. Anstruther didn't deal solely with her, Louisa's, matrimonial prospects; Enid Anstruther had her own matrimonial prospects, which indeed formed a far more cheerful topic.

"Poor Archy would be so happy too!" mused Mrs. Anstruther, emerging from a pleasant daydream. "He and Freddy thought the world of each other. I feel that makes it so nice!"

"I can see it must," said Louisa. "Has he any idea when it's to be?"

Mrs. Anstruther looked candid. "One should, I know, wait a year; or if one's superstitious, a year and a day; and I'm sure I'm the last woman in the world to flout convention! But in such rather special circumstances. . . ."

Louisa took this to indicate that Freddy's days as a bachelor were numbered. She wondered whether Freddy knew. But whether he did or he didn't, she now hadn't the slightest doubt of Enid's ability to get him to the church on time.

"And it's not as though I needed to collect a trousseau. All that," said Mrs. Anstruther simply, "can wait till later. Poor Archy left us in April. . . . Do you think July?"

"As he and Freddy thought so much of each other," agreed Louisa.

"And, of course, very, very quietly."

"In church?"

"My dear, naturally!" said Mrs. Anstruther. "Always get married in church—if you can," she added delicately. "I believe some of the registrars in London do it really very nicely! I shall probably wear a very pale hyacinth blue."

Trousseauless though she would be—until later—Enid was already giving her wedding garments serious thought. The very pale hyacinth blue—possibly wild silk?—was to be topped by a very small toque of hyacinths. With some surprise, Louisa found herself taking quite a keen interest in these details, and of her own accord suggested a very small eye veil.

"With perhaps a sequin or two?" reflected Mrs. Anstruther. "Just to give a tiny sparkle?"

More than surprised, absolutely dismayed, Louisa discovered that she was envisaging herself as a bridesmaid, in pale green. So *en rapport* were they at this moment, Mrs. Anstruther almost apologized.

"If I were having any bridesmaids, of course I should think of you at once," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Though your coloring would set quite a problem! You couldn't wear green; green, even a very pale green, would be out of the question with my blue."

"What about coffee?" suggested Louisa, surrendering herself to fantasy. "I've a coffee-colored linen ——"

"No, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Anstruther firmly. "Not coffee. It would be a flat note. Perhaps a very pale amber. My dear, we're as bad as a pair of girls," cried Mrs. Anstruther, laughing, "sitting up in bed after a dance planning our weddings! How Freddy would laugh, to hear us!"

Maybe Archy'd laugh, too, thought Louisa, but was chiefly appalled, as she came to her senses, by her vulnerability to the appeal of bridal millinery. It was something quite new; hitherto Louisa's reaction to a church wedding was purely professional—she just wondered who'd got the job of photographing it.

"I'll tell you another thing," said Mrs. Anstruther abruptly. "Marry the life, not the man. I did, with poor Archy—though heaven knows where I found the sense! Even at our very poorest, in Argentina I never had to wash a cup."

"It's lucky Freddy can give you the same sort of life over here," said Louisa absently.

"Yes, isn't it?" smiled Enid, gay and heedless again as a bird, or a moth, or a butterfly. "Isn't it lucky that I answered his letters?"

Undoubtedly Louisa learned a lot from intimacy with Mrs. Anstruther. Sometimes she felt like a tenderfoot sitting over a campfire with an experienced trapper. And Mrs. Anstruther enjoyed instructing her; it might almost be said that they enjoyed—as Freddy had prophesied they would—each other's company. By the sixth day, the Sunday, however, the fact that Louisa was leaving on Tuesday by no means damaged their relations.

"How I shall miss you!" exclaimed Mrs. Anstruther, with the sudden vivacity of one who sees a guest look at the clock. "Of course, I quite understand you must be off, but my dear, *how* I shall miss you!"

She might be going to miss Louisa, but she wasn't going to let her have the car. On Wednesday—really too tiresome, when she knew Freddy *wanted* to send Louisa up by car!—some very very old friends had invited them to lunch at Poole. Louisa had learned so much, she didn't even wonder where those friends had been all week, but recognized that a man's car is so much a man's appanage that any prospective wife is naturally jealous of its loan.

"I'd much rather go by train," said Louisa.

"In this heat, how sensible! Karen shall pack you a nice lunch."

But if Louisa had been staying much longer, it was doubtful whether she'd have got a sandwich.

She had stayed long enough. Whether as buffer or chaperone—and it was remarkable how completely the point of chaperonage had been dropped—Louisa had stayed long enough. She'd learned all Mrs. Anstruther had to teach; moreover, she was getting soft—and not only physically. To Louisa, indeed, the discovery that she was susceptible to white tulle was almost as alarming as a discovery that she was susceptible to asthma. Since there was no sense, as Rossy said, in leaving a poor impression, she wasn't going to beat it, but—*Roll on Tuesday!* thought Louisa.

She had stayed long enough. With Freddy, discussing her departure, she almost quarreled.

"Naturally you want to be off," said Freddy sulkily, "but you needn't go like a bat out of hell. Ain't you comfortable here?"

"Of course I am!" cried Louisa impatiently. "I'm on velvet! I'm so on velvet it's making me soft—like the Romans at Capri."

"Capua," corrected Freddy disagreeably.

"I bet they got soft at Capri, too," snapped Louisa. How absurd it was! It reminded her of the day of Enid's arrival, when they'd quarreled over mumps and pinkeye. As then she pulled herself up. "I've never been so comfortable in my life," said Louisa formally. "I'm very glad you persuaded me to come, and thank you for asking me."

"And when you've nothing to do in town," said Freddy, "you might read a bit of Roman history."

The Monday was extremely hot. Bournemouth had already lived up to, and even beyond, its brochures: to the slight constraint that attends all interruptions was now added a heat positively oppressive. Freddy was crosser, Mrs. Anstruther wan, and Louisa so restive she early declared her intention of catching the 8:20 next morning.

"No one need get up," added Louisa. "I'll have breakfast on the train."

"I shall get up, of course," said Freddy irritably, "but it's an ungodly hour."

"Louisa wants to avoid the heat," said Mrs. Anstruther.

"Then she'd much better let me send her by car."

Both Louisa and Mrs. Anstruther ignored this.

"And, of course, I'll be down too!" promised Enid kindly.

This was about ten; there were still twelve or so hours to be got through, and their usual program had mistakenly been abandoned—because it was Louisa's last day. (*Continued on Page 110*)

"And that, ladies and gentlemen, was the *Flight of the Bumblebee.*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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What have you heard about

METRECAL*

the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

*Metrecal is Mead Johnson & Company's brand of dietary for weight control.

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(*Continued from Page 108*) "I'm going for a swim," said Louisa, "if it kills me."

"I'll come with you," said Freddy. "It'll probably give me rheumatism."

After some discussion, it was agreed that they should all drive to the beach together, where Freddy and Mrs. Anstruther would watch Louisa from the shore. Even this mild scheme, however, failed; Louisa had scarcely entered the water before Freddy was calling urgently from the edge of the surf.

"What's up now?" called back Louisa.

"Too hot," called Freddy. "Enid's got a headache."

"Give her an aspirin!" called Louisa.

"She's had one. She wants to go home."

"All right, take her!" called Louisa. "I'll walk."

He mouthed something more, but Louisa swam farther out. Actually it was all she could do to stay in until the car moved off again; the sea was colder than it looked. Louisa emerged goose-pimpled and blue, with no other consolation than that she'd killed the morning.

Luncheon equally lacked *entrain*. Mrs. Anstruther, determined to make amends—for she really wouldn't be a wet blanket on Louisa's last day—chatted with resolute vivacity, but the effort it cost her was obvious, and their whole conversation as a consequence highly artificial.

"I believe they use 'em for smoke signals," offered Freddy.

"Use what?" asked Louisa.

"Wet blankets. Red Indians. Dip 'em up and down over a fire."

"What a boy he is still!" cried Mrs. Anstruther.

The siesta killed the afternoon. Tacitly they all agreed not to omit the siesta. Karen, sensitive to the prevailing atmosphere, brought up cups of tea all round, as in a hospital or nursing home; even this attention was distressing to Louisa. *I suppose I'll have to give her something*, thought Louisa uneasily. She had never before stayed in a private house, and though pretty confident that a vail would be acceptable, and indeed expected, she had no idea of any appropriate sum. *I wonder what's the least?* thought Louisa—heaven knew she wasn't mean, but Karen was undoubtedly the better fixed; and there was a ticket to buy in the morning. As she sipped her tea, Louisa's calculations ranged from five bob up to a pound; then they ranged down again. It was a last minor irritation—not indeed unknown to many another parting guest, but in Louisa's case particularly poignant. She hadn't worried about money for a week.

I'd better get back into the habit, thought Louisa bleakly.

There were other habits she'd have to get back into—the habit of working, the habit of stretching meals. Whether at Capua or Capri, she'd stayed long enough to make the prospect bleak.

I suppose it's got to be at least ten bob, thought Louisa, and piled four half crowns on the dressing table before she weakened. Paper would have looked better, but no doubt Karen could add.

Cocktails before dinner produced a slight fictitious cheerfulness, though only Freddy and Louisa partook of them. Dinner at least killed the next hour. Mrs. Anstruther made another effort. She was really looking ill, her headache was evidently genuine; gallant, fragile and animated, she nonetheless chatted on—displaying a touch of the professional entertainer that Louisa was forced to admire. In her own way Enid was a good trouper—give her a dinner table and she'd animate it, even though her head split. *It's still lucky she'd got Freddy*, thought Louisa. *There still has to be a dinner table.*

Freddy, too, was watching Enid solicitously. As they at last rose, Freddy said, "Enid, my dear, go straight to bed."

Mrs. Anstruther looked at him uncertainly. "I feel so dreadful about Louisa!"

"Louisa will understand."

"Of course I do!" cried Louisa, with genuine compassion.

Mrs. Anstruther still looked toward Freddy, but the quality of her gaze had changed. It was now a wifely look—frank in submission to a husband's better judgment.

"If you really think so," she began, and only then turned to Louisa . . . . "Freddy always knows what's best for me!" confessed Mrs. Anstruther. "Wise old Freddy, and lucky me! You can still give him," she permitted, "a last game of chess."

So after dinner Freddy and Louisa adjourned to the chessboard in the drawing room. The heat had scarcely abated, but like two old campaigners they made themselves comfortable; by leaving open all windows and the door to the hall, they achieved a good through draft, and they saw there was plenty of ice. Freddy removed his dinner jacket; Louisa kicked off her shoes. Without Enid there, the atmosphere wasn't exactly public bar, but it was definitely smoking room.

"Give you queen and move," said Freddy.

"Too much," objected Louisa.

"It's your last night."

"O.K.," said Louisa.

They played two games, and Louisa won both. She didn't suspect Freddy of deliberately letting her, but he wasn't concentrating. Louisa found it fairly hard to concentrate herself—there is a melancholy about anything final, even a final game of chess; she nonetheless won.

"What about another?" suggested Louisa. "As it's my last night?"

"Too hot," said Freddy restlessly.

He pushed aside the board and got up. He was restless. Though the tray of drinks stood convenient to his elbow, he got up and walked about the room a bit before refilling their glasses. They were drinking brandy on the rocks.

"Steady on," said Louisa. "Remember I've a train at eight-twenty."

"I'll get you there. You're quite sure you won't stay a bit longer?" asked Freddy abruptly.

"Of course, I'd love to," said Louisa, "but I've put off a kennel of dachshunds already." She wasn't going to be led into the Capua-Capri argument again. "Otherwise I couldn't be enjoying myself more. I don't know where you get your brandy ——"

"I'll give you a couple of bottles to take back with you."

"Thank you very much," said Louisa warmly. "And if I'm too busy to come to the wedding, I'll drink your healths in it."

There was a brief pause. Freddy walked once or twice again about the room before coming back to his seat, the chessboard, between them, recording the last moves of an end game. "It's not actually settled, y'know."

"The date? I don't suppose it is," said Louisa. "But as Enid won't have to collect a trousseau ——"

"I mean the whole thing," said Freddy. "I haven't actually—popped the question yet."

"It's taken for granted," said Louisa.

"I don't even know that Enid'll have me."

"You can take that for granted too," said Louisa encouragingly. "My dear Freddy," she added—it really seemed time to say it—"I hope you'll be very, very happy!"

"So do I," said Freddy.

Louisa looked at him. There was a note in his voice she could only define as—unsuitable: not exactly a note of doubt, but rather of resignation. The expression on F. Pennon's face was also unsuitable, not exactly sulky, but certainly not as joyous as one would expect on the face of a man at last about to wed the woman he'd worshipped for twenty years.

"We're going to miss you," stated Freddy.

"Nonsense," said Louisa.

"I know I am. At meals," said Freddy. "It's been a real pleasure, Louisa, to see you eat."

"That's because I've no chat," said Louisa. "Give *me* a dinner table, and you'd hear nothing but munching."

"We could always bring books," suggested Freddy. "I know chaps say it's an insult to decent food and wine but we needn't bring anything heavy. With a couple of detective stories ——"

He broke off, as well he might. The picture he had been painting was, in the circumstances, uncommonly odd. Where, for example, was Mrs. Anstruther in it? Evidently he realized this himself; without exactly blushing he looked uncommonly embarrassed.

He looked also, the moment after, suddenly relieved—as might a steeplechaser who finds himself over a first formidable fence before he has had time to think about it.

"It's happened before," said F. Pennon hardily.

"What has?" asked Louisa.

"A chap due to marry one woman, and then finding—well, another who suits him better."

There was no mistaking his meaning. He was now regarding her with a fixed, urgent appeal. He might be embarrassed, but he was determined to give himself a chance. He was ready to undergo any amount of awkwardness, face any number of painful scenes, if only Louisa, not Mrs. Anstruther, would marry him.

As once before in Gladstone Mansions, Louisa sat perfectly still, taking it in.

There was so much to take. Literally, so much! House and income—let alone a settlement—car and chauffeur, three square meals a day; so much, all at once, that though it was no more than she'd deliberately set out to bag from the first moment of reading F. Pennon's letter, now that it was actually within her grasp Louisa needed a moment to draw breath.

As once before in Gladstone Mansions, Freddy said, "Don't we get on uncommonly well?"

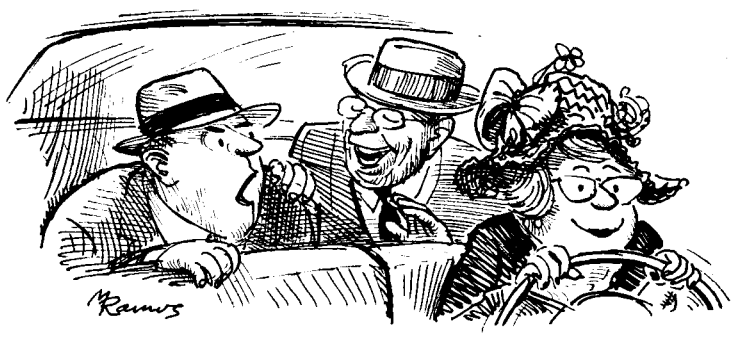
There was that, too; she liked him. She didn't love him, as probably he didn't love her; but they liked each other, they got on, as he said, uncommonly well. Even their slight bickering adumbrated a free-and-easy, friendly companionship. To become genuinely fond of F. Pennon as a husband would be the easiest thing in the world. *A week ago I'd have been a straight gold digger*, thought Louisa, *but not now. Now I'd almost marry him just for the company.*

He hadn't taken his eyes from her face. He put out his hand on the chessboard and let it lie there, with the palm up—spilling bounty. It wasn't a young man's hand, but it was hard and scrubbed and perfectly acceptable in every way.

"Well?" asked Freddy.

He was too much absorbed to hear the very slight sound from the hall, but Louisa heard it. She glanced across at the open door, and beyond perceived not Mrs. Anstruther but Mrs. Anstruther's reflection. Enid Anstruther believed herself hidden, standing so close behind the jamb; only a big mirror opposite betrayed her.

TO BE CONTINUED



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joe's wife was driving a friend's car, with Joe and friend as passengers. She sped too fast, and Joe said so. The friend retorted, "Stop being a back-seat driver—she knows what she's doing!" Joe's wife rammed the car into a stone wall soon afterward. So Joe sued the friend for his personal injuries.

"I told you my wife was heading for an accident at the rate she was going, and you wouldn't let me stop her," Joe asserted. "As it was your car, I shut up."

"All I did was to express an opinion," the friend replied. "You didn't need my permission to tell your own wife what to do."

If you were the judge, would you make the friend pay?

• •

The friend had to pay. The court pointed out that as the car owner, he made the wife his agent in driving the car by telling her to ignore her husband's objection. Thus it was as if he had driven into the stone wall himself.

Based upon a 1959 New York decision.

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Girl and her diamond . . .
photograph by Arik Nepo

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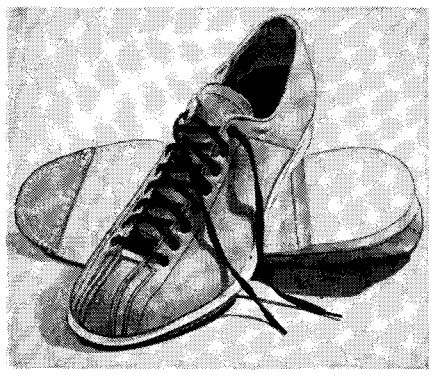

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The Case for the Republicans

(Continued from Page 29)

MIG fighter planes. The Communists were building a long-range bomber force equipped with jet bombers and atomic bombs. The Communists had laid the foundations of a massive naval construction program that would soon permit them to boast the largest submarine force of any nation in history. Behind the scenes—but known to President Truman—the Communists were designing and producing large ballistic missiles, benefiting from the experience of some captive ex-Nazi V-2 scientists.

The response of the Truman Administration to this ominous threat seems remarkably naïve. The United States virtually disarmed. Our Air Force, at one time the largest in the world, shrank to a piddling force of B-36 bombers supported by a thin crust of fighters. Continental air defense was virtually nonexistent. Our Army dwindled to ten divisions, many of them untrained, and most of them equipped with obsolescent World War II-vintage weapons. Our Navy, committed to maintaining a line of communications with our overseas allies and the sole defense against the growing Soviet submarine force, was mothballed. At the outbreak of the Korean War there were only three large aircraft carriers in service, all undermanned.

What about new weapons—hard planning for the future? The Truman Administration virtually shut off the flow of new ideas in the United States aviation industry. It turned a deaf ear to German scientist Wernher von Braun and other United States missile experts who urged the rapid development of ballistic missiles to offset Communist missiles. A few pilotless drones were authorized, but during the more than seven years of the Truman Administration the Democrats spent seventeen times more money on price supports for peanuts than they allotted to long-range missiles.

When a brilliant Navy captain named Hyman Rickover converted the awesome power of the atom to the propulsion of a submarine, the *Nautilus*, a stunning scientific breakthrough, the Truman Administration, with bureaucratic pigheadedness, responded by paving the way for his swift retirement.

Under the Democrats, production of atomic bombs in this country was restricted to a bare minimum, even after the Communists exploded their own atomic bomb. Truman reluctantly agreed to the development of the immensely more powerful hydrogen bomb against the advice of his scientific advisers and only after the prayerful and persistent urging of a Republican member of the Atomic Energy Commission. In the twelve-month period preceding the outbreak of the Korean war, defense expenditures were reduced to less than $12,000,000,000. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, President Truman's highest military adviser, toured the country to explain that the economy could stand no greater outlay for our survival.

Our economy, indeed, was the third area of decay in our country under the Democratic Administration. Our economy, a crazy quilt of artificial controls and crippling taxes one upon the other, was characterized by severe instability and runaway inflation. Under President Truman prices soared forty-eight per cent, forcing labor for seven consecutive years to mount a work-stopping battle for a cost-of-living increase in wages. This insidious inflation, which halved the purchasing power of the dollar, coldly robbed those people in our society least able to defend themselves—the aged and the retired, whose basic means of support was a fixed retirement income and Social Security. Under Truman the gross national product, the measure of all goods and services, increased $32,700,000,000, for an annual growth rate of only 1.1 per cent. Under the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration it increased $107,000,000,000, for an annual growth rate of 3.4 per cent.

These factors added together spelled a broader decay, the decay in the national spirit, which was reflected throughout our society and on the battlefields of Korea. It was no wonder that a great many United States prisoners, lacking purpose and resolution, could be lured into cooperating with the enemy. How could they be expected to defend, or even explain, what was going on at home? It was no wonder that in November, 1952, the American people demanded a complete change and elected President Eisenhower to office by one of the greatest majorities in history.

... ...

Times Do Change

They called it primping
yesterday,
Pronounced it vainly time
consuming;
We rank it with the virtues
now,
And blandly label it good
grooming.

Clara Aiken Speer

... ...

The Republican Party that came to power under President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon was a dynamic new political movement in our history. In simplest terms, it was a middle-of-the-road party, dedicated to no special interest other than the combined interest of all Americans. In foreign affairs it was pledged to putting an end to the enslavement of free people by the Communists, to stopping the senseless war in Korea with an honorable peace and to vastly increasing the economic and military strength of our allies and free nations. On the domestic front it was pledged to restoring the vigor and vitality of the United States economy, not by additional controls, but in the traditional Republican way of freedom in the market place. It was pledged to help the less fortunate in our society, but in such manner as to terminate the disastrous excursion into welfare statism. In short, it was pledged to restoring the strength and prestige of our great country in the eyes of the world, and to the re-establishment of our national purpose, which is to provide peace and prosperity for all men under justice and the rule of law.

Did the Republican Party keep those promises? How well did it do? Let us now turn to the record of the last eight years.

In truth, the new Republican Party wrought a near miracle in modern government. It established the most overwhelmingly powerful military force in the history of the world. It encouraged the scientific revolution sweeping our society. At the same time it brought new stability and soundness to the national economy by reducing taxes and in many years balancing the budget, making it possible for all Americans to enjoy the greatest total employment, general prosperity, happiness and feeling of security in the history of the nation. President Eisenhower and the Republican Party brought our nation new dimensions of prestige in the eyes of the world and gave us all a new cohesion and sense of national purpose and well-being.

Let us take a close look at each of those remarkable claims. I will begin with the economy. In some ways this story is the most remarkable of all because it was achieved not under the feverish impetus of war but in a time of total peace.

The Republican Party has traditionally placed great faith in the resourcefulness of the American people in matters of the economy. This is in contrast to the Democratic concept of "grow, damn you, grow" by means of heavier taxes and controls. When President Eisenhower took office, he reaffirmed this long-held principle by announcing that he would remove some of the severe restrictions which had been placed on the economy by the previous Administration. The opposition promptly predicted a depression. But what really happened?

The figures are impressive. First, for those who are interested in growth, consider the gross national product. In contrast to the dismal record of the previous Administration, the GNP bounded ahead by near-unprecedented steps, increasing over the seven and a half years by a staggering $107,000,000,000, or about 26 per cent. Employment increased proportionately. When President Eisenhower took office, 61,000,000 Americans held jobs. Within four years this figure had climbed to 66,000,000. By 1960 the figure had soared to 68,000,000. Average wages—the highest in the history of the nation—climbed 39 per cent between 1952 and 1960. Personal income, the money that goes into the workingman's pocket, was up by a whopping 33 per cent, from $301,000,000,000 in 1952 to $420,000,000,000 in 1960. At the same time the insidious inflation which had been robbing the retired and the aged was drastically curtailed. During these seven and a half years prices crept up less than 11 per cent. President Eisenhower has said, "This record could have been even better if I might have had the privilege of working all these years with a Republican Congress."

What do these statistics mean in terms of purchasing power, the solid yardstick of economic progress? Purchasing power during the Eisenhower Administration climbed 20 per cent. Congressman Walter Judd presented a graphic example of what this means to you and me in his keynote speech at the Republican convention in Chicago. To buy a standard market basket of groceries in 1945 under the Roosevelt Administration, he said, it cost the average worker about thirteen hours of labor. To buy the same market basket in 1952 under the Truman Administration cost the same worker slightly *more*, or 13.7 hours of labor. To buy this basket in 1959 under the Republican Administration, Judd said, cost the same worker much *less*—only ten hours of work. This is the true measure, the real reason why "we never had it so good," the real reason that under the Republican administration, for example, the American people were able to build 9,000,000 new houses at a cost of almost $100,000,000,000.

This unprecedented peacetime growth of our economy enabled the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration to spend unprecedented sums for the general welfare without imposing heavy, self-defeating taxes. Security, health, education, home building have broken all previous records. Most of these benefits went to the "little man," whom our political opponents predicted would be savagely neglected by a Republican Administration.

Look at the record: Social Security was expanded to cover an additional 12,000,000 people. Unemployment insurance

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was extended to an additional 6,300,000 people. The Administration made it possible for hundreds of thousands of mothers to deduct the cost of child care during working hours. The Federal Government allotted a total of $3,500,000,000 to public health, almost half of it for medical research and training programs. (And more than 18,000,000 families now take larger medical-expense deductions on their income tax.) Fifty million more Americans are covered by private medical and hospital insurance. Under the Republican Administration new classrooms have been added to our schools at the rate of 60,000 a year—three times the rate of the previous Administration. The Federal Government provided funds for almost 50,000 of these classrooms and lent an additional $899,000,000 to colleges and universities to improve living and teaching facilities. Federal research grants direct to schools or students totaled over $430,000,000.

Nor is that all. Under the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration, FHA loans for home building and improvement totaled a staggering $30,000,000,000. The Federal Government has earmarked $2,000,000,000 for wiping out slums and beautifying our cities. It has built 132,000 public-housing units and launched the greatest highway-building program in history. Special regard has been shown the aging. They were helped most when the Republican Administration stopped runaway inflation. In addition, the Federal Government built, in the last three years alone, more than 12,000 housing units especially for our older people. Recently the President called a special White House conference to explore ways to help the aging and proposed a $1,200,000,000 medical program for the elderly, the cost of which would be shared equally by the Federal and state government. During the eight years of the Republican Administration 1,822,908 immigrants, including 32,000 refugees from Hungary, entered the United States to take up residence. Does this spell neglect of the "little man"?

No less remarkable was the Eisenhower-Nixon record in the field of national defense. There are many armchair experts, professional pessimists of the opposition, who have deliberately fostered the idea that the United States is now a second-class power. This is a constant theme of the Democratic campaign for the Presidency. It is a shameful and misleading tactic. President Eisenhower, who personally engineered the astonishing $300,000,000,000 growth of our military forces over the last seven and a half years, says, "This extraordinary assertion amazes our friends in the world who know better; it even bewilders many of our own people who have examined our . . . record of military expansion and who are not used to hearing their gigantic defense efforts so belittled." President Eisenhower has repeatedly stated that the United States is "the strongest military power on earth." Sen. John Kennedy concurs. Just this past July he said on television, "I'd say the position of the United States is strong enough to defend ourselves and our commitments."

Our military power has many parts, some of them subtle and complicated. The backbone is the Strategic Air Command. Under the Republicans, SAC has almost doubled in size. It now consists of a fleet of 2000 aircraft, a third of which are maintained on continuous ground alert, ready to take off in minutes. Obsolescent propeller-driven airplanes have been replaced by giant all-jet B-52 bombers each one of which can carry four or five hydrogen bombs and can reach any target within the Soviet Union. These airplanes soon will be equipped with 1000-mile range Skybolt ballistic missiles. Backing up SAC and useful in limited wars as well, are new elements of the Air Force Tactical Air Command, all-jet mobile strike forces capable of delivering an atomic punch wherever and whenever required. Supplementing this powerful land-based force are fourteen large aircraft carriers, each equipped with more than 100 modern airplanes capable of carrying nuclear weapons. Their escorts are missile-firing vessels, fifty of which have been authorized by the Republican Administration.

A critical element of any deterrent is a system to warn of an impending enemy attack coupled with a blunting force to cripple the attack. Under the Republican Administration, and in co-operation with the Canadian Government, the United States has erected a massive radar warning line across the northland, three layers deep and linked directly to a co-ordinated defensive force of 2000 manned interceptors and hundreds of antibomber missiles in key sites. To guard our coastlines against a surprise submarine attack the United States has built a long-range underwater listening net, linked directly to a greatly expanded and modernized anti-submarine strike force of ships and aircraft. All our defensive forces employ weapons with nuclear warheads developed by the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration.

Recently the armchair experts have charged that the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration permitted a "missile gap" to develop. As Walter Judd said in his keynote speech, the opposite is true. The Republican Administration found a missile gap and has almost managed to get it closed. From the day the President took office he has moved vigorously and effectively to modernize our deterrent with ballistic missiles. Today missiles are a reality. We have a complete family of medium and intercontinental range missiles—Jupiter, Thor, Atlas and Titan, all developed with amazing speed entirely by this Administration, and most of them in operational units in Western Europe or the United States. The Administration is currently spending forty times as much money every month on ballistic missiles as the previous Administration spent in eight years. And these missiles constitute only a portion of the total balanced deterrent force.

Typical of the new approach to weapons by this Administration is the Polaris, the solid-propellant ballistic missile designed to be fired from an undetectable submerged atomic submarine. This weapon has been successfully fired from submerged subs. Before the end of the year several submarines, each mounting sixteen Polaris missiles, will be cruising silently on station. Even the present chairman of the Democratic National Committee has conceded that Polaris is the most nearly invulnerable weapon ever developed. And fortunately no other nation has such a weapon.

The Polaris story began shortly after the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration took office, with an act of vision—the promotion of Rickover to admiral, which enabled him to remain in the Navy to supervise his team's work to develop a family of nuclear-powered ships, including an aircraft carrier, cruiser, destroyer and, of course, the submarines. These prototype vessels soon made naval history. By direction of the White House, the *Nautilus* cruised submerged beneath the North Pole, the *Triton* circumnavigated the globe completely submerged. The *Sea Dragon* pioneered a vital passage through arctic waters from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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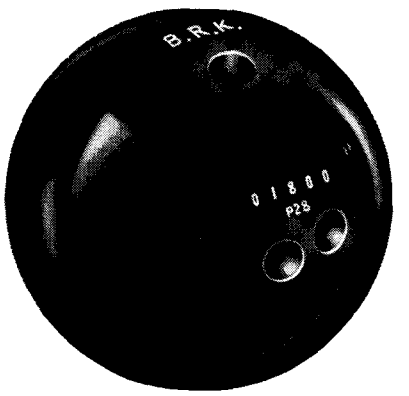

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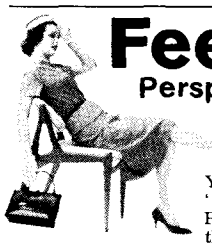

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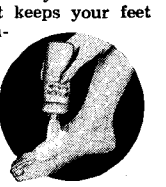

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the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration created still another engineering task force to marry the nuclear-powered submarine and the ballistic missile. Another Navy admiral, William F. Raborn, given unlimited financial and technical backing, effected this marriage five years ahead of the original schedule. The Polaris submarines give the United States an incalculable edge in the deterrent equation. As President Eisenhower said, "How boastfully the Kremlin dictatorship would have gloated, had it been capable of this great achievement."

Our political opponents have charged that the Republican Administration ignored science and permitted a "space lag" to come about. It is an undeniable and regrettable fact that the Soviets did launch the first satellite, Sputnik. However, it was not a case of "permitting" a lag to develop. Again it was a case of finding one when we took office. Space technology is directly related to the power of the rockets which propel the vehicles from the earth. Rockets are not built overnight—it takes five or six years. More than two years before Sputnik, President Eisenhower enthusiastically encouraged a proposed project to orbit a satellite. It was not a large one, to be sure, but it was as large as we could manage, pending the perfection of larger booster rockets under the Republican program.

Within restrictions imposed by the neglect of the previous Administration, the President and his advisers have labored long and hard to eliminate the space lag. We believe today that this goal has been realized. First the President established an agency to supervise and correlate all space exploration, taking full advantage of the experience of recognized experts such as Wernher von Braun. In the last two years this agency has achieved spectacular results. All together the Russians have launched an additional seven satellites, for a grand total of eight. In the same time period the United States has launched twenty-six satellites, and seven of them are still relaying information to the earth. Presently in orbit are fourteen United States satellites, two Russian satellites.

Scientists say that our smaller but more sophisticated satellites have transmitted infinitely more scientific information than the Soviet satellites. They have revealed the precise shape of the earth, photographed weather formations and relayed the pictures to earth and served as reflectors for radio signals, the first step in a world-wide television broadcasting chain. Recently the Air Force performed the amazing feat of catching a satellite in mid-air as it returned from a twenty-seven-hour orbit about the earth. In all honesty, can this still be considered a "lag"?

These stirring economic, military and scientific achievements restored our sense of purpose and enabled President Eisenhower and his representatives to bring a new toughness and realism to the negotiating tables of world affairs. This toughness began with a swift and honorable settlement of the war in Korea. It was reflected in our diplomacy throughout the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration. It spread to our allies and brought about a new cohesion and purposefulness in the community of nations ranged against the Communist camp. Sen. John Kennedy says that our conduct of foreign affairs will be a prime issue in the forthcoming election. We welcome debate on this issue. Let us look closely at the Eisenhower-Nixon record.

After the settlement of the war in Korea, the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration moved rapidly to bring solidarity and a new sense of urgency among our allies. NATO, heretofore largely a paperwork structure, was transformed into a mailed fist, with new airfields, airplanes, ships, radar and nuclear weapons, the latter in custody of United States officers. After this priming many NATO countries—a notable example is West Germany—began to stand on their own feet not only economically but militarily. In time the United States supplied its NATO partners with nuclear-loaded ballistic missiles, and it launched the U-2 program to guard against a missile-age Pearl Harbor. On the other side of the world, in Asia, the Administration forged a NATO-like community called SEATO, to insure the freedom of 143,000,000 people. The United States formed a similar treaty to bind the free peoples of the Middle East.

"Man your battle stations!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I might add here that none of these dynamic diplomatic moves were dictated from ivory towers in Washington, by the stagnant processes that characterized the diplomacy of the previous Administration. They were achieved only after our leaders had traveled to the countries involved and only after prolonged face-to-face talks with the leaders of these countries on their own soil. Before he died, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles traveled more than 500,000 miles in pursuit of these objectives. Vice President Nixon, representing the President, traveled the world over, visiting, among other areas, Africa, South America, Poland and the Soviet Union, where, as we all recall, he roundly defeated Khrushchev in a face-to-face debate on television. In little more than a year the President traveled 90,000 miles abroad.

Now what was the end result of this dynamic new approach to foreign affairs—the true historical perspective? Inevitably, in the squeeze, the Communists promoted first one crisis and then the next, in Trieste, Formosa, Lebanon, Quemoy and West Berlin, to mention the most significant. But, as time clearly revealed, these were no longer dangerous offensive growls. On the contrary, they were defensive yelps. The Communists had turned tail. For all the rocket rattling, not one of these crises resulted in a shooting war, and thereby the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration made good one of its most important pledges to the American people—to keep the peace. Another important pledge was made good. Since 1954, no free nation has fallen victim behind the Iron Curtain. Furthermore, at least two enslaved nations, Poland and Hungary, revolted. They did not succeed in breaking free, but their heroism was clear proof to the world that the Soviet held its satellite nations not by loyalty but by force and that this grip was weakening. Our relations with our Asiatic, European and Latin American allies have never been more effective.

Typical of the new toughness in our diplomacy was the Eisenhower-Nixon stand on Red China. Since 1950 these so-called "agrarian reformers" have been trying to shoot their way into the United Nations and thereby obtain official recognition. The Republican Administration came to office pledged to oppose the recognition of Red China. It has held firm in this resolve in spite of extreme pressure from many Democrats and many of our allies to yield. The Republican Party believes that to recognize Red China would be to drape a mantle of prestige on a band of bandits bent on the enslavement of the free world. The wisdom of the Republican stand on this issue was demonstrated recently when the Red Chinese brutally crushed the nation of Tibet. Since then, the Democrats have considerably modified their position.

This is not to say that the prime purpose of the Eisenhower-Nixon diplomacy was to create an armed camp that would dictate its own terms to the world. On the contrary, from the outset, the prime purpose was to achieve and insure a lasting peace under law, and justice for all peoples. The Eisenhower-Nixon Administration, working through the United Nations and other forums, made the United States position clear to uncommitted nations and gave the Communists, including Red China, in a series of dramatic proposals, every opportunity to demonstrate faith in the principle that all men should live under freedom. Each of these proposals—atoms for peace, open skies, disarmament with sure safeguards—were summarily rejected by the Communists. These rejections, added to the long list of solemn pledges broken by the Communists, made two facts abundantly clear to the world—the United States is earnestly seeking peace and disarmament; the Communist camp does not want it.

It was for this reason, primarily, that throughout these years the President had warned all free peoples not to build their hopes for a settlement of the world's problems at a summit meeting with the Communists. We participated in such a meeting in Geneva in 1955. There were many smiles and handshakes all around, but when the meeting turned to solid business, such as a safe disarmament, or a plebiscite in Germany to determine its status, the Communists were pointedly elusive.

Last May President Eisenhower traveled again to a summit conference. He has never closed any door to negotiating a peaceful settlement with the Communists. We all now know that the miracle did not take place. But the foreign-policy failure there was Khrushchev's, not ours. One prime Communist objective has been to destroy the new cohesion among the Western Allies. When it was clear before the conference that this objective had failed, Khrushchev had only two choices—torpedo the conference, or start a war which he knew he could not win. He resorted to more yelps—vulgar personal attacks on President Eisenhower.

This, then, is the record of the Republican Party, the work of many dedicated Americans. We present it not as the end, but the beginning of a new age of peace, progress and prosperity for our people and our friends abroad. For the future, we pledge to continue to keep our country vigorously and alertly moving ahead—for more economic growth, more defense, help for those unable to care for themselves, integrity in government, effective foreign policy and continued fiscal policy pointed toward reducing taxes, eliminating budget deficits and avoiding government controls. We believe that our philosophy—that to govern best is to govern least—has proved itself abundantly in one of the gravest and most challenging times in our history. We are justifiably proud of our record and welcome honest debate on any point of it.

The mature candidates we have chosen to represent our party, Vice President Richard Nixon and Henry Cabot Lodge, can and will speak effectively for themselves and their program. All of you have seen them in firm action for eight years—Nixon, sitting in on the highest councils of the Government and acting as President three times when President Eisenhower was ill; Lodge, first a Senate leader and for the last seven years our tough-minded Ambassador to the United Nations, ably exposing his Communist opponents. He has never lost a UN vote to the Communists.

Both veterans of World War II, these men have a combined total of over 35 years' sound experience in the highest levels of the Federal Government. No two men have had more face-to-face experience in dealing with the Communists. In the days ahead, freighted with uncertainty, predictions are dangerous. But of one I am sure—that voiced by President Eisenhower at the Republican Convention last July. He said that if the American people re-elect a Republican President, then "that will indeed be a blessing for America." THE END

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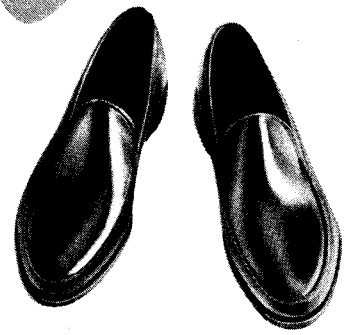

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Keeping Posted

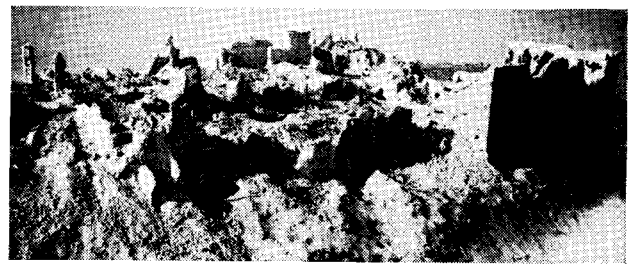
A Too-Helpful Heroine

Old friends of *The Post* will remember Julia Packett, an old friend of **Margery Sharp.** Julia was the robust, endearing heroine of Miss Sharp's best-selling 1937 novel, *The Nutmeg Tree*, and between 1938 and 1951 she had five brief adventures in *The Post*. Now author Sharp, a Londoner, introduces us to Louisa Mary Datchett, the amorous photographer of dogs, in SOMETHING LIGHT (page 19). Miss Sharp is on the best of terms with all her heroines, but Louisa has been a most troublesome friend. "I saw her clearly and wrote the first sentence about her—'Louisa Mary Datchett was very fond of men'—with complete confidence." Then the trouble started. Louisa wanted to mention all the men she had known—no favoritism—while Miss Sharp insisted on a literary pattern. "Cluny Brown and Julia were scattier characters," Miss Sharp recalls. "Adelaide of *Britannia Mews* was tougher, but Louisa definitely was the hardest to keep in order. 'Down, Louisa!' I sometimes felt like crying, as to one of the big dogs she herself photographed. But we finally came to terms."

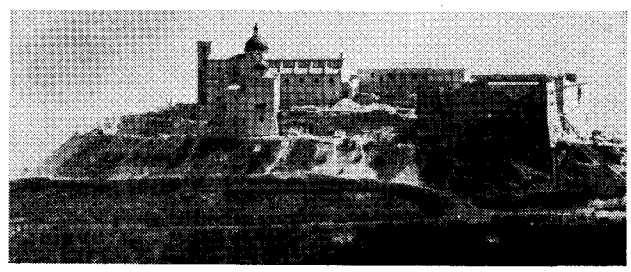
A Bottle and a Battle

THE MAN WHO HATED (page 33) was hatched over a bottle of Benedictine brandy, says **William Sambrot,** of Oakland, California. After dinner one evening, our author and his guests fell to discussing the ancient Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, razed by Allied bombs and artillery shells in 1944, and the slaughter of the 36th Infantry Division which attempted to assault Cassino. When a guest suggested, "Why don't you write a story about it?", Sambrot announced that he would begin forthwith. One of the best references turned out to be an Italian book, *Monte Cassino: La Vita l'Irradiazione*, which Sambrot's wife, a titian-haired, Italian-born beauty named Marina, translated for him. "In gratitude," says Sambrot, "I named the heroine after her."

(We offer two pictures of Monte Cassino at right, in lieu of a portrait of author Sambrot. Readers who wish a likeness of Sambrot are advised by him to "go to the nearest post office, remove the first 'Wanted' face you see, lightly erase the hair and add a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.")



The war-gutted Abbey of Monte Cassino in 1944.



By 1953 the abbey was nearly rebuilt.

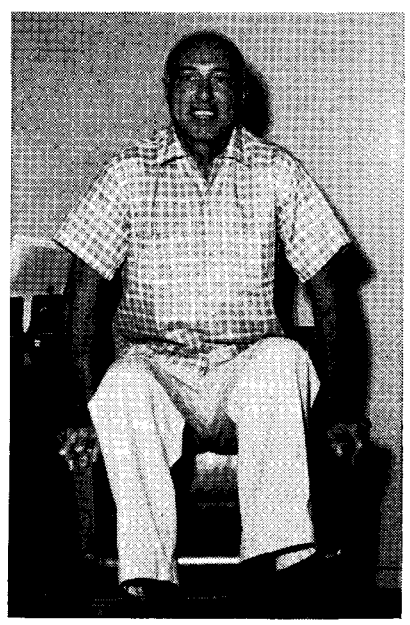
Tales of the Authors

Author Hopper at a community supper.

William Otha Hopper lives in Sprott, Alabama, "where everybody brings a dish of food for the community supper," and teaches fiction-writing at the University of Alabama. His five children are Sprott's seventh generation of Hoppers. This past April Hopper made his first *Post* sale (TIMBER THIEVES, page 31), and on June first he wrote us, "Two of my children have just waked me, saying, 'Get up, daddy, you're forty years old.' I thought, *They are gone—forty years of my life.* Then William Jr., seven weeks of age, waked and cried for his mother. I brought him to her. And I knew that nothing had gone. The years had brought us the blessings we have."

The flashy accomplishments of the nation's best pass receivers (THE FANCY DANS OF PRO FOOTBALL, page 25) have made Sports Editor **Harry Paxton** unduly modest about his own achievement in that gridiron specialty. We gave Paxton a chance to boast about his service as a sub end on Haverford College scrub teams in the early 1930's, and he submitted the following: "I can recall catching only one pass (against Bryn Athyn Academy, I believe). I was out in the flat by myself. The defense was paying no attention to me. Neither was the passer, but he ultimately threw to me for lack of any other target. The play went for a rousing gain—something like five or six yards."

The Tarzanlike specimen at right is **Richard Armour,** who for years has kept himself in trim by doing what he calls the Sedentary Man's Exercise. This consists of some forty pushups on the arms of a chair. "The trouble for a writer," says Armour, "is that when you get through exercising, you are too tired to write." If that's the case, we must assume that Armour has been neglecting his exercises; for in the past twenty-three years he has contributed more than 400 items to *The Post*—light verse, epigrams, editorials and POST SCRIPTS prose. His latest verse is on page 40, and his twentieth book, *The Classics Reclassified*, was published this week by McGraw-Hill. In it he playfully mangles seven great works of literature, from *Iliad* to *David Copperfield*, for the benefit of teachers and students who have collided head-on with "required reading lists." Armour compiles such lists himself, being a professor of English at California's Scripps College and a writer of scholarly books. He admits that his new book bites the hand that feeds him—but he claims he eats better that way.



Professor Armour.

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